

POEMS OF
JOHN CLEVELAND

JOHN · M · BERDAN





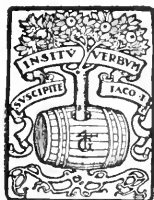
1651-1721

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*From an Engraving made in
1822 after a Portrait by Buller.*

THE POEMS OF JOHN CLEVELAND

Annotated and correctly printed for the first time
with Biographical and Historical Introductions by
JOHN M. BERDAN, Ph. D.



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P R E F A C E

THIS edition was originally undertaken as a thesis for the doctorate degree at Yale University. It has been completely revised and rewritten, but some innocent, yet mortifying, juvenilities may have escaped the exorcising scissors. Annotations are rendered necessary by the temporal character of many of the allusions, but I have endeavored to confine them to those difficulties in the text which may trouble the average reader. Some references have still eluded my search, and I shall be very grateful to any one whose reading, more inclusive than mine, will enable me to interpret the obscurities which remain. In a work which has extended over so long a period of time and which has been interrupted so often, it is too much to dare hope that there will not be gross errors. I trust that these will be reasonably few and that they will not seriously interfere with the understanding of the author.

As originally this was a thesis, surely it is unnecessary to acknowledge my indebtedness to the English Faculty at Yale, but I wish to express my sense of their great kindness and consideration. In particular I owe a debt of gratitude to Prof. William

L. Phelps and Prof. Henry A. Beers; this edition was undertaken at the suggestion of the first and it was aided at every point by the profound and subtle scholarship of the second. I also must state emphatically my obligation to Mr. Marshall C. Leferts; when he gave me access to his fine private collections in this period, he rendered this work of mine possible. It remains in conclusion to gratefully acknowledge the efforts of my wife and my sister in having read the proofs.

J. M. B.

MIDDLE BASS.

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P A R T O N E

NON-POLITICAL POEMS
OF THE 1677 EDITION

INTRODUCTION

“This eminent poet, the wit of our age.” These are the words with which Winstanley, writing in 1687, begins his life of John Cleveland. To-day they sound ironical. In the passing of the centuries there have been so many poets contemporaneously eminent, and there are so few who still command our interest. Cleveland has not been one of these,—in his own time more famous than his brothers, to-day forgotten even by the text-books. His only claim on the general student lies in the supposed fact that he is the forerunner of Butler, but there are intelligent people even now to whom the name “Hudibras” suggests but little. It is the belief of the present editor that the poems of John Cleveland merit very careful attention on the part of those who wish to understand the so-called metaphysical school. The very fact that he has been so utterly forgotten is but the result of his former popularity; he suited his age so completely, he so thoroughly expressed its convictions and its aims, that no other time has turned to him for sympathy. Robert Bell, in 1839, accused him, saying that “he was carried away by the current of excitement; and, like many others, he sacrificed to party what was meant for mankind.” For the student of to-day, therein lies his especial value. This is seen at once by comparing him with his contemporary,

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Milton. In the popular manner Milton condescended to write but two poems; consequently the second edition of the "Minor Poems" followed the first after so long an interval as thirty-eight years. During this same period there were at least twenty-odd editions of Cleveland. Literature, like every other commodity, is governed by the laws of supply and demand; therefore the selling power of a book in a given age gauges the success of its presentation of the feelings and thoughts of the age. Milton wrote for all time, Cleveland for his own time. But from this very fact it follows that to understand the literature of the reign of King Charles, it is Cleveland that should be read, and not Milton. This edition is brought forth in the belief that Cleveland is the last and most characteristic poet of the "metaphysical school."

There are two distinct points of view from which the works of a poet may be regarded. The first is the older and the more popular. Here the reader passes in review the whole body of literature and selects such poets and poems as may individually appeal to him; an anthology is a perfectly frank statement of personal preference, and its value depends upon the personality of the compiler. The other view is held, not by the general reader, but by the student. During the last fifty years and correlating with the great advance in the sciences, there has been made an effort more and more pronounced to treat literature, not as the sporadic output of unrelated individuals, but as an "organism," to deal with it "scientifically."

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Intellectual comprehension is substituted for æsthetic appreciation; and literary history becomes a series of phenomena which must be explained. One of the most distinctive of these is the existence in the first half of the seventeenth century of the school so unhappily called by Dr. Johnson the "metaphysical school." Metaphysical they are not, even by his own definition of the word, but the condemnation of a critic who neither appreciated nor understood them has been sufficient to remove them from the beaten track of scholarship. Yet Cleveland was the most popular — poet of his time, and whether we like, or dislike, the manner in which he wrote, the fact remains that he did satisfy the conditions of his own time, and, therefore, is well worth the attention of those who are trying to understand the literary situation after the death of Shakespeare. Now for his life.

In the Year of Our Lord sixteen hundred and eleven, when the First Parliament of King James dared to express an interest in its own religious affairs (and thereby promptly met with dissolution), the rector of the parish church of Loughborough, Leicestershire, was one John Browne the elder, and his assistant, Thomas Cleiveland, or Cleaveland. Nichols, the antiquary, says that he always wrote his name "Cleiveland," but the register in Loughborough uses the "a" form. As in the case of John, his once famous son, he seems to have liked variety. The family was of Anglo-Saxon origin and its earlier members owned considerable landed property in the North Riding of Yorkshire, taking the name, indeed, from

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the district near Gisburne and Whitby, now called Cleveland, but originally clive-land, the land of steeps. In the earlier times every possible variety of spelling is to be found (cf. App. A.), and in the various editions of John's poems there are three forms. Nichols gives "Cleiveland," and he is followed in the last century by Bishop Percy, and in this, by J. W. Elsworth and Mr. J. E. B. Mayor. The 1677 edition, the authoritative one, which was issued by his pupils, Bishop Lake and Dr. Drake, consistently uses "Cleveland"; the manuscript record of St. John's, Cambridge, about equally employs "Cleivland" and "Cleiveland,"—the "Cleveland" form occurring only once, and then erased. On the other hand, in the published copies of both the "Jonsonus Virbius" and the "Verses to the Memory of Edward King" the signature is John Cleveland. As, to my knowledge, there are none of his autographs in existence, and as he certainly would be particular in publications of which he may have been one of the principal instigators, it seems to me that the authority for the simplest spelling is equally good, and that is the form which I shall use.

Thomas Cleveland, then, in 1611, had been an alumnus of St. John's, Cambridge, but three years. In this interval he had taken to himself a wife, Elizabeth, of whom nothing is known but that she died in Hinckley, 1649. With a family to support, he increased his income by acting as assistant to John Dawson in the "Burton's Grammar School." A fifteenth-century merchant, Thomas Burton, had left

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lands for a pious purpose, part of the income of which, in 1569, was appropriated to the foundation of a school. From the accounts kept by the bridge-master, who was also the financial officer of the School, we see that Mr. Dawson's salary was £12 13s. 6d. and that he could not hold other preferment. From the same accounts I extract, "Item, paid to Mr. Cleave-land (usher), Simon Mudd's legacye, due as before (i. e., half yearly), XLs." There seems to be no record of what the other assistant, Woodmansley, received. Thomas Cleveland, on the assistant's salary plus the £4 from Burton's, raised his family. His first child, Mary, was baptized October 17, 1611, only to be buried two days after. John, the eldest son, was baptized June 20, 1613, and while at Loughborough three other children, Margaret, August 27, 1615, Thomas, July 5, 1618, and Joseph, June 4, 1620, were added to the family. We next hear of him as taking his M.A. in 1614. Evidently he was an ambitious and capable Yorkshireman, as in 1621 he was presented to the vicarage of Hinckley, with the rectory of Stoke and the chaplainship of Dadlington annexed. The rest of his life may be summed up in a few words. He was dispossessed by the Parliament in 1644 and eight years after was buried in Hinckley, October 26: "was a very worthy person and of a most exemplary life."

This removal to Hinckley was an important event in the life of our poet. Not only, it may be assumed that the increased income gave certain physical advantages which are so important to the growing boy,

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but his father placed his education in the care of Richard Vines, a remarkable and characteristic figure. Fuller says of him: “. . . he was never given to any extravagancy. Hence he was chosen Schoolmaster of Hinckley in this County (i.e., Leicestershire), a Profession wherein many a good Minister hath been (and it is a pity that any but a good man should be) employed. . . . An excellent Preacher, skillful to cut out doctrines in their true shape, naturally raised, to show them up with strong stitches; substantially proved, and set them with advantage on such backs, who should wear them effectually applied. . . . The champion of their party (i.e., the Puritans), therefore called their Luther. . . . His Majesty, though of a different judgment, valued him for his ingenuity, seldom speaking unto him without touching (if not moving) his hat. Which by Master Vines was returned (though otherwise blunt and unobservant) with most respectful Language and gestures. . . . He was most charitably moderate,” etc. The influence of such a man on young Cleveland must have been very great; although curiously his pupil took the other side in the approaching conflict and was as strong a Royalist as Vines himself was a Presbyterian. But in other respects he was an attentive student who gained “the heaving of his natural fancy by choicest elegancies in Latin and Greek, more elegantly Englished, (an exercise he improved much by,)” and “was early ripe for the University, who was one.” Before we leave Hinckley and the Cleveland family, it is necessary to add that during this

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period and the years immediately subsequent, five more children were born to his father. For an account of these and their descendants, see the genealogical table, App. B.

“September 4, 1627—John Cleveland, native of Loughborough in Leicestershire, son of Thomas, instructed in letters at Hinckley under Mr. Vines, aged fifteen years, was admitted a lesser pensioner under Mr. Siddall.” This is the record of Christ’s, Cambridge, as quoted by Professor Masson. Obviously at that time he was not “aged fifteen years,” but he was in his fifteenth year. Why he went to Christ’s and not to his father’s college of St. John’s, I cannot determine. Mr. Siddall was the second in the order of the Fellows, but he is not a distinct figure like Richard Vines. From the autobiography of Sir Simonds D’Ewes, it is to be inferred that the approximate expense of the lesser pensioner was £50 a year, a sum equivalent to three or four times that amount in our modern coinage. So his father must have been in very comfortable circumstances if he could afford to spend that amount on his son’s education and to support his large family at the same time.

The next fifteen years approximately were spent at Cambridge. Richard Vines must have done his work well, as in September, 1629, Cleveland was chosen to deliver the Latin welcome to the Earl of Holland, Chancellor of the University, and the French Ambassador with his suite, among whom was Rubens. In his “Life of Milton” Professor Masson tells us: “Probably it was according to custom to choose one

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of the youngest students in the College. At all events, the honor fell to Siddall's pupil, young Jack Cleveland, who had then just finished his first year at College, and was not over sixteen. The brief speech which the sprightly lad did deliver may be found among his works, as subsequently published. Such is the splendor of the two august presences then in Christ's College, he says, that, if one of the sun-worshipping Persians were there to look, he would think there were two suns in the heaven, and would divide his sacrifice! A few more such compliments complete the speech, the sense of which is poor enough, and the Latin none of the most classical. Milton, had the task been appointed to him, would have performed it much better." I regret that I am compelled to differ from this last statement. Why does he try to add Cleveland's ewe-lamb to Milton's fold? As a matter of fact, Cleveland here shows for the first time that delightful characteristic which never left him, the ability to speak gracefully when there was nothing to be said.

At some time, probably, towards the close of his undergraduate course, Cleveland, like Milton, officiated as "Father" of the Cambridge revels. We have two of the pieces spoken by him on that occasion, "*Oratio habita in Scholis Publicis cum Patris officio fungeretur*" and "*Actus primi scena secunda.*" The exact nature of this ceremonial is undetermined. Evidently one was chosen as the "Father" and a number of others as his "Sons," and then they acted some burlesque on the college life or curriculum. Each

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author has two pieces of this curious nature so that a comparison is almost involuntary. It is to be remembered that unless it be of the very best quality of Attic salt, a joke loses much of its savor in the course of three hundred years; neither, therefore, to the modern reader seems very funny. This variety of composition requires a lightness of touch, and Milton does not gain by the comparison. His *pièce de résistance* in the feast of laughter was to call his "Sons," not by ludicrous names producing a comic effect, but after the ten categories of Aristotle. His work is too ponderous, too egotistic, and too long; it is too evidently a *tour de force*. Cleveland, on the other hand, is rather clever; he puns on the idea of his being a "Father" to his seniors. It is chiefly remarkable from the fact that he defends modern literature; "the later ages have gained, and not become bankrupt." However, Cleveland at his best is not a thinker; his popularity was rather due to the brilliant expression which he gave to common convictions.

Then as now, four years of study were required for the degree of B.A. The instruction was usually given to the student in his own college, but the university was represented by lectures in the "public schools," and it was before these that the candidate had to prove his worthiness by holding two "responsions" defending a moral or metaphysical proposition, and two "opponencies" attacking those of other candidates. The only example of these is the "Oratio in Scholis Publicis habita cum junior Baccalaureus in Tripodem disputaret Cantab.," a graceful intro-

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duction to the mock strife which should follow. No record exists as to his success in these exercises except the entry in the college books that his degree was awarded him in 1631.

Probably for the next three years he remained a student of Christ's. Of these years there is not a trace in the records. But on March 27, 1634, Baker enters his election to the Hebblethwaite Fellowship in his father's college of St. John's. This Fellowship was founded May 1, 1589, 31 Eliz., the entry reading: "The foundation of a Fellowshippe and twoe Schollerships by Henrie Heblethwayte citizen of London. . . . By will dated 27 June, 1587, H. H. devised £500 to the Coll. for the purchase of lands and tenements towards the maintenance of poor and friendless scholars of the Coll. esp. such as shall come out of Sedburghe School . . . in default of these last, (a list of preferences has been given), any whom the Coll. shall think fit and worthy"; the Fellows and Scholars to "enjoye meate drinke wages chamber-roume easments priviledges liberties preferrements profits" etc.; also "all that allowance for commons and diete commonlye called detriments." In 1635 he took his M.A.

By the rules of St. John's he should have taken holy orders within six years of his being elected Fellow, but he was admitted on the Law Line, November 2, 1640, "Jo. Cleiveland as legista unanimously"; "and afterwards on that of Physic (Jan. 31, 1642, Reg. of St. John's)" is the next statement of Bishop Percy in the "Biographia Britannica," which is ac-

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cepted by Alexander Chalmers and Mr. Ebsworth. Unfortunately I have not been able to substantiate it. As Baker, in his "History of the College of St. John's," does not mention it, I infer that, if true, Bishop Percy had access to papers since destroyed or forgotten. There seems to be some doubt, also, about his Oxford M.A. Wood's account begins: "This year (1637), among several Cambridge men that were incorporated Mast. of Arts, must not be forgotten John Cleaveland the Poet, not that it appears so in the public Register, but from the Relation of a certain Person who was then a Master of this University." Whether or not this "certain Person" is more accurate than the public register, Cleveland received the substantial reward of it, a charming life in the "Fasti Oxonienses."

As a Fellow, Cleveland directed the studies of the undergraduates in his charge, two of whom must be noticed, as they are the compilers of the 1677, the standard, edition of his Works. Samuel Drake, afterwards Vicar of Pontefract, "son of Nathan Drake of Halifax gent., born there, admitted lesser pens. 26 June 1637 aet. 15 under Cleivland," and "Joannes Lake, Eboracensis, (afterwards Vicar of Leeds and Bishop of Man, Bristol, and Chichester) filius Thomae Lake de Halifax, natus atque literis institutus in schola publicæ Halifaxiæ per triennium, annos natus 13 admissus est in collegium D. Jo. sub tutore magistro Cleivland, Dec. 4, 1637, ibique per alterum triennium artium et Philosophiæ prima rudimenta percepit." It is of this John Lake it is said: "And

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he always retained a great reverence for his tutor's memory." This reverence was shown by editing, with the help of Samuel Drake, an edition of Cleveland's Works, "Purged from the many False & Spurious Ones Which had usurped his Name, and from innumerable Errours and Corruptions in the True." It is dedicated to Francis Turner, D.D., who is said by tradition to have also been a pupil. In this case tradition seems to be untrustworthy, as he is thus entered in the records: "Franciscus Turner filius natu maximus Thomae Turner S. T. P. decani Cantuariensis, scholæ Wintoniensis alumnus prius dein collegii Novi Oxon. socius: artium bac. an. 1659, A.M. 1662 quo gradu suscepto commigravit ad nos, admissus ad eundam gradum in academia Cantabr.," etc. Thus he is much too young ever to have been taught by Cleveland: probably the book was dedicated to him, as he at that time (1670-79) was Master of St. John's, and Lake had "a very high regard for that Society." For them, presumably, the little skit "*Vinum est Poetarum Equus*" was written. In the Preface they thus comment on this part of Cleveland's life:

"To cherish so great hopes, the Lady Margaret drew forth both her breasts. Christ's College in Cambridge gave him Admission, and St. John's a Fellowship. There he lived about the space of nine years, the delight and ornament of that Society. What Service, as well as Reputation he did it, let his Orations and Epistles speak: to which the Library oweth much of its Learning, the Chappel much of its pious decency, and the College much of its Renown." A

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number of these "Orations and Epistles" have come down to us, and the same characteristic is noticeable, namely that their excellence consists in expression rather than in thought. Arbitrarily I shall divide them into three classes: (1) occasional orations, (2) epistles, and (3) salutatory speeches in behalf of the college.

The first class may be dismissed in a few words; they are undated and might be assigned with fair probability to any of the nine years. As a Fellow he was thrice called upon to act as judge of the debate in the Public Schools; in consequence we have "*Oratio habita cum unus e Prælectoribus, deficiente termino, pensum (pro more) imponeret,*" "*Oratio habita in Scholis Theologicis, cum Moderatoris partes ageret,*" and "*Oratio itidem habita in Scholis Juridicialibus, cum Moderatoris partes ageret.*" February 11, 1641, Dr. Edward Littleton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, apparently came to Cambridge; I infer this notwithstanding the fact that there is no mention of it in Cooper's "Annals" because Baker gives the piece (published in Cleveland's works in the form of a letter), with the statement "*Cleivland orat*"; in which case this "*Domino Edvardo Littleton, Sigilli Custodi*" would be the address of welcome, the "*Oratio prior habita in Scholis Juridicialibus, Domino Doctore Littleton respondente*" the introduction to his speech, and the "*Oratio posterior, eodem respondente*" the conclusion.

Between 1635 and 1637 he was made Rhetoric Reader, and on that occasion spoke the "*Oratio In-*"

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auguralis, cum Prælectoris Rhetorici munus auspiciareur." I limit it to '37, as that is the earliest date of the various letters which he wrote for the College. Naturally, as he is but the mouthpiece of others, there is no individuality here; it is a sufficient indication of the extent of the worthy Bishop's admiration that he should have included these letters! Several persons have presented books and we have here the acknowledgments. The tone is much the same whether he is addressing the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Lincoln, the Bishop of Durham, or Lord Herbert of Cherbury, etc.,—extravagant compliment and light wit. They are entirely impersonal, and it almost seems as if the addresses might have been changed without the recipients having been any the wiser. It is to "fiery Welsh Williams" that he says: "*Solem in unda spectamus faciles, quem in orbe suo non sine lippitudine sustinemus,*" but it applies equally well to his arch enemy Laud, or Morton, or any of the others. Therefore we may dismiss them.

As we have seen, in the year 1629 the honor of addressing the French Ambassador was assigned to Cleveland. February 4, 1636, this dignity was again conferred; this time he compliments Charles Lodowick Count Elector Palatine of the Rhine, K.G., who visits the University in the company of the Chancellor. This is the son of Frederick, the Elector Palatine, and the unfortunate "Queen of Bohemia" and therefore a nephew of Charles. It is this relationship which Cleveland emphasizes: "*Quam decies repetitus placebit Carolus! Carolus Caroli Sobrinus et Caroli*

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Avunculus. O Beatissima Carolorum Climax! Macte esto gradibus Carolina scala, ut cum præ altitudine sua supremus Rex Carolus Cælos scandat, novi subinde succrescant Caroli, quibus, quasi internodiis distincta ejus æternitas usque et usque floreat; sic ipse sibi superses Carolus, non hominum (parum illud Nestoris) sed Carolorum tres ætates vivat, Filii, Sobrini, utriusque Caroli." How the Elector received this English compliment, we are not told; to be lauded on account of one's relationship to another is to be damned with faint praise, but the passage is important as showing that by 1636 Cleveland was thoroughly a Royalist. Mr. Edwin Goadby, in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of February, 1873, says: "During Cleaveland's residence in Cambridge he was moved by two incidents, which may be said to have determined his whole future career. The first incident was a royal visit. Charles I. reached Cambridge in May, 1633, . . . Cleaveland wrote an epistle on the event . . . Cleaveland was henceforth, whatever he might have been previously, an enthusiastic and devoted Royalist." Fortunately, Mr. Goadby is mistaken in the date of the visit and consequently also in his unpleasant inference. There is no possible question but that the reception to which he refers took place nine years after the date he assigns. Curiously enough, even Mr. Ebsworth, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," is also in error here. A detailed letter from Joseph Beaumont, as quoted by Cooper, tells us that the Prince arrived Saturday, March the twelfth, 1642, and that the reception to

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him by the University authorities was so pleasing that the King himself came on Monday for a few hours. Before the Prince was played Cowley's "Guardian," afterwards called the "Cutter of Coleman Street." On the title-page of this, the date is given as March twelfth, 1641, O. S.; Genest also gives the same. This is corroborated by the entry in Worthington's Diary March 14, 1641-2: "The King in transitu visited Trinity and St. John's Coll." Moreover, the speech is dated 1642 in the editions of the "Cleveland Revived." In his letter Beaumont mentions Cleveland's address, and the inference is allowable that it was spoken almost extempore. If the speech were unpremeditated, there is no doubt about his enthusiastic loyalty. In any case, the speech was a success: the King was so delighted with it that he desired that a copy should be sent after him to Huntington.

A newspaper of the time informs us that the King "received much content from the Doctors and others in the University but women and others in the towne humbly and earnestly entreating that he would return to his parliament or they should be undone:—the King was much discontent that neither the sherife nor any gentlemen of Cambridgeshire did meet him." Thus we see that the small world of Cambridge was divided sharply between the University which was Royalist and the Town which was for the Parliament. Oliver Cromwell had been elected Burgess for the Town of Cambridge to the "Short Parliament" in the spring of 1640; "recommended by Hampden, say

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some; not needing any recommendation in those Fen-countries, think others," is Carlyle's comment. Cooper quotes at length from a contemporary account telling of the trick by which the election was maintained: this, as he shows, is untrustworthy, but the important point is, as both agree, that it was not closely contested. This does not seem to have been the case with that for the "Long Parliament" in the fall of the same year. Cromwell was returned by a narrow margin, although there seems to be no reason but that cited in the 1677 preface for such a reversal of popular opinion. That says: "Thus he (Cleveland) shined with equal light and influence until the general Eclipse: of which no man had more Sagacious Prognosticks. When Oliver was in Election to be Burgess for the Town of Cambridge, as he engaged all his Friends and Interests to oppose it, so when it was passed, he said with much passionate Zeal, That single Vote had ruined both Church and Kingdom. Such havock the good Prophet beheld in Hazael's face. Such fatal Events did he presage from his bloody beak. And no sooner did that Schrich Owl appear in the University but this Sun declined. Perceiving the Ostracism that was intended, he became a Voluntier in his Academick Exile, and would no longer breath the common Air with such Pests of Mankind." This language is strong, but the facts are sound. The last we hear of Cleveland at Cambridge is that visit of the King in March, 1642. Oxford was occupied as the Royal headquarters Nov. 29, 1642, but it is improbable that Cleveland imme-

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diately went there. However, it is not necessary to assume that he was unwilling to breathe the common air with such pests of mankind, as the state of affairs at Cambridge were such as would quite justify the departure of any peace-loving student, and as Cleveland was known as a Royalist and had already written his "Verses on Smeectymnuus," it is not unlikely that he received special indignities. In July, 1642, some of the townsmen who had obtained muskets made a practice of discharging them into the windows of certain scholars, whereupon the members of the University purchased a quantity of arms for their own protection, until stopped by order of Parliament. In February of the next year a thousand Parliamentary soldiers were placed in garrison and could not be controlled. "The colleges were beset and broken open, and guards thrust into them, sometimes at midnight whilst the scholars were asleep in their beds. The commons were snatched off the tables in the College Halls; the College rents were forcibly taken from the tenants. The books in the scholars' chambers were seized and carried away, and multitudes of soldiers were quartered in the Colleges. Great injury was also done to the property of the Colleges; Jesus Grove was cut down; the wainscot, bedstead, chairs, stools, tables, and bookshelves, in many scholars' chambers were pulled down and burnt; King's College Chapel was used as a place for training the military; the carved work in other Chapels was torn down; the monuments of the dead were defaced; and a beautiful carved structure in St. Mary's, although it had no

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imagery or statue work about it, was demolished. In order to make the University generally odious to the common people, it was customary every market day to burn openly in the market-place "all sorts of pictures, were they but Paper Prints of the twelve Apostles." These were proclaimed to be "the Popish Idols of the University." The effect was "that a Scholar could have small security from being stoned or affronted as he walked the streets." Under such conditions it is perhaps unnecessary to speculate why he left. The effect upon him must have been greater, as the work was comparatively new; in 1634, the year of his Fellowship, Fuller notes: "Now began the University to be much beautified in buildings, every College either casting its skin with the Snake, or renewing its bill with the Eagle, having their Courts, or at leastwise their fronts, and Gate houses repaired and adorned. But the greatest alteration was in their Chappels, most of them being graced with the accession of Organs. And, seeing Musick is one of the Liberal Arts, how could it be quarreled at in an University, if they sang with understanding both of the matter and the manner thereof? Yet some took great distast thereat as attendencie to superstition." So we cannot be far in error if we assume that he left Cambridge for Oxford in the spring of '43.

Before following Cleveland to Oxford it is necessary to give a short account of his poetical activity while at Cambridge, and of the publications of the University during this period. As has been said, the majority of his miscellaneous verse was probably

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written there, but of this we have no proof; from the very nature of the poems the exact year cannot be determined. Aubrey's statement is "He was a fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge, where he was more taken notice of for his being an eminent disputant, then a good poet." Of course Aubrey generally is untrammelled by any reference to facts, and here he has against him the whole body of contemporary writers. But it is to be remembered that the narrative of a gossipy, inaccurate writer may give a glimpse at real conditions when professed eulogists pass by in silence. His statement is borne out by the fact that in the various University publications Cleveland rarely figures. This, however, may be due to the fact that Cleveland, however skillful in Latin prose, does not seem to have used Latin verse. There are but two Latin poems in the 1677 edition, one of which, a translation of the "Rebel Scot," is by Thomas Gawen; consequently, I have eliminated these poems. During Cleveland's stay in Cambridge there were nine books of verses on public occasions, to only two of which did he contribute, and then always in English. The first, made famous by the "Lycidas," is entitled "Juxta Edovardo King naufrago ab Amicis moerentibus amoris & *Μυρίας Χάρις*," 1638. The English verses are separately paged, and have the title, "Obsequies to the memorie of Mr. Edward King," Anno. Dom. 1638. Pearson and More contribute to the Latin poems. By far the more interesting are the thirteen poems in English, of which the fourth is by Cleveland and the last by Milton.

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Cleveland's is signed in full; the "Lycidas" has only the initials J. M. The second is "Irenodia Cantabrigiensis ob paciferum serenissimi Regis Caroli e Scotia reditum mense Novembri, 1641," 1641. Cowley and Cleveland contributed. I have been unable to see this volume, but I assume that the poem is the same as that on page 127 of this edition. Cleveland, by this time, must have had a reputation as an English poet, because he appears in the "Jonsonus Virbius, or the Memorie of Ben Jonson revived by the Friends of the Muses," London, 1638. He is here in the best company of his time; verses were given by Falkland, May, Habington, Waller, Cartwright, Owen, Feltham, Shakerley Marmion, and John Ford. To be admitted here was equivalent to a diploma in poetry, and although at Cambridge he may have been considered a disputant, to the world at large he was already ranked as a poet, notwithstanding the fact that none of his verses had yet been printed.

So in the spring of 1643 Cleveland left Cambridge for Oxford, where, in the language of those days, he was "caressed" by the royal party. Wood tells us: "At length upon the eruption of the Civil War, he was the first Champion that appeared in verse for the King's Cause against the Presbyterians; . . . Whereupon retiring to Oxon the King's headquarter, lived there for a time, and was much venerated and respected not only by the great Men of the Court, but by the then Wits remaining among the affrighted and distressed Muses, for his high Panegyrics and smart Satyrs." This has been often quoted with the erro-

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neous implication that he went to Oxford to fight in verse for the King. In reality there is no such abrupt change. As satire consists largely in the expression, and, as we have seen that Cleveland's talent lay decidedly in that direction, it was very natural that he should ridicule some of the ludicrous aspects in the politics of the time. At Cambridge we find him satirizing "Smeectymnuus," the Puritan attitude toward the Oath of Conformity, etc.; but there is no such bitterness as appears later. He is silent on the great issues, such as the trial and condemnation of Strafford, because neither he nor any one else appreciated their true significance. Even after war had been declared, August 23, 1642, the Parliamentarians paradoxically were fighting the King in the name of the King. Not until the Siege of Gloucester and the Scotch invasion did the Royalists awake to the full realization of the danger. From this time on Cleveland, pen in hand, is fighting desperately for the King.

"Come, keen iambics, with your badger's feet,
And badger-like bite till your teeth do meet."

The contemptuous laugh has now become a snarl. Here his life is interwoven with the national history, which is cursorily treated in the various introductions in Part II.

Not by his verse alone did he defend the cause, but also there are three "characters" to his credit, "The Character of a London Diurnal," "The Character of a Country-Committee-man, with the Earmark of a

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Sequestrator," and "The Character of a Diurnal Maker." They are prose satires in which he pursues exactly the same method as in verse; the aim in both is to say the most unpleasant things in the most unpleasant way; thus they differ from characters such as the "Holy and Profane States" in being weapons of attack. This is how he mentions Cromwell: "With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of foreigners, when themselves entertain such an army of *Hebrews*? This Cromwell is never so valorous as when he is making speeches to the Association; which nevertheless he doth somewhat ominously with his neck a-wry, holding up his ear as if he expected Mahomet's pidgeon to come and prompt him. He should be a bird of prey, too, by his bloody beak; his nose is able to try a young eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that glisters. What we wonder at in the rest of them is natural to him, to kill without bloodshed; for the most of his trophies are in a church window, when a looking glass would show him more superstition. He is so perfect a hater of images that he hath defaced God's in his own countenance. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old monument, then down goes dust and ashes and the stoutest cavalier is no better. O brave Oliver! Time's voider, subsizer to the worms, in whom Death, who formerly devoured our ancestors, now chews the cud! He said grace once as if he would have fallen aboard with the Marquis of Newcastle; nay and the Diurnal gave you his bill-of-fare; but it proved a running banquet as ap-

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pears by the story. Believe him, as he whistles to his Cambridge team of committee-men, and he doth wonders. But holy men, like the holy language, must be read backwards. They rifle colleges to promote learning and pull down churches for edification. But sacrilege is entailed upon him. There must be a Cromwell for cathedrals as well as abbeys; a secure sin whose offense carries its pardon in its mouth; for how shall he be hanged for church-robbery that gives himself the 'benefit of the clergy.'” One more illustration will suffice; let me give you his recipe for a country committee-man and ask you to remember as you read that the Royalist gentlemen, by these same committee-men, had been beggared through the sequestration of their estates; then you can appreciate the grim smile which followed the perusal of the following: “Take a State-martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the land-piracy of ship-money; next a primitive freeholder, one that hates the King because he is a gentleman, transgressing the Magna Charta of delving Adam; add to these a mortified bankrupt that helps out false weights with some scruples of conscience and with his peremptory scales can doom his prince with a Mene Tekel; these with a blue-stockinged justice lately made of a good basket-hilted yeoman, with a short handed clerk tacked to the rear of him to carry the knapsack of his understanding; together with two or three equivocal sirs whose religion, like their gentility, is the extract of their acres, being therefore spiritual because they are earthly; not for-

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getting the man of law whose corruption gives the hogan to the sincere juncto; these are the simples of this precious compound, a kind of Dutch hotch-potch, the hogan-mogan committee-man."

By such attacks as these Cleveland became recognized as a distinct power in the political controversy. Not only may we infer this from the great number of editions, but we have also contemporary evidence of the great effect of his writings. David Lloyd, in 1668, thus enthusiastically exclaims: . . . "his life at Oxford, where he managed his pen as the highest panegyrist, (witness his *Rupertismus*, his *Elegy on my Lord of Canterbury*, &c., on the one hand,) on the one side to draw all good intentions to virtue; and the Scots' Apostacy, the Char. of a Lond. Diurnal, and a Committee man, (blows that shook triumphing Rebellion, reaching the soul of those not to be reached by Law or Power, striking each Traitor to a paleness beyond that of any Loyal Corpse that bled by them; the Poet killing at as much distance as some Philosophers, heat-scars lasting as time, indelible as guilt-stabs beyond Death,) on the other, to shame the ill from vice, . . ." The "*London Diurnal*" was printed as a broad-side, and presumably was widely distributed. By his sneers Cleveland certainly prepared the way for the Restoration.

Cleveland's visit at Oxford must have been extremely pleasant; he was surrounded by enthusiastic admirers and apparently had sufficient means. This last is to be inferred from the fact that it was at this time that his portrait was painted by Isaac Fuller, a

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well-known artist of the period. A copy of this painting is prefixed to this edition. The only description of his person which has come down to us is given us by Aubrey: "He was a comely plump man, good curled hair, darke brown." It is not the face of a thinker nor of a scholar.

From the nature of his work at this period he was not popular. Of this we have certain evidence. The "London Post," February 4, 1645, inserts this paragraph: "Master Cleiveland of Cambridge, the contriver of that bold and licentiate pamphlet, called 'The Character of the Perfect Diurnal' is brought up to London to answer for his libeling: You will shortly read a Character upon the Characterer." This remark only justifies his "libel" on the truth-telling properties of the papers in question, as there is no evidence that he was ever "brought up to London," and it is extremely improbable. Although in this particular his punishment seems to have been imaginary, his enemies struck more surely in another way. Nine days after this notice, by the order of the Earl of Manchester, (the Kimbolton of the satires,) he was expelled from his Fellowship in St. John's and Anthony Houlden was admitted to his place on the 17th. This could not have been unexpected, however, because not only had he refused to take the "Solemn League and Covenant" as ordered by the Parliament, but he had literally added insult to the injury.

But on the other hand by the Royalists he was not forgotten, being appointed Judge Advocate to his Majesty's garrison at Newark. I am unable to state

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definitely the date. The "Biographia Britannica" says in reference to this: "The Bishop of Dromore has in his possession an authentic copy of the commission, signed by King Charles I. with his *own hand*, dated at 'our Court at Newark,' 12th. October, 1645, by which Sir Richard Willis the governor and other commissioners therein mentioned, are impowered to punish all offenses committed by the soldiers, and to determine all differences between them and the countrymen by martial law." It is to be regretted that Bishop Percy was not more definite in his statement, but, to have any revelance whatever, Cleveland must have been included in the "other commissioners therein mentioned." His degree in law would have qualified him for the office, but the "Weekly Intelligencer" of May 27, 1645, gives a rather different idea of his duties. "But to speak something of our friend Cleveland, that grand malignant of Cambridge, we heare that he is now at Newarke, where he hath the title of Advocate put upon him. His office and employment is, to gather all the College rents within the power of the King's forces in those parts, which he distributes to such as are turned out of their Fellowships at Cambridge for their malignancie. If the royal party be thus careful to supplie their friends, sure it is necessary to take some course to relieve those who are turned out of their houses and livings for adhering to the Parliament." Walker informs us he was received there with the same esteem and respect as at Oxford, and the 1677 Preface, "and, by an excellent temperature of both, was a just and prudent Judge for the

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King, and a faithful Advocate for the Country." So by the testimony of both his friends and his enemies in this new position he did well.

The work done here at Newark has been collected under the title "Cleveland Revived." As Cleveland was the most popular writer of his day, all sorts of compositions in prose and verse were fathered upon him, and consequently this edition is rather in the nature of an anthology of contemporaneous writers. We know this by the express statement of the editor himself. From this fact, the identification of the poems is largely guess-work; the prose consists of various letters which are interesting only from their quaintness, with no particular value. They illustrate the peculiar fondness of the age for plays upon words and involved quibble,—a liking which produced Cleveland's poems and made them popular.

Charles left Newark for Oxford early in November, 1645. He escaped just in time, as the Scotch army under Leven encamped before it on the twenty-seventh of November. We have Cleveland's reply to their summons to surrender. "You may do well, Gentlemen, to use your fortune modestly, and not think that God Almighty doth uphold your cause by reason of your victories; perchance he fattens it with present success for a riper destruction. For my part I would rather embrace a wreck, floating upon a single plank, than embark in your action with the fullest sails to dance upon the wings of fortune. Whereas you urge the expense of a siege and the pressures of the Country in supporting your charge, there I confess I am touched

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to the quick. But their miseries, though they make my heart bleed, must not make my honour. My compassion to my Country must not make me a parricide to my Prince. . . . Otherwise I desire you to take notice, that when I received my commission for the government of this place, I annexed my life as a label to my trust."

During Cleveland's stay in Newark the King's cause had been lost. Charles, after intriguing with the Scotch, with the Independents, and with the Parliament, at last determined to trust to the first, and on May 5, 1646, at Southwell, near Newark, he surrendered himself to the army of that nation. Their first demand was for Newark, which, under Cleveland, had gallantly held out; Charles, knowing that the city was incapable of prolonged resistance, ordered the surrender, which was made on the following day. Here occurred that incident, (if it occurred at all,) which is faithfully recorded by his later-day biographers. The anecdote first appears in the "Critical Review," June, 1769, in an article on Granger's "Biographical History." This is the original from which Carlyle and others have drawn unjustifiable inferences. After stating that Cleveland was ejected from his Fellowship, the writer continues: "Be that as it will, his famous satire against the Scotch rendered him extremely obnoxious to that nation, and he happened to be taken prisoner by a party of their troops in the North, commanded by David Lesley, afterwards Lord Newark. Being discovered by the papers he had about him, the officers who took him

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gave him an assurance of the gallows, and Cleaveland received the news with that magnanimity and pride which is the concomitant of great self-consequence; for he consoled himself with the thoughts of his dying a martyr in the cause of his sovereign, and having his name transmitted with peculiar encomiums in the annals of loyalty. He was introduced with some other prisoners to Lesley, who could neither read nor write, and who awarded to each his proper fate by hanging, whipping, or imprisoning. When it came to be Cleaveland's turn, he presented himself at the bar with a conscious dignity, and his enemies did not fail to aggravate his offenses, producing at the same time a bundle of his verses. 'Is this all,' said the general, 'ye have to charge him with: for shame, for shame! let the poor fellow go about his business, and sell his ballads.' This contemptuous slight affected Cleaveland so much, that he is said to have drowned the remembrance of it in strong liquors, which hastened his death. It appears, however, by Thurloe's papers, that Cleaveland was a person of note among the royalists, and that he had a place of some consequence in their army." Fifteen years after, Bishop Percy, after quoting this paragraph entire in the "*Biographia Britannica*," thus continues: "As this article was attributed to a countryman of Lesley's, the late Mr. Guthrie, shall we suppose that he took this method to be revenged on the author of the *Rebel Scot*?" In truth, the origin of this tale is a mystery; it is scarcely credible, as Bishop Percy intimates, that anyone deliberately invented it, and yet it is in no

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English author before 1769: nor is it likely that it should be handed down by Scotch tradition, as it is not complimentary to the ignorant Lesley and, by its very existence it gives an importance to Cleveland which it is its object to deny. He was certainly in the garrison when Newark surrendered, and there is no record of his captivity. But in a court-martial he would be tried as a Judge Advocate, not as a poet, and the General must have been very ignorant indeed not to have remembered the name at the bottom of the refusal to surrender; as Cleveland lived for twelve years afterwards, his death cannot be said to have been unduly hastened. It is hard to disprove such an anecdote, but it is harder to believe it.

For the next nine years and a half nothing is known of his life. Like the great majority of the unfortunate Cavaliers, he wandered about in complete dependence upon his more fortunate friends. For his King and his cause he had lost all but his freedom, and that was taken from him on November 10, 1655. From the papers of John Thurloe, Secretary to the Council of State, I extract the following letter to the President of the Council:

“May it please your lordship,
In observance to the orders of his highness and council sent unto us, we have this day sent to the garrison of Yarmouth one John Cleveland of Norwich, late judge advocate at Newark, who we have deemed to be comprized within the second head.

“The reasons of judgment are;

“1. He confesseth, that about a year since he came from London to the city of Norwich; and giveth no

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account of any business he hath there, only he pretends, that Edward Cooke, Esq; maketh use of him to help him in his studies.

"2. Mr. Cleveland confesseth, that he hath lived in the said mr. Cooke's house ever since he came to the said city; and that he but seldom went into the city, and never but once into the country. Indeed his privacy hath been such, that none or but a few save papists and cavaleeres did know, that there was any such person resident in these parts.

"3. For that the place of the said mr. Cleveland his abode, viz. the said mr. Cooke's is a family of notorious disorder and where papists, delinquents, and other disaffected persons of the late king's party do often resort more than to any family in the said sity or county of Norfolk, as is commonly reported.

"4. Mr. Cleveland liveth in a genteel garbe; yet he confesseth, that he hath no estate but 20£ per annum allowed by two gentlemen, and 30£ per annum by the said mr. Cooke.

"5. Mr. Cleveland is a person of great abilities, and so able to do the greater disservice; all which we humbly submit, and remain,

"Your honour's truly humble servants,

"H. Haynes,

H. King,

"Rob. Woode,

Richard Copeman,

"Ed. Warde,

John Ballestone,

"Bram. Gurdon,

Ro. Swallowe,

"Nich. Bell,

Ralph Woollmer,

"Nich. Salter,

Richard Harbie,

"Tho. Garrett,

William Stewart.

"Norwich, Novemb. 10, 1655."

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So by these fourteen village Dogberrys poor Cleveland was sent to the Yarmouth prison because, forsooth, he lived in genteel garb and was a person of great abilities! The condition of the English prison of that period can be better imagined than described. There he wrote a letter "To the Protector after long and vile Durance in Prison." Incidentally we learn from the letter itself that he was there three months, but one can easily see how the vileness might make three months "long." After some hesitation, I have decided to include this letter; not only is it the best example of his prose, but also it is remarkable from the characteristic skill with which he pleads his case without betraying his cause:

*"May it please your highness;

Rulers within the circle of their government have a claim to that which is said of the Deity, they have their center every where and their circumference no where. It is in this confidence that I address to your Highness, knowing no place in the nation is so remote as not to share in the ubiquity of your care, no prison so close as to shut me from partaking of your influence. My Lord, it is my misfortune that, after ten years of retirement from being engaged in the differences of the State, having wound up myself in a private recess, and my comportment to the public being so inoffensive that in all this time neither fears nor jealousies have scrupled at my actions, being about

* This has been collated with the editions of 1659, 1662, 1665, 1677, 1687, and 1699. From the variants I have as usual constructed the new text.

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three months since at Norwich, I was fetched by a guard before the Commissioners and sent prisoner to Yarmouth, and, if it be not a new offense to make an inquiry wherein I have offended, (for hitherto my faults are kept as close as my person.) I am induced to believe that, next to my adherence to the Royal Party, the cause of my confinement is the narrowness of my estate, for none stand committed whose estate can bail them; I only am the prisoner who have no acres to be my hostage. Now if my poverty be criminal, (with reverence be it spoken,) I must implead your Highness, whose victorious arms have reduced me to it, as accessory to my guilt. Let it suffice, my Lord, that the calamity of the war hath made us poor; do not punish us for it. Whoever did penance for being ravished? Is it not enough that we are stripped so bare, but must it be made in order to a severer lash? Must our sores be engraven with our wounds? Must we first be made cripples and then beaten with our own crutches? Poverty, if it be a fault, 'tis its own punishment; who pays more for it, pays use on use. I beseech your Highness, put some bounds to our overthrow and do not pursue the chase to the other world. Can your thunder be leveled so low as our groveling condition? Can your towering spirit, which hath quarried upon kingdoms, make a stoop at us who are the rubbish of these ruins? Methinks I hear your former achievements interceding with you not to sully your glories with trampling upon the prostrate nor clog the wheels of your chariot with so degenerate a triumph. The most renowned heroes

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have ever with such tenderness treated their captives that their swords did but cut out work for their courtesies. Those that fell by their prowess sprung up by their favour, as if they had struck them down only to make them rebound the higher. I hope your Highness, as you are the rival of their fame, will be no less of their virtues. The noblest trophy that you can erect to your honour is to raise the afflicted; and, since you have subdued all opposition, it now remains that you attack yourself and with acts of mildness vanquish your victory. It is not long since, my Lord, that you knocked off the shackles from most of our party and by a grand release did spread your clemency as far as your territories. Let not new proscriptions interrupt our jubilee! Let not that your lenity be slandered as the ambush of your farther rigour! For the service of his Majesty, (if *it* be objected,) I am so far from excusing it that I am ready to allege it in my vindication. I cannot conceive that my fidelity to my Prince should taint me in your opinion; I should rather expect it should recommend me to your favour. Had we not been faithful to our King, we could not have given ourselves to be so to your Highness; you had then trusted us gratis, whereas now we have our former loyalty to vouch for us. You see, my Lord, how much I presume upon the greatness of your spirit, that dare prevent my indictment with so frank a confession,—especially in this which I may so safely deny that it is almost arrogance in me to own it! For the truth is, I was not qualified enough to serve him; all I could do was to

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bear a part in his sufferings and to give myself to be crushed with his fall. Thus my charge is doubled, my obedience to my Sovereign and (what is the result of that) my want of a fortune. Now whatever reflection I have upon the former, I am a true penitent for the latter. My Lord, you see my crimes; as to my defense you bear it about you. I shall plead nothing in my justification but your Highness's clemency which as it is the constant inmate of a valiant breast, if you graciously please to extend to your suppliant in taking me out of this withering durance, your Highness will find that Mercy will establish you more than Power though all the days of your life were as pregnant with victories as your twice auspicious third of September.

“Your Highness's humble and submissive petitioner,
“J. C.”

To one who thinks how the whole body of poets sang per order to the person in power, how men like Waller and even Dryden in '58 were writing panegyrics to Cromwell and in '60 panegyrics to Charles the Second, there is something refreshing in this letter. Here is one man at least who in adversity did not deny his master.

Naturally this letter was enthusiastically received by his party. David Lloyd, writing in the security of the blessed Reformation, thus characterizes it: “. . . he was undone first, and afterwards secured at Norwich, because he was poor and had not the wherewithall to live, whereupon he composed an Ad-

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dresse to the Pageant Power at Whitehall of so much gallant Reason, and such towering Language, as looked bigger than his Highness, shrinking before the Majesty of his Pen (the only thing that ever I heard wrought upon him that had been too hard for all Swords) representing that of his Master and Cause, like Felix trembling, Paul flattered one of the meanest of three Nations, that he ruled, and ominously sent him to study the Law, which he saw would prevail, it being in vain to suppress that which was supported by the two greatest things in the World, Wit and Learning." Here Cromwell's motive for releasing him is fear; the Nineteenth-Century writers call it generosity. This is the way Carlyle treats the subject: "This is John Cleveland the famed Cantab scholar, Royalist Judge-Advocate, and thrice-illustrious Satirist and son of the Muses; who 'had gone through eleven editions' in those times, far transcending all Miltons and all mortals,—and does not now need any twelfth edition, that we hear of. Still recognisable for a man of lively parts, and brilliant petulant character; directed, alas, almost wholly to the *worship of clothes*,—which is by nature a transient one! His good fortune quitted him, I think, nine years ago, when David Lesley took him prisoner in Newark. A stinging satire against the Scots had led Cleveland to expect at least martyrdom on this occasion; but Lesley merely said, 'Let the poor knave go and sell his ballads;' and dismissed,—towards thin diet, and a darkness which has been deepening ever since. Very low, now at Norwich, where he is picked up by Colonel

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Haynes; 'Thirty pounds a year'; 'lives with a gentleman to whom he is giving some instruction';—unfortunate son of the Muses. He indites a highflown magnanimous epistle to Cromwell, on this new misfortune; who magnanimously dismisses him, to 'sell his ballads' at what little they will bring." Carlyle's foot-note credits Bishop Percy, with the addition "very ignorantly told there,"—rather comic criticism, as the original inventor of this pleasing tale is quoted word for word by him in the *Biographia*! But where is the "magnanimity" in this action of Cromwell? By 1655 the Protectorate was firmly established, and if there were justice under that government, if the individual then had any rights at all, a tyrannical imprisonment without trial on a frivolous charge should not only "magnanimously" be rectified, but rectified at once and with apologies. It is certainly to Cromwell's credit, however, that he was never too busy to be just.

But however much writers may differ in regard to the reason, one and all agree on the essential fact that Cleveland was successful in his petition. Three months from November 22 brings the date of the letter some time in March, 1656; so probably by the summer of that year Cleveland was at liberty, but "he had contracted such a weakness and Disorder in Prison, as soon after brought him to his Grave." Apparently he continued his wanderings, as the 1677 Preface says: "After many intermediate stages (which contended as emulously for his abode as the seven cities for Homer's birth) Gray's Inn was his

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last: which, when he had ennobled with some short residence also . . .” This is too vague chronologically to aid us, but I think we are safe in saying that he spent the fall of ’57 in Gray’s Inn, London. Probably he here practiced law as Lloyd intimates. Ebsworth, following Carlyle, says he supported himself by selling his poems; I imagine that he was strengthened in this inference by the fact that the first edition of his poems which he knew is that of 1656. Unfortunately it is far from the first, and from the chaotic condition of the texts, I feel safe in saying that no edition whatever of his poems was ever published under his personal supervision, nor did he receive any profit from the sale. (For a discussion of this point, cf. App. D.) However, he is not entered in the Gray’s Inn register. According to Wood, he found there “a generous Mæcenas,” who is probably Williamson’s “his, ever to be honoured, friend.” Mr. Dymock-Fletcher, in the Loughborough “Advertiser,” and Mr. Scollard, in the “Dial,” conjecture this to be a gentleman by the name of Oneby. As I find a John Onebye admitted to Gray’s Inn June 14, 1651, who came from Hineckley, the probability seems almost a certainty. Ebsworth suggests Samuel Butler, the author of “Hudibras,” as the “friend”; this would be pleasant if true, but as at that time he had not become famous, it is not probable. Aubrey is the authority for the statement “He, and Sam. Butler, &c. of Grayes Inne, had a clubb every night.” Mr. Goadby says: “Nichols says this club included the author of ‘Hudibras’; but this could hardly have been

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the case, as Mr. Robert Bell produces evidence to show that Butler was steward at Ludlow Castle in 1661, and had previously been in other similar situations. I have been unable to discover the name or members of this club, but I suspect it was the 'King's Club,' and that Cleaveland, like all the others, received the cognomen of 'King' Cleaveland, which he most certainly deserved." I, on my part, have been unable to discover where Mr. Robert Bell makes such a statement. In his life of Butler, on the contrary, he says: "He belonged to a club of wits and loyalists that was frequented by Butler, and a close intimacy existed between them." So here I am at dead-center. Mr. Gosse, in the best of the recent biographies, says that no new discoveries about Butler have been made since those of Nash over a century ago, that great obscurity hangs over his life, and does not mention this particular point at all. However, I think that here we may trust Aubrey, as certainly their names were never associated together in any other period of their lives.

Here in Gray's Inn he only lived a few months. Probably the prison life had weakened his constitution, for in the forty-fifth year of his age he died of an intermittent fever Thursday morning, April 29, 1658. With all due honors, the body of "the most noted poet of his time" was carried to Hunsdon-house, and on May-day buried in the parish church of St. Michael Royal, on College-Hill, London. A Rev. Edward Thurman performed the service and the sermon was given by Dr. John Pearson, the author of the

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“Exposition of the Creed,” afterwards Bishop of Chester. The funeral is described as “splendid,” and was very largely attended by the Royalists. The Church of St. Michael Royal, the burial-place of many of that party, now no longer exists, as it was destroyed by fire in 1666. His anagram, John Cleveland Helicon Dew, is, in the delightful words of Fuller, “rather well endeavoured than exactly performed.” There are eleven elegies in his works and several others quoted to which the same criticism equally well applies, and consequently I have omitted them from this edition; they have not even the interest of being written by well-known men. But as some epitaph is needed in closing, let me again quote from Fuller: “A General Artist, Pure Latinist, Exquisite Orator, and (which was his Master-Piece) Eminent Poet. His epithets were pregnant with Metaphors, carrying in them a difficult plainness, difficult at the hearing, plain at the considering thereof. His lofty Fancy may seem to stride from the top of one Mountain to the top of another, so making to itself a constant Level and Champion of continued Elevations.”

The duty of an editor is not considered to have been fulfilled until he has given some account of the work of his author. Every poem may be regarded from two points of view,—the æsthetic value, and its relation to the whole body of literature. So far as the first is concerned, Cleveland’s poems here are presented to the reader, and if the “beauties of our worthy” are not obvious, they are not worth quota-

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tion. But on the second head a few words may not be out of place.

It is a commonplace to say that Elizabethan literature, with Spenser as its poet and Shakespeare as its dramatist, is one of the great creative epochs. It is characterized, say the text-books, by spontaneity, melody, and sensuosity; in fact, so much emphasis has been laid upon the first of these that there is a general impression that they produced great works without exactly knowing how and without a consciousness of the result. Even Shakespeare is supposed to be a genius but not an "artist"; in our own time, who is so ignorant that he would hesitate to improve Shakespeare by adapting him to the modern stage? That Shakespeare knew the effects he wished to produce and the means to be used to produce them is an heretical opinion which finds little favor with either the stage-managers or the general public. It comes as little short of a revelation that they in their times had the same critical theories and futile discussions which we are enjoying in our own.

Actually, however, literature in the broad sense is correlative with life. It is governed by the law of supply and demand as is any other commodity. The reason for the dominance of the drama in the age of Elizabeth was due to certain social conditions; the decline of the drama was equally due to the rise of certain other social conditions. Under the Virgin Queen the vitality of the nation was at its highest point; it was exuberantly young. As Wordsworth says of the years of the French Revolution:

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“Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive;
But to be young was very heaven. O times
In which the meager, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute took at once
The attraction of a country in romance.”

When Spenser brought forth his delicious dream of the glories of the English Queen, melodious, ideal, serene, the whole nation took up the chorus. The repulse of the Spanish Armada unified the national consciousness and all English hearts beat as one.

This delightful condition lasted but a few years. As the danger from external sources passed away, the nation turned its attention to internal matters and parties began. Even before Elizabeth's death in 1603, the appearance of the Martin Mar-Prelate pamphlets are the first indications of the coming strife. In 1604 King James called together the Hampton Court Conference, and from that time more and more the nation separated into two camps. Politics became entangled with the ecclesiastical controversy, and the rights of the king were associated with the rights of the bishops. Thus all matters, both spiritual and temporal, came under discussion, and in place of the previous unity there was angry recrimination.

With this change in the social conditions there was a corresponding change in the literary fashion. In the hands of his professed disciples, such as Browne or Bass, Spenser's lyre divine had degenerated into long poems easy and melodious, but full of intermin-

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able discussions about things not worth discussing, futile digressions, and silly dialogues. The new poets, under the brilliant leadership of Donne, reacted, introduced elaborate intellectual conceptions, careful, deliberate wording, and a harsh versification. Men whose minds were stimulated by the exciting affairs of every-day life turned with disgust from the insipid Willies and inane Marinas; they demanded poetry of an intellectual cast. The literature of this time is characterized by the use of "conceits." This peculiarity consists in a kind of punning on ideas. Just as when the string of a violin is struck, there is one clear, simple tone and a series of overtones, so these poems have one main thought which suggests a series of quite different ideas. In Cleveland's "Fuscara," page 63, the main idea is that a bee has alighted upon his mistress, crawled up her arm, and stung her; the overtones are that the bee is a confectioner, an alchemist, a freebooter, that her arm is paradise, that her hand is the essence of sweetness, etc. It was not profound thought that the age demanded; it was rather that they enjoyed the mental exercise of comprehending the play of ideas.

This literature, peculiar to itself, has yet certain forerunners in the age of Elizabeth. Lilly's "Euphues" (1578-9) has curious comparisons with fabulous beasts. Sylvester, in his translation of "Du Bartas" (1590), and Chapman, in his continuation of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander" (1598), show the beginnings of the movement. Oddly enough, contemporaneously in Italy and Spain, in the work of Ma-

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rino and Gongora, we find a somewhat similar development. Marino's influence upon these poets seems to have been exaggerated; his style is rather rich and flamboyant than "conceited." This may be illustrated by a quotation from the first idyll, "La Bruna Pastorella," in his "La Sampogna." The shepherdess Lilla asks:

"Edonde così tardi
Caro il mio Lidio, hor viensi, e dove vassi?
Sò che potea ben' io
Là trà le due fontana
Nel vallon degli abeti hoggi aspertarti.

To which Lidio responds:

"Lilla mia, credi pure
Che quando da te lunga una brev' hora
Faccio altrove dimora, altra due fonti,
Ma più larghe e più vive,
Di quelle che dicesti,
Mi discorron dagli occhi."

This is simply exaggerated over-statement. In any case the reason for the popularity of this school lies deeper than mere imitation and translation. We may agree with Dr. Johnson in disliking this kind of poetry, but we must guard against the assumption so often made that the poets wrote it unconsciously and because they knew no better. This is distinctly untrue; they were conscious literary artists, working for a definite object in response to the poetic demand of their time.

Because Cleveland could satisfy that demand, he

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was the most popular writer of the day. His mind, as we have seen in his prose, was peculiarly suited to this style. His influence can scarcely be exaggerated. Quotations have already been given on this point, but it is so important that a few more must be included.

We have the best of testimony from one who was not inclined to exaggerate in his favor. Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew, evidently a little jealous for his uncle's reputation, thus sums up his remarks on Cleveland: "In fine, so great a Man hath Cleaveland been in the Estimation of the generality, in regard that his Conceits were out of the common road, and Wittily far fetch't, that Grave Men in outward appearance have not spar'd in my hearing to affirm him the best of English Poets, and let them think so still, who ever please, provided it be made no Article of Faith." But we have the still more positive proof: he was most extensively imitated. To "Clevelandize" was once as common as now it is to write "Carlylese"; in '62, Tuller notes: "Some who have Clevelandized, endeavouring to imitate his Masculine Stile, could never go beyond the Hermaphrodite, still betraying the weaker Sex in their deficient conceits"; Dryden, in '68, defines "Clevelandism" as "wresting and torturing a word into another meaning"; and the '77 Preface complains that his reputation has been injured "by those that are ambitious to lay their Cuckows eggs in his nest." In fact, it is just this condition which presents the greatest difficulty to his editor; certainly half of the poems contained in the edition of 1687, the "best" edition according to Lowndes, are only his

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by courtesy. And it is for this reason that in general any stray remarks on Cleveland in works, otherwise standard, are usually worthless, as very naturally the writers were ignorant of this all-important fact, and have drawn their inferences from poems whose authorship is doubtful.

By these few quotations, selected almost at random from a number, the fact of his popularity is established. Let us now see what they admired and imitated. I shall quote again from the '77 Preface: "Yet how many such authors must be creamed and spirited to make up his 'Fuscara!' And how many of their slight productions may be gigged out of one of his pregnant words! There perhaps you may find some leaf-gold, here massy wedges; there some scattered rays, here a galaxy; there some loose fancy frisking in the air, here wit's zodiac"; and David Lloyd says: "He was a general Artist, and a universal Scholar, that had the patience to squeeze all the proper Learning that had any coherence with it, into each fancy, which ran like the soul it dwelled in in a minute, through the whole circle both of Sciences and Languages, by the strength of an exercised memory that conned out of books all it read; Mr. Cleveland reckoned himself to know just so much as he remembered, his fancy in his elaborate Pieces of Poetry, wherein he excelled, summing whole books into a Metaphor, and whole Metaphors into an Epithite . . ." Surely I have given sufficient quotations to show that the simple little lyrics, which we now admire and which are considered typical, are not characteristic. It is

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putting it too strongly, but with a measure of truth, to say that we of this age applaud what were the failures of the time.

It is on this point that I take issue squarely with Mr. Gosse* in his opinion of the relative position of Cleveland and Waller. "We have hitherto noted no opposition to the new forms of poetical writing (that of Waller). . . . Waller put out his discovery, his fascinating new form, and the young poets only needed to perceive it, to understand what he was talking about, to follow him like sheep." But there was a reaction. "The aim of these writers was to restore poetry to a rugged English force, to dismiss the elegancies of a Gallic style, and to strengthen verse without abandoning the overflow. . . . A strong romantic poetry, freed from the tawdry ornament of the Marinists, was a middle course between Donne and Waller, which it would have been a happy thing if Cleveland could have seen his way to create. . . . A bitter and determined foe to Marinism in his mature years, he began life as a Marinist of the most frantic species. . . . Cleveland betrays a curious sense of his own failure as a poet; he is on the borderland of distinction, but he never quite crosses it. He would have fain have made his gift of real service to the State. . . . But he was conscious all the time that he was not a force." Then follows the first four lines of the poem "Rupertismus," page 130. It seems to me that Mr. Gosse is mistaken here. The third edi-

* "From Shakespeare to Pope"—by Edmund Gosse, New York, 1885. Pp. 156, ff.

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tion of Waller's poems is dated 1668, and by that time there were certainly twenty of Cleveland's. There is something delightfully out of proportion in calling it a "reaction," particularly as Waller's poems were only first published in 1645. The reaction must have been immediate and almost universal! Again, as there was no reaction, there could have been no such aim as Mr. Gosse suggests. But the most surprising statement is that Cleveland was "a bitter and determined foe to Marinism in his mature years"; I cannot even guess at the reasoning which led to it. The last poem of his which may be accurately dated is "The King's Disguise," and that is as Marinistic as any. It is to be regretted that Bishop Lake did not see fit to tell us his principles of rejection, but as the case stands, before any inference can be based on any poem in Part III, it has first to be proved that he wrote that poem and certainly from internal criticism the absence of Marinism would militate against his authorship. His next sentence is evidently an inference from the four lines which he quotes; it seems to me that the facts are against him. If Cleveland was conscious that he was not a force in the State, to the best of my information he was certainly ignorant of the effect of his own publications; nor can I believe that any man whose works were continually pirated and who was personally honored by his party, would be so self condemnatory. It would be indeed a "curious sense of his own failure." My conception of Cleveland and his work is, as you have seen, utterly different from the modest rôle which Mr.

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Gosse assigns him; to me he is the last and most representative of the Metaphysicals, and to be studied by one who seeks a knowledge of that period.

In regard to his experiments in verse, very little need be said, as you have them before you. But I should like to call your attention to the dactylic structure in the poem of "Mark Antony." Mr. Gosse points out that Cleveland is here making the first deliberate use of dactyls in English, with a few exceptions in the Elizabethan verse which were apparently accidental. As Shipper shows, "Thre Existenz in der englischen Literatur datiert allerdings wohl seit den früher bereits erwähnten ersten Versuchen, den classischen Hexameter nachzubilden," but there also it is occasional. It has been said that Donne's "Twickenham Garden" begins with a line in this measure:

"Blāstēd wīth sīghs ānd sūrroundēd wīth tēars,"

but as the first line of every other verse is an iambic pentameter, Lowell reads it as an iambic pentameter also, thus:

"Blāstēd wīth sīghs ānd sūrroundēd wīth tēars."

However, in any case it was purely accidental; while you will notice here that Cleveland repeats the effect in all four verses. Almost this identical stanza form is used by Cunningham in his "Newcastle Beer"; the variation here introduced, namely the omission of the refrain, changing the rhyme scheme from aaabccb to aabccb in the diameter portion, and lengthening the bb

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lines to tetrameter, was followed by Scott in the well-known song in the "Lady of the Lake," "Hail to the Chief Who in Triumph Advances," and in "A Border Ballad," and by Swinburne in his "Word for the Country." So Cleveland must be ranked as the inventor of a popular stanza. In this connection, note also the metrical effects in "Square Cap," "The General Eclipse," and "How the Commencement Grows New."

There is yet another side of his personality to be considered, namely his relation to the great authors of the time; it is all inferential, however, except in the case of Butler. How well he knew Randolph it is impossible to say; one of his poems was included in Randolph's 1640 edition, which may show a connection between the men. In "The Author to His Hermaphrodite" he addresses Randolph as "Tom." Randolph was a Fellow of Trinity when he was studying for his M.A. If this friendship could be proved, we should have the key to the appearance of Cleveland in the "Jonsonus Virbius," for Randolph was one of the "sons of Ben" and an enthusiastic admirer. Cleveland would then have a special interest in the aged poet, might even have been included in his "sons," and Gifford's conjecture as to the authorship of the second elegy, page 176, and the "Ode" would be almost substantiated. It must be said, nevertheless, that Cleveland, in his work, shows more acquaintance with Shakespeare than with Jonson. I do not believe that Milton and he were great friends. To be sure they were at the same college, but a difference of seven

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years in age is greater than at any other period of a man's life. In his work he challenges comparison in the two points already mentioned, in the "*Oratio habita in Scholis Publicis cum officio Patris fungeretur*," he certainly must have been the more successful; but the poem on Edward King cannot for a moment be compared with "*Lycidas*," although I think that it shows more personal feeling.

With the case of Butler we are on more solid ground. If Aubrey is to be trusted, there was a close personal intimacy between them, and all agree that Cleveland, though the younger man, was Butler's literary master. In 1657 Butler was utterly unknown, never having published anything, and Cleveland had a national reputation. The tricks, used but rarely by Cleveland in his formal satire, were emphasized by Butler for his burlesque effect. They used the same whimsical exaggeration and the same sharp epigrammatic wit to ridicule the same things; but with this difference, Butler could afford to laugh. In reading "*Hudibras*" one is continually reminded of Cleveland. Butler's characteristic artifices are the use of double rhymes, such as the couplet on page 123, lines 5 and 6; and the rhetorical zeugma such as,

"Sack possets, and the fundamental laws," page 149, line 100. Thus Butler's poem is but the logical development of Cleveland's suggestions. This does not detract from the value of "*Hudibras*"; the wit is Butler's own, and it is to his credit that he was sufficiently clever to perceive what a powerful engine lay ready to his hand.

Cleveland has also the honor of being the first

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“English” satirist, and therefore the father of a long line of brilliant writers; “English” in comparison with the “Latin” satire of Donne and Hall. In 1593 and 1597 Donne and Hall respectively wrote so-called satires. Each took for his model the Latin satirist Persius and, as an object, man in contradiction to men; that is, they attacked types, and not individuals. Now Persius is obscure and the obscurity of the Latin satire in English, in the followers of Donne and Hall, is intentional, as is the universality of its application. Wither’s “Abuses Stripped and Whipped” is of this class, and it is difficult to see why he should have been punished for it; Cleveland’s innovation was simply the introduction of personal for impersonal abuse. By this simple change he becomes the first of our satirists. He wrote personal attacks in the heroic couplet, and that form has become the typical one for this kind of work. I do not wish to over-estimate this position, because in the first place it was bound to come in any case, and secondly it was largely due to the temporal conditions. None of his political work antedates 1640, and by that time the laws for licensing were so relaxed that it was possible to produce work which could not have passed the censorship a few years earlier. However, coming as he did, the right man in the right place, he left an indelible impress on the course of literature. It would be interesting to trace the influence of Cleveland upon Dryden; we know that Dryden was familiar with his work and many lines of Cleveland are curiously pre-Drydenic.

In closing, let me say that it is remarkable that

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Cleveland should have been so entirely forgotten. Other and less characteristic poets of the group are to be found in modern editions, but Cleveland, the great figure of his own time, a brilliant personality, a clever artist, "this eminent poet, the wit of our age," is unknown save to a few specialists.

FUSCARA, OR THE BEE ERRANT

- Nature's confectioner, the bee,
(Whose suckets are moist alchemy,
The still of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold,)
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties Flora yields,
Ambitious now to take excise
Of a more fragrant paradise,
At my Fuscara's sleeve arrived
- 10 Where all delicious sweets are hived.
The airy freebooter distrains
First on the violet of her veins,
Whose tincture, could it be more pure,
His ravenous kiss had made it bluer.
Here did he sit and essence quaff
Till her coy pulse had beat him off;
That pulse which he that feels may know
Whether the world's long lived or no.
The next he preys on is her palm,
- 20 That almoner of transpiring balm;
So soft, 'tis air but once removed;
Tender as 'twere a jelly gloved.
Here, while his canting drone-pipe scanned
The mystic fires of her hand,
He tipples palmistry and dines

11 The ayrie Freebooters distrains '59, '62, '65.

25 He tipples Palmestry, and dives '53, '62, '65.

- On all her fortune-telling lines,
 He bathes in bliss and finds no odds
 Betwixt her nectar and the gods.
 He perches now upon her wrist,
 30 A proper hawk for such a fist,
 Making that flesh his bill of fare
 Which hungry cannibals would spare;
 Where lilies in a lovely brown
 Inoculate carnation.
 Her *argent* skin with *or* so streamed
 As if the milky way were creamed.
 From hence he to the woodbine bends
 That quivers at her finger's ends,
 That runs division on the tree
 40 Like a thick-branching pedigree.
 So 'tis not her the bee devours,
 It is a pretty maze of flowers;
 It is the rose that bleeds, when he
 Nibbles his nice phlebotomy.
 About her finger he doth cling
 In the fashion of a wedding-ring,
 And bids his comrades of the swarm
 Crawl like a bracelet 'bout her arm.
 Thus when the hovering publican
 50 Had sucked the toll of all her span,
 Tuning his draughts with drowsy hums
 As Danes carouse by kettle-drums,

26 On all her fortune telling lives. '53, '62, '65.

28 Betwixt the Nectar and the Gods. '53, '59.

Betwixt this Nectar and the Gods. '77, '87, '99.

39 That runs division on the three, '59, '62, '65.

48 Crawl as a bracelet 'bout her arm, '53.

Crawl on a bracelet 'bout her arm. '59, '62, '65.

51 Turning his draughts with drowsy hums, '62.

- It was decreed, that poesie gleaned,
 The small familiar should be weaned.
 At this the errant's courage quails;
 Yet aided by his native sails
 The bold Columbus still designs
 To find her undiscovered mines.
 To the Indies of her arm he flies,
 60 Fraught with east and western prize;
 Which when he had in vain essayed,
 Armed like a dapper lancepesade
 With Spanish pike, he broached a pore
 And so both made and healed the sore:
 For as in gummy trees is found
 A salve to issue at the wound,
 Of this, her breach, the like was true;
 Hence trickled out a balsam, too.
 But oh, what wasp was it that could prove
 70 Ravailac to my Queen of Love!
 The king of bees, now jealous grown
 Lest her beams should melt his throne,
 And finding that his tribute slacks,
 (His burgesses and state of wax
 Turned to a hospital, the combs
 Built rank and file like beadsmen's rooms,)
 And what they bleed but tart and sour
 Matched with my Danae's golden shower,
 Live honey all, the envious elf
 80 Stung her 'cause sweeter than himself.
 Sweetness and she are so allied
 The bee committed parricide.

70 Ratilias to my Queen of Love? '53, '59, '62, '65.

71 The King of Bees now's jealous grown, '53, '59.

76 Build rank and file like Beads-mens rooms, '59, '65.

TO THE STATE OF LOVE

OR THE SENSES' FESTIVAL

I saw a vision yesternight
Enough to sate a Seeker's sight;
I wished myself a Shaker there,
And her quick pants my trembling sphere.
It was a she so glittering bright,
You'd think her soul an Adamite;
A person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be lined with the same.
Beauty's chiefest maid of honour,
10 You may break Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbess of the skies
With all her nunnery of eyes
Can show me such a glorious prize!

And yet because 'tis more renown
To make a shadow shine, she's brown,—
A brown for which Heaven would disband
The galaxy and stars be tanned;
Brown by reflection as her eye
Dazzle's the summer's livery.

2 Enough to tempt a seeker's sight, '53, '59, '62, '65.

3 I wish'd myself a shakes there. '62

4 And her quick pulse my trembling sphere. '53, '59, '62, '65.

8 Her body might be lin'd with 'same '53, '62.

10 You'd break a Lent with looking on her. '53, '59, '62, '65.

19 Deals out the Summer's Livery. '77, '87, '99.

20 Old dormant windows must confess
Her beams their glimmering spectacles;
Struck with the splendor of her face
Do the office of a burning glass.
Now where such radiant lights have shown
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sunburned, with lustre of her own.

My sight took pay but (thank my charms!)
I now impale her in mine arms,—
(Love's compasses confining you,
30 Good angels, to a circle too.)
Is not the universe straight-laced
When I can clasp it in the waist?
My amorous folds about thee hurled
With Drake I girdle in the world;
I hoop the firmament, and make
This, my embrace, the zodiac.
How could thy center take my sense
When admiration doth commence
At the extreme circumference?

40 Now to the melting kiss that sips
The jellied philtre of her lips;
So sweet there is no tongue can praise 't
Till transubstantiate with a taste.
Inspired like Mahomet from above
By the billing of my heavenly dove

30 Good Angels to a compass too. '53, '59, '62, '65.

33 My amorous foulds about these hurl'd, '65.

My amorous Fold about thee hurl'd, '77, '87, '99.

34 With Drake I compass in the World; '53, '59, '62, '65.

36 How would thy center take my sense, '53, '59, '62, '65.

Love prints his signets in her smacks,
 Those ruddy drops of squeezing wax,
 Which, wheresoever she imparts,
 They're privy seals to take up hearts.
 50 Our mouths encountering at the sport
 My slippery soul had quit the fort
 But that she stopped the sally-port.

Next to these sweets, her lips dispence
 (As twin conserves of eloquence,)
 The sweet perfume her breath affords,
 Incorporating with her words.
 No rosary this votress needs,—
 Her very syllables are beads;
 No sooner 'twixt those rubies born,
 60 But jewels are in ear-rings worn.
 With what delight her speech doth enter;
 It is a kiss of the second venter.
 And I dissolve at what I hear
 As if another Rosamond were
 Couched in the labyrinth of my ear.

Yet that's but a preludious bliss,
 Two souls pickeering in a kiss.
 Embraces do but draw the line,
 'Tis storming that must take her in.
 70 When bodies join and victory hovers
 'Twixt the equal fluttering lovers,
 This is the game: make stakes, my dear!

53 Next to those sweets her lips dispence, '53, '59, '62, '65.

61 With what delight our speech doth enter? ,65.

70 When bodies whine, and victory hovers '53, '59, '62, '65.

Hark, how the sprightly chanticleer,
(That Baron Tell-clock of the night,)
Sounds boutesel to Cupid's knight.
Then have at all, the pass is got,
For coming off, oh, name it not !
Who would not die upon the spot?

TO JULIA TO EXPEDITE HER PROMISE

Since 'tis my doom, Love's undershrieve,

Why this reprieve?

Why doth my she advowson fly

Incumbency?

Panting expectance makes us prove

The antics of benighted love,

And withered mates when wedlock joins,

They're Hymen's monkeys, which he ties by the

To play alas! but at rebated foins. [loins

10 To sell thyself dost thou intend

By candle's end,

And hold the contract thus in doubt

Life's taper out?

Think but how soon the market fails;

Your sex lives faster than the males;

As if, to measure age's span,

The sober Julian were the account of man

Whilst you live by the fleet Gregorian.

Now since you bear a date so short,

20 Live double for it.

How can thy fortress ever stand

If it be not manned?

The siege so gains upon the place

11 By candle end? '62, '65.

Thou'lt find the trenches in thy face.
Pity thyself then if not me,
And hold not out, lest like Ostend thou be,
Nothing but rubbish at delivery.

The candidates of Peter's chair
Must plead gray hair,
30 And use the simony of a cough
To help them off.

But when I woo thus old and spent
I'll wed by will and testament.
No, let us love while crisped and curled;
The greatest honours, on the aged hurled,
Are but furlows for another world.

Tomorrow what thou tenderest me
Is legacy.
Not one of all those ravenous hours
40 But thee devours.
And though thou still requited be,
Like Pelops, with soft ivory,
Though thou consume but to renew,
Yet Love as lord doth claim a Heriot due;
That's the best quick thing I can find of you.

I feel thou art consenting ripe
By that soft gripe,
And those regealing crystal spheres.
I hold thy tears
50 Pledges of more distilling sweets
Than the bath that ushers in the sheets.

34 Line 34 is omitted in '59, '62, '65.

51 The bath that ushers in the sheets, '53, '59, '62, '65.

Else pious Julia, angel-wise,
Moves the Bethesda of her trickling eyes
To cure the spittle world of maladies.

THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESS

- Be dumb you beggars of the rhyming trade,
Geld your loose wits and let your Muse be spade.
Charge not the Parish with your bastard phrase
Of balm, elixir, both the Indias,
Of shrine, saint, sacrifice, and such as these
Expressions, common as your mistresses.
Hence you fantastic postillers in song.
My text defeats your art, ties Nature's tongue,
Scorns all her tinsel'd metaphors of pelf,
10 Illustrated by nothing but herself.
As spiders travel by their bowels spun
Into a thread, and when the race is run
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my poetry and you.
From your own essence must I first untwine,
Then twist again each panegyric line.
Reach then a soaring quill that I may write
As with a Jacob's staff to take her height.

- 1 Be dumb ye beggars of the rhiming Trade, '59, '65.
2 Geld the loose wits, and let the Muse be splaid. '53, '59,
'62, '65.
3 Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase '53, '59, '62.
5 Of shrine, saint, sacrilege, and such as these '53, '59,
'62, '65.
6 Expressions, common as their Mistresses. '53, '59, '62, '65.
7 Hence ye fantastick Postillus in song, '53, '59, '62, '65.
9 Scorns all his tinsel'd metaphers of pelf, '53, '59, '62, '65.
10 Illustrated by nothing but his self. '53, '59, '62, '65.
18 As with a Jacobs staff to take the height. '53, '59, '62, '65.

Suppose an angel, darting through the air,
 20 Should there encounter a religious prayer
 Mounting to Heaven, that Intelligence
 Would for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense
 Into a body. Let me crack a string
 And venture higher. Were the note I sing
 Above Heaven's Ela, should I then decline
 And with a deep-mouthed gamut sound the line
 From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
 Nor find an epithet to shadow it forth.
 Metals may blazon common beauties; she
 30 Makes pearls and planets humble heraldry.
 As, then, a purer substance is defined
 But by a heap of negatives combined,—
 Ask what a spirit is, you'll hear them cry
 It hath no matter, no mortality,—
 So can I not describe how sweet, how fair;
 Only I say she's not as others are.
 For what perfection we to others grant,
 It is her sole perfection to want.
 All other forms seem in respect to thee
 40 The almanack's misshaped anatomy.
 Where Aries head and face, Bull neck and throat,

22 Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense '53, '59,
 '62, '65.

24 In venturing higher; were the note I sing, '53, '59, '62, '65.

25 Above heavens Ela, should I undecline, '53, '59, '62, '65.

26 And with a deep-mouth'd gammut sound agen, '53.

And with a deep-mouth Gammut sound agen '59, '62, '65.

28 Nor find an epithite to set it forth, '53, '59, '62, '65.

30 Makes pearl and planets humble herauldry, '53.

32 But by an heap of negatives combin'd; '77, '87.

35 So can I not define how sweet, how fair, '53, '59, '62, '65.

The Scorpion gives the secrets, knees the Goat;
 A brief of limbs foul as those beasts, or are
 Their name-sake signs in their strange character.
 As your philosophers to every sense
 Marry its object, yet with some dispense,
 And grant them a polygamy with all,
 And these their common sensibles they call,
 So is it with her who, stinted unto none,
 50 Unites all sense in each action.
 The same beam heats and lights; to see her well
 Is both to hear and see and taste and smell.
 For, can you want a palate in your eyes
 When each of hers contains the beauteous prize,
 Venus's apple? Can your eyes want nose
 Seeing each cheek buds forth a fragrant rose?
 Or can your sight be deaf to such a quick
 And well-tuned face, such moving rhetoric?
 Doth not each look a flash of lightning feel
 60 Which spares the body's sheath, yet melts the
 steel?
 Thy soul must needs confess or grant thy sense
 Corrupted with the object's excellence.
 Sweet magic, which can make five senses lie

44 Their name-sak'd signs in their strange character. '59, '65.

45 As the philosophers to every sense '53, '59, '62, '65.

52 Is both to hear and feel, to taste and smel. '53, '59, '62, '65.

54 When each of his contains a double prize, '53, '59.

When each of hers contains a double prize, '62, '65.

56 When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant rose? '53,
 '59, '62, '65.

57 Or can the sight be deaf if she but speak, '53, '59, '62, '65.

58 A well-tun'd face such moving Rhetorick? '53, '59, '65.

60 Which spares the bodies sheath, and melts the steel? '53,
 '59, '62-5.

- Conjured within the circle of an eye!
 In whom since all the five are intermixed,
 Oh now that Scaliger would prove his sixth!
 Thou man of mouth, that canst not name a she
 Unless all Nature pay a subsidy,
 Whose language is a tax, whose musk-cat verse
 70 Voids nought but flowers for thy Muse's hearse,
 Fitter than Celia's looks, who in a trice
 Canst state the long disputed Paradise,
 And, (what Divines hunt with so cold a scent)
 Canst in her bosom find it resident:
 Now come aloft, come now, and breathe a vein,
 And give some vent unto thy daring strain.
 Say the astrologer who spells the stars,
 In that fair alphabet reads peace and wars,
 Mistakes his globe and in her brighter eye
 80 Interprets Heaven's physiognomy.
 Call her the Metaphysics of her sex,
 And say she tortures wits as quartans vex
 Physicians; call her the squared circle; say
 She is the very rule of Algebra.
 What e'er thou understand'st not, say it of her,
 For that's the way to write her character.
 Say this and more, and when thou hopest to raise
 Thy fancy so as to inclose her praise,—
 Alas poor Gotham, with thy cuckoo-hedge!
 90 Hyperboles are here but sacrilege.

73 And with Divines hunt with so cold a scent, '53, '59, '62, '65.

74 Can in her bosome finde it resident. '59, '62, '65.

75 Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein, '53, '59, '62, '65.

83 Physicians: call her the square circle, say '53, '59, '62, '65.

85 What er'e you undertake not, say't of her, '53, '59, '62, '65.

Then roll up, Muse, what thou hast raveled out,
 Some comments clear not, but increase the doubt.
 She that affords poor mortals not a glance
 Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance—
 She that commits a rape on every sense,
 Whose breath can countermand a pestilence—
 She that can strike the best invention dead
 Till baffled poetry hangs down the head—
 She, she it is that doth contain all bliss
 100 And makes the world but her periphrasis.

91 Then rouze up Muse, what thou hast reveal'd out, '53, '59,
 '62, '65.

98 Till baffled poetry hangs down her head: '53, '65.

99 She, she it is, she that contains all bliss, '53, '59, '62, '65.

THE ANTIPLATONIC.

For shame, thou everlasting wooer,
Still saying grace and never falling to her!
Love that's in contemplation placed
Is Venus drawn but to the waist.
Unless your flame confess its gender
And your parley cause surrender,
You are salamanders of a cold desire
That live untouched amidst the hottest fire.

What though she be a dame of stone,
10 The widow of Pygmalion,
As hard and unrelenting she
As the new crusted Niobe,
Or, (what doth more of statue carry,)
A nun of the Platonic quarry?
Love melts the rigor which the rocks have bred—
A flint will break upon a feather-bed.

For shame, you pretty female elves,
Cease thus to candy up your selves;
No more, you sectaries of the game,
20 No more of your calcining flame!
Women commence by Cupid's dart
2 Still saying Grace, and ne'er fall to her! '77, '87.
8 That live untoucht amid the hottest fire: '59, '65.
11 An hard and unrelenting she, '59, '65, '77, '87.
As hard and as relenting shee '62.
13 Or what doth more of stature carry, '62.
18 Cease for to candy up yourselves: '53, '59, '62, '65.

As a king hunting dubs a hart.
Love's votaries enthrall each other's soul
Till both of them live but upon parole.

Virtue's no more in womankind
But the green-sickness of the mind;
Philosophy (their new delight)
A kind of charcoal appetite.

There is no sophistry prevails
30 Where all-convincing love assails,
But the disputing petticoat will warp,
As skillful gamesters are to seek at sharp.

The soldier, that man of iron,
Whom ribs of horror all environ,
That's strung with wire instead of veins
In whose embraces you're in chains,
Let a magnetic girl appear,
Straight he turns Cupid's cuirassier.
Love storms his lips, and takes the fortress in,
40 For all the bristled turnpikes of his chin.

Since love's artillery then checks
The breastworks of the firmest sex,
Come let us in affections riot.
They are sickly pleasures keep a diet.
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not eunuched with formality,
Like an ambassador that beds a queen
With the nice caution of a sword between.

29 There's no sophistry prevails, '53.

40 For all the bristled turnpike of his chin. '53, '59, '77,
'81, '99.

43 Come lets in affections riot, '59, '62, '65.

UPON PHILLIS WALKING IN A MORNING BEFORE SUN-RISING

The sluggish morn as yet undressed,
My Phillis brake from out her east,
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus, usher to the sun.

The trees, (like yemen of the guard
Serving her more for pomp than ward,)
Ranked on each side, with loyal duty
Weave branches to inclose her beauty.

The plants, whose luxury was lopped
10 Or age with crutches underpropped,
(Whose wooden carcasses are grown
To be but coffins of their own,)
Revive, and at her general dole
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged choristers began
To chirp their matins, and the fan
Of whistling winds like organs played,
Until their voluntaries made

5-8 By a change in the position of the parenthesis or by its omission the various editions slightly change the sense.

6 Serving more for pomp than ward, '53, '59, '62, '65.

7 Bank'd on each side with loyall duty, '53, '59, '62, '65.

8 Wave branches to inclose her beauty, '53, '59, '62, '65.

Weav'd branches to inclose her beauty. '58, '77, '87, '99.

11 (Whose wooden carkases were grown '77, '87.

18 Unto their Voluntaries, made '53, '59, '62, '65.

19 The weakened Earth in Odors rise '59, '77, '87, '99.

The wakened Earth in odors rise
 20 To be her morning sacrifice.
 The flowers, called out of their beds,
 Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
 And he that for their color seeks
 May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
 Where roses mix,—no civil war
 Between her York and Lancaster.
 The marigold (whose courtier's face
 Echoes the sun and doth unlace
 Her at his rise,—at his full stop
 30 Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop,)
 Mistakes her cue and doth display.
 Thus Phillis antedates the day.
 These miracles had cramped the sun
 Who, thinking that his kingdom's won,
 Powders with light his frizzled locks
 To see what saint his lustre mocks.
 The trembling leaves through which he played,
 Dappling the walk with light and shade
 Like lattice-windows, give the spy
 40 Room but to peep with half an eye;
 Lest her full orb his sight should dim
 And bid us all good night in him,
 Till she should spend a gentle ray
 To force us a new fashioned day.
 But what religious palsy's this

24 May see it vaulting to her cheeks: '77, '87.

26 Divides her York and Lancaster. '77, '87.

34 Who fearing that his Kingdom's won, '77, '87.

36 To see what Saints his lustre mocks. '53, '59, '62, '65.

42 And bids us all good-night in him, '53.

43 Till she would spend a gentle ray, '53, '59, '62, '65.

Which makes the boughs divest their bliss,
And, that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves in shivering awe?
Phillis perceived and (lest her stay
50 Should wed October unto May,
And, as her beauty caused a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the sun her curate-light.

46 Which make the Bows divest their blisse; '87.

49 Phillis perceives, (and least her stay '53, '59, '62, '65,

TO MRS. K. T.

(Who asked him why he was dumb. Written *Calente calamo.*)

Stay, should I answer, Lady, then
In vain would be your question:
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor speech, on neither hand,
Can satisfy this strange demand.
Yet, since your will throws me upon
This wished contradiction,
I'll tell you how I did become

- 10 So strangely, as you hear me, dumb.
Ask but the chap-fallen Puritan.
'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man.
(For heat of conscience all men hold
Is the only way to catch their cold.)
How should Love's zealot then forbear
To be your silenced minister?
Nay your Religion which doth grant
A worship due to you, my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
- 20 That does it in the Vulgar Tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To such an hallowed excellence,
As the English dialect would vary
The goodness of an Ave Mary.

5 Silence, nor Speech, on either hand, '77, '87.

14 Is th' only way to catch that cold:) '77, '87.

- How can I speak that twice am checked
 By this, and that religious sect?
 Still dumb, and in your face I spy
 Still cause and still divinity.
 As soon as blest with your salute
- 30 My manners taught me to be mute.
 For, lest they cancel all the bliss
 You signed with so divine a kiss,
 The lips you seal must needs consent
 Unto the tongue's imprisonment.
 My tongue in hold, my voice doth rise
 With a strange Ela to my eyes,
 Where it gets bail, and in that sense
 Begins a new found eloquence.
 Oh listen with attentive sight
- 40 To what my prating eyes indite!
 Or, Lady, since 'tis in your choice
 To give or to suspend my voice,
 With the same key set ope the door
 Wherewith you locked it fast before.
 Kiss once again, and when you thus
 Have doubly been miraculous,
 My Muse shall write with handmaid's duty
 The Golden Legend of your beauty.
 He whom his dumbness now confines
- 50 Intends to speak the rest by signs.
- 29 As soon as blest with your Salute,
 My Manners taught me to be mute,
 Lest I should cancel all the Bliss
 You sign'd with so divine a Kiss. '77, '87.
- 37 Where it gets hail, and in that sense '53, '59, '62, '65.
- 40 To what my prating eyes endite; '53, '59, '62, '65.
- 47 My Muse shall write with Handmaid Duty '77, '87.
- 50 But means to speak the rest by signes. '53, '59, '62, '65.

A FAIR NYMPH SCORNING A BLACK BOY
COURTING HER

- Nymph. Stand off, and let me take the air.
Why should the smoke pursue the fair?
- Boy. My face is smoke, thence may be guessed
What flames within have scorched my breast.
- Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view
For the dark lantern of thy hue.
- Boy. And yet this lantern keeps Love's taper
Surer than yours that's of white paper.
Whatever midnight hath been here,
- 10 The moonshine of your light can clear.
- Nymph. My moon of an eclipse is 'fraid,
If thou should'st interpose thy shade.
- Boy. Yet one thing, Sweetheart, I will ask;
Take me for a new fashioned mask.
- Nymph. Yes, but my bargain shall be this,
I'll throw my mask off when I kiss.
- Boy. Our curled embraces shall delight
To checker limbs with black and white.
- Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me guess
- 20 Our nuptial bed will prove a press,

5 Thy flaming Love I cannot view, '77, '87, '99.

9 What ever Midnight can be here, '77, '87, '99.

10 The Moon-shine of your Face will clear. '77, '87, '99.

14 Buy for me a new false Mask. '53, '59, '62, '65.

15 Done: but my Bargain shall be this, '77, '87, '99.

20 Our Nuptial bed will make a presse; '53, '62.

And in our sports, if any came,
 They'll read a wanton epigram.
 Boy. Why should my black thy love impair?
 Let the dark shop commend the ware;
 Or, if thy love from black forbears,
 I'll strive to wash it off with tears.
 Nymph. Spare fruitless tears, since thou must needs
 Still wear about thee mourning weeds.
 Tears can no more affection win
 30 Than wash thy Ethiopian skin.

21 And in our sports if any come, '77, '87, '99.

24 Let the dark Shop commend thy Ware; '53, '59, '62, '65.

28 Still wear about the mourning weeds: '53.

Still wear about thy mourning weeds. '77, '87, '99.

30 Than wash the Aethiopian skin, '59, '62, '65.

A YOUNG MAN TO AN OLD WOMAN
COURTING HIM

- Peace, Beldam Eve, surcease thy suit;
There's no temptation in such fruit;
No rotten medlars, whilst there be
Whole orchards in virginity.
Thy stock is too much out of date
For tender plants to inoculate.
A match with thee thy bridegroom fears
Would be thought incest in his years,
Which, when compared with thine, become
- 10 Odd money to thy grandam sum.
Can wedlock know so great a curse
As putting husbands out to nurse?
How Pond and Rivers would mistake
And cry new almanacks for our sake.
Time sure hath wheeled about this year,
December meeting Janiveer.
The Egyptian serpent figures Time,
And stripped, returns unto his prime.
If my affections thou wouldst win,
- 20 First east thy hieroglyphic skin.
My modern lips know not, alack!

7 A match with thee the Bridegroom fears '77, '87, '99.

8 Would be thought interest in his yeares, '53, '59, '62, '65.

9 Weh when compar'd to thine become '53, '59, '62, '77, '87, '99.

15 Time sure hath wheel'd about his Year, '59, '65, '77, '87, '99.

18 And strip'd, returns into his prime. '77, '87, '99.

The old religion of thy smack.
 I count that primitive embrace
 As out of fashion as thy face.
 And yet, so long 'tis since thy fall,
 Thy fornication's classical.
 Our sports will differ: thou must play
 Lero, and I Alphonso way.
 I'm no translator, have no vein
 30 To turn a woman young again,
 Unless you'll grant the tailor's due,
 To see the fore-bodies be new.
 I love to wear clothes that are flush,
 Not prefacing old rags with plush,
 Like aldermen, or under-shrieves
 With canvass backs and velvet sleeves:
 And just such discord there would be
 Betwixt thy skeleton and me.
 Go study salve and treacle, ply
 40 Your tenant's leg or his sore eye.
 Thus matrons purchase credit, thank
 Six pennyworth of mountebank;
 Or chew thy end on some delight
 That thou didst taste in 'eighty-eight;
 Or be but bed-rid once, and then
 Thou'lt dream thy youthful sins again.
 But if thou needs wilt be my spouse,
 First hearken and attend my vows.

27 Our sports will differ, thou may'st play '53, '59, '62, '65.

35 Like Aldermen, or Monster-Sheriffs, '53, '59, '62, '65.

37 And just such discords there would be '65.

38 Betwixt the Skeleton and me. '59, '62, '65.

41 Thou takest in thy Eighty Eight. '53, '59, '62, '65.

45 Oh be but Bed-rid once, and then '59, '65, '87, '99.

- When Ætna's fires shall undergo
 50 The penance of the Alps in snow;—
 When Sol at one blast of his horn
 Posts from the Crab to Capricorn;—
 When the heavens shall shuffle all in one
 The Torrid with the Frozen Zone;—
 When all these contradictions meet,
 Then, Sybil, thou and I will greet.
 For all these similes do hold
 In my young heat and thy dull cold.
 Then, if a fever be so good
 60 A pimp as to inflame thy blood,
 Hymen shall twist thee and thy page,
 The distinct tropics of man's age.
 Well, Madame Time, be ever bald.
 I'll not thy periwig be called.
 I'll never be, stead of a lover,
 An aged chronicle's new cover.

53 When the Heavens shuffle all in one, '53, '77, '87, '99.

62 The distinct Tropick of mans age., '53, '59, '62, '65.

UPON A MISER WHO MADE A GREAT
FEAST, AND THE NEXT DAY DIED
FOR GRIEF

- Nor scapes he so; our dinner was so good
My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cud,
And what delight she took in th' invitation
Strives to taste o'er again in this relation.
After a tedious grace in Hopkins' rhyme,
Not for devotion but to take up time,
Marched the trained-band of dishes, ushered there
To show their postures and then as they were.
For he invites no teeth; perchance the eye
- 10 He will afford the lover's gluttony.
Thus is our feast a muster, not a fight.
Our weapons, not for service but for sight.
But are we tantalized? Is all this meat
Cooked by a limner for to view, not eat?
The astrologers keep such houses when they sup
On joints of Taurus or the heavenly Tup.
Whatever feasts he made are summed up here.
His table vies not standing with his cheer.
His churchings, christenings, in this meal are all,
- 20 And not transcribed but in the original.
- 3 And what delight she took in th' imitation, '53.
4 Strives to cast o're again in this relation. '53, '59, '62, '65.
11 This is a feast, a muster, not a fight, '53, '59, '62, '65.
16 On joynts of Taurus or their heavenly Tup, '53, '59, '65.
17 Whatever feasts be made are summed up here, '53, '59,
'62, '65.

Christmas is no feast movable; for lo,
 The self same dinner was ten years ago!
 'Twill be immortal if it longer stay.
 The gods will eat it for ambrosia.
 But stay a while; unless my whinyard fail
 Or is enchanted, I'll cut off th' entail.
Saint George for England then! have at the
 mutton

- Where the first cut calls me bloodthirsty glutton.
 Stout Ajax with his anger-coddled brain
 30 Killing a sheep thought Agamemnon slain;
 The fiction's now proved true; wounding the roast
 I lamentably butcher up mine host.
 Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon
 Makes him an eunuch when it carves his capon.
 Cut a goose leg and the poor fool for moan
 Turns cripple too, and after stands on one.
 Have you not heard the abominable sport
 A Lancaster grand-jury will report?
 The soldier with his Morglay watched the mill;
 40 The cats they came to feast, when lusty Will
 Whips off great puss's leg which (by some charm)
 Proves the next day such an old woman's arm.
 It's so with him whose carcass never scapes

28 When the first cut calls me bloodthirsty glutton: '53, '59,
 '62, '65.

31 The fiction's now proved true; wounding his roast, '53, '59,
 '62, '65.

34 Makes him an eunuch, when it serves his capon; '65.

35 Cut a goose leg, and the poor soul for moan, '53, '59, '62, '65.

43 'Tis so with him, whose carcase never scapes, '53, '59,
 '62, '65.

- But still we slash him in a thousand shapes.
 Our serving-men (like spaniels) range to spring
 The fowl which he had clucked under his wing.
 Should he on woodcock or on widgeon feed
 It were, Thyestes like, on his own breed.
 To pork he pleads a superstition due,
- 50 But we subscribe neither to Scot nor Jew.
 No liquor stirs; call for a cup of wine.
 'Tis blood we drink; we pledge thee Cataline.
 Sauces we should have none, had he his wish.
 The oranges in the margin of his dish
 He with such huckster's care tells o'er and o'er,
 The Hesperian dragon never watched them more.
 But being eaten now into despair,
 (Having nought else to do) he falls to prayer.
 "Thou that didst once put on the form of bull
- 60 And turned thine Io to a lovely mull,
 Defend my rump, great Jove, allay my grief,
 O spare me this, this monumental beef!"
 But no amen was said; see, see it comes!
 See how his blood doth with the gravy swim
- 44 But still we slash them in a thousand shapes; '53, '59,
 '62, '65.
- 46 The fowl when he hath clocked under her wing. '53, '59,
 '62, '65.
- 47 Should he on widgeon, and on woodeock feed, '53, '59,
 '62, '65.
- 50 But not a mouth is muzzled by the Jew. '53, '59, '62, '65.
- 51-2 This couplet is omitted in '53, '59, '62, '65.
- 54 The oranges i' th' margent of the dish, '53, '59, '62, '65.
- 55 He with such hucksters tells them o'er and o'er, '53, '59,
 '62, '65.
- 59 As thou didst once put on the form of bull, '53, '59, '62, '65.
- 61-2 Defend my rump great Jove, grant this poor beef
 May live to comfort me in all this grief. '53, '59, '62, '65.

Draw, boys; let trumpets sound and strike up
drums.

And every trencher hath a limb of him.

The venison's now in view, our hounds spend
deeper.

Strange deer, which in the pasty hath a keeper

Stricter than in the park, making his guest, !

70 (As he had stolen it alive) to steal it drest!

The scent was hot and we, pursuing faster

Than Ovid's pack of dogs e'er chased their master,

A double prey at once may seize upon,

Acteon, and his case of venison.

Thus was he torn alive; to vex him worse

Death serves him up now as a second course.

Should we like Tracians our dead bodies eat,

He would have lived only to save his meat.

Lastly; we did devour that corpse of his

80 Throughout all Ovid's Metamorphoses.

70 (As he hath stoln't alive) to steal it drest: '53, '59, '62, '65.

73 A double prey at once we seize upon, '77, '87, '99.

79-80 The last couplet is omitted in '53, '59, '62, '65.

UPON AN HERMAPHRODITE.

- Sir, or Madame, choose you whether!
Nature twists you both together
And makes thy soul two garbs confess,
Both petticoat and breeches dress.
Thus we chastise the God of Wine
With water that is feminine,
Until the cooler nymph abate
His wrath, and so concorporate.
Adam, till his rib was lost,
- 10 Had both sexes thus engrossed.
When Providence our Sire did cleave
And out of Adam carved Eve,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
To make his body up complete.
Thus matrimony speaks but thee
In a grave solemnity.
For man and wife make but one right
Canonical hermaphrodite.
Ravel thy body, and I find
- 20 In every limb a double kind.
Who would not think that head a pair
That breeds such faction in the hair?
One half so churlish to the touch

2 Nature twist'd you both together; '53, '59, '62, '65.

10 Had the Sexes thus ingrost. '77, '87, '99.

22 That breeds such factions in the hair? '53, '59, '62, '65.

- That, rather than endure so much
 I would my tender limbs apparel
 In Regulus his nailed barrel:
 But the other half so small
 And so amorous withall
 That Cupid thinks each hair doth grow
- 30 A string for his invisible bow.
 When I look babies in thine eyes
 Here Venus, there Adonis, lies.
 And though thy beauty be high noon
 Thy orb contains both sun and moon.
 How many melting kisses skip
 'Twixt thy male and female lip,—
 'Twixt thy upper brush of hair
 And thy nether beard's despair?
 When thou speak'st (I would not wrong
- 40 Thy sweetness with a double tongue,)
 But in every single sound
 A perfect dialogue is found.
 Thy breasts distinguish one another,
 This the sister, that the brother.
 When thou join'st hands my ear still fancies
 The nuptial sound, I, John, take Frances.
 Feel but the difference soft and rough;
 This is a gauntlet, that a muff.
 Had sly Ulysses, at the sack
- 50 Of Troy, brought thee his pedlar's pack
 And weapons too, to know Achilles

25 It would my tender limbs apparrell '53, '59, '62, '65.

26 With Regulus his nailed Barrel: '77, '87.

30 A string of his invis'ble bow. '62.

48 This a Gantlet, that a Muff, '77, '87, '99.

From King Lycomedes' Phillis,
 His plot had failed; this hand would feel
 The needle, that the warlike steel.
 When music doth thy pace advance,
 Thy right leg takes the left to dance.
 Nor is 't a galliard danced by one
 But a mixed dance, though alone.
 Thus every heteroclitic part
 60 Changes gender but thy heart.
 Nay those, which modesty can mean
 But dare not speak, are epicene.
 That gamester needs must overcome
 That can play both Tib and Tom.
 Thus did Nature's mintage vary,
 Coining thee a Phillip and Mary.

52 From King Nichomedes Phillis, '53, '62.

From King Lycomedes, Phillis '77, '87, '99.

58 But a mixt Dance, though all alone '87, '99.

59 Thus every heteroclitic part '53, '59, '62, '65.

Thus every Het' roclicite apart '77, '87, '99.

The emendation above is the substitution of the other form
 of the adjective, and satisfies both the sense and the
 rhythm.

60 Changes gender, not the heart. '53, '59, '62, '65.

64 That can play both with Tib and Tom. '77, '87, '99.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS HERMAPHRODITE

(Made after Mr. Randolph's death, yet inserted into his Poems.)

- Problem of sexes! Must thou likewise be
As disputable in thy pedigree?
Thou twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw less than aums ace upon two dice.
Wert thou served up two in one dish, the rather
To split thy sire into a double father?
True, the world's scales are even; what the main
In one place gets, another quits again.
Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
10 Slice one in two to keep her number just.
Plurality of livings is thy state,
And therefore mine must be inappropriate.
For, since the child is mine and yet the claim
Is intercepted by another's name,
Never did steeple carry double truer;
His is the donative and mine the cure.
Then say, my Muse, (and without more dispute)
Who 'tis that fame doth superinstitute.
The Theban wittal, when he once describes
20 Jove in his rival, falls to sacrifice.
That name hath tipped his horns; see, on his
A health to Hans-in-kelder Hercules! [knees!
Nay, sublunary cuckolds are content

8 In one gets place, another quits again. '62.

20 Jove is his rival, falls to sacrifice. '77, '87, '99.

- To entertain their fate with compliment;
 And shall not he be proud whom Randolph deigns
 To quarter with his Muse both arms and brains?
 Gramerey Gossip, I rejoice to see
 Th' hast got a leap of such a barbarity.
 Talk not of horns, horns are the poet's crest;
 30 For, since the Muses left their former nest
 To found a nunnery in Randolph's quill,
 Cuckold Parnassus is a forked hill.
 But stay, I've waked his dust, his marble stirs
 And brings the worms for his compurgators.
 Can ghost have natural sons? Say, Og, is't meet
 Penance bear date after the winding sheet?
 Were it a Phœnix, (as the double kind
 May seem to prove, being there's two combined,)
 I would disclaim my right, and that it were
 40 The lawful issue of his ashes swear.
 But was he dead? Did not his soul translate
 Herself into a shop of lesser rate;
 Or break up house, like an expensive lord
 That gives his purse a sob and lives at board?
 Let old Pythagoras but play the pimp
 And still there's hope 't may prove his bastard
 imp.
 But I'm profane; for, grant the world had one
 With whom he might contract an union,
 They two were one, yet like an eagle spread,
 50 I' th' body joined, but parted in the head.
 For you, my brat, that pose the Porphery Chair,

28 She'th got a leap of such a barbarity. '53, '59, '62, '55.

39 It would disclaim my right, and that it were '53, '59, '62, '65.

44 That gives his purse a fob, and lives at board? '53, '62.

Pope John, or Joan, or whatsoe'er you are,
 You are a nephew; grieve not at your state,
 For all the world is illegitimate.
 Man cannot get a man, unless the sun
 Club to the act of generation.
 The sun and man get man, thus Tom and I
 Are the joint fathers of my poetry.
 For since, blest shade, thy verse is male but mine
 60 Of the weaker sex, a fancy feminine,
 We'll part the child, and yet commit no slaughter;
 So shall it be thy son and yet my daughter.

58 Are the joint fathers of thy poetry. '53.

Are the joint fathers of the poetry, '59, '62, '65.

59 For since (blest shade) this verse is male, but mine, '53,
 '59, '62, '65.

ON THE MEMORY OF MR. EDWARD KING,
DROWNED IN THE IRISH SEAS

- I like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial grief who scans his eyes.
Mine weep down pious beads, but why should I
Confine them to the Muse's rosary?
I am no poet here; my pen's the spout
Where the rain-water of mine eyes runs out
In pity of that name, whose fate we see
Thus copied out in grief's hydrography.
The Muses are not mermaids, though upon
10 His death the ocean might turn Helicon.
The sea's too rough for verse; who rhymes upon 't
With Xerxes strives to fetter the Hellespont.
My tears will keep no channel, know no laws
To guide their streams, but like the waves, their
Run with disturbance till they swallow me [cause,
As a description of his misery.
But can his spacious virtue find a grave
Within the imposthumed bubble of a wave?
Whose learning if we found, we must confess
20 The sea but shallow and him bottomless.
Could not the winds to countermand thy death
With their whole card of lungs redeem thy breath?
6 Where the rain water of mine eyes run out '53, '59, '62, '65,
'77, '87, '99.
11 To guide the streams; but (like the waves their cause) '59,
'62, '65.
21 Could not the wind to countermand thy death '53.

- Or some new island in thy rescue peep
 To heave thy resurrection from the deep,
 That so the world might see thy safety wrought
 With no less wonder than thyself was thought?
 The famous Stagirite, (who in his life
 Had Nature as familiar as his wife,)
 Bequeathed his widow to survive with thee,
- 30 Queen Dowager of all philosophy.
 An ominous legacy, that did portend
 Thy fate and predecessor's second end.
 Some have affirmed that what on earth we find,
 The sea can parallel in shape and kind.
 Books, arts, and tongues were wanting,
 But in thee Neptune hath got an university.
 We'll dive no more for pearls; the hope to see
 Thy sacred reliques of mortality
 Shall welcome storms, and make the seaman prize
- 40 His shipwreck now more than his merchandize.
 He shall embrace the waves and to thy tomb
 As to a royaler exchange shall come.
 What can we now expect? Water and fire,
 Both elements our ruin do conspire.
 And that dissolves us which doth us compound.
 One Vatican was burnt, another drowned.
 We of the gown our libraries must toss
 To understand the greatness of our loss;
 Be pupils to our grief and so much grow
- 50 In learning as our sorrows overflow.
 When we have filled the rundlets of our eyes
 We'll issue 't forth and vent such elegies
 As that our tears shall seem the Irish Seas,
 We floating islands, living Hebrides.

MARK ANTONY

When as the nightingale chanted her vespers
And the wild forester couched on the ground,
Venus invited me in th' evening whispers
Unto a fragrant field with roses crowned,
Where she before had sent
My wishes complement;
Unto my heart's content
Played with me on the green.

10 Never Mark Antony
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair Egyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire;
Next on her warmer lips, which, when I tasted,
My duller spirits made active as fire.

 Then we began to dart,
 Each at another's heart,
 Arrows that knew no smart,
 Sweet lips and smiles between.
20 Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glass to plait her amber tresses
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,

15 My duller spirits made me active as fire. '77, '87, '99.

Gaudier than Juno wears when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately than warm,
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes' humour crystalline;
I in her eyes was seen
As if we one had been
Never Mark, &c.

30 Mystical grammar of amorous glances;
Feeling of pulses, the physic of love;
Rhetorical courtings and musical dances;
' Numbering of kisses arithmetic prove;
Eyes like astronomy;
Straight-limbed geometry;
In her art's ingeny
Our wits were sharp and keen.
Never Mark Antony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

37 Our wits are sharp and keen. '53, '59, '62, '65.

THE AUTHOR'S MOCK SONG TO
MARK ANTONY.

When as the nightingale sang Pluto's matins
And Cerberus cried three amens at a howl,
When night-wandering witches put on their
pattens,

Midnight as dark as their faces are foul;
Then did the furies doom
That the nightmare was come.
Such misshapen groom
Puts down Su. Pomfret clean.

10 Never did incubus
 Touch such a filthy sus
 As this foul gypsy quean.

First on her gooseberry lips I mine eyes blasted,
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
Unto her bluer lips, which when I tasted,
My spirits were duller than Dun in the mire.

 But then her breath took place
 Which went an usher's pace
 And made way for her face!
 You may guess what I mean.
20 Never did, &c.

1 But as the night-raven sung Pluto's matins, '53, '59, '62, '65.

'6 But when her breath took place, '77, '87, '99.

Like snakes engendering were platted her tresses,
 Or like to slimy streaks of ropy ale;
 Uglier than Envy wears, when she confesses
 Her head is periwigged with adder's tail.
 But as soon as she spake
 I heard a harsh mandrake.
 Laugh not at my mistake,
 Her head is epicene.
 Never did, &c.

30 Mystical magic of conjuring wrinkles;
 Feeling of pulses, the palmestry of hags;
 Scolding out belches for rhetoric twinkles;
 With three teeth in her head like to three gags;
 Rainbows about her eyes
 And her nose, weather-wise;
 From them the almanac lies,
 Frost, Pond, and Rivers clean.
 Never did incubus
 Touch such a filthy sus
 40 As this foul gypsy quean.

22 Or like slimy streaks of ropy ale; '53, '59, '62, '65.

23 Uglier then Envy wears, when she confesses '59, '62, '65.

HOW THE COMMENCEMENT GROWS NEW.

'Tis no coranto-news I undertake;
New teacher of the town I mean not to make;
No New England voyage my Muse does intend;
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send.
But, if you'll be pleased to hear out this ditty,
I'll tell you some news as true and as witty,
 And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the simony doctors abound,
All crowding to throw away forty pound.
10 They'll now in their wives' stammel petticoats
 vapour
Without any need of an argument draper.
Beholding to none, he neither beseeches
This friend for venison nor the other for speeches,
 And so the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day the teaching gaffer
Brings up his easter-book to chaffer;
Nay, some take degrees who never had steeple,—

1 It is no Coranto-news I undertake, '53, '59, '62, '65.

4 No new fleet, no bald fleet, nor bonny fleet send: '77, '87, '99.
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bony fleet send, '62, '65.

5 But if you'll be pleased to hear but this ditty, '53, '59,
'62, '65.

15 Every twice a day teaching gaffer '53, '59, '62, '65.

Whose means, like degrees, come from placers of
people.

- They come to the fair and, at the first pluck,
20 The toll-man Barnaby strikes 'um good luck,
And so the Commencement grows new.

The country parsons, they do not come up
On Tuesday night in their own College to sup;
Their bellies and table-books equally full,
The next lecture-dinner their notes forth to pull;
How bravely the Margaret-professor disputed,
The homilies urged, and the school-men confuted;
And so the Commencement grows new.

- The inceptor brings not his father the clown
30 To look with his mouth at his grogoram gown;
With like admiration to eat roasted beef,
Which invention posed his beyond-Trent belief;
Who should he but hear our organs once sound,
Could scarce keep his hoof from Sellenger's round,
And so the Commencement grows new.

The gentleman comes not to show us his satin,
To look with some judgment at him that speaks
Latin,
To be angry with him that makes not his clothes,
To answer "O Lord, Sir" and talk play-book
oaths,

- 18 Whose means like degrees comes from places of people,
'53, '59, '62, '65.
22 The country parsons come not up, '53.
23 On Tuesday night in their old college to sup, '53, '59, '62, '65.
24 Their bellies and table-books equally sull. '77, '87, '99.

40 And at the next bear-baiting, (full of his sack,)
To tell his comrades our discipline's slack;
And so the Commencement grows new.

We have no prevaricator's wit.
Ay, marry sir, when have you had any yet?
Besides no serious Oxford man comes
To cry down the use of jesting and hums.
Our ballad, (believe 't,) is no stranger than true;
Mum Salter is sober, and Jack Martin too,
And so the Commencement grows new.

SQUARE-CAP

Come hither Apollo's bouncing girl,
And in a whole hippocrene of sherry
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirl,
Tuning our pipes to make ourselves merry.
A Cambridge lass, Venus-like born of the froth
Of an old half-filled jug of barley-broth,
She, she is my mistress, her suitors are many,
But she'll have a Square-cap if e'er she have
any.

And first, for the plush-sake, the Monmouth-cap
10 Shaking his head like an empty bottle; [comes
With his new-fangled oath by Jupiter's thumbs,
That to her health he'll begin a pottle.
He tells her that, after the death of his grannam,
He shall have God knows what per annum.
But still she replied, "Good Sir, la-bee;
If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me!"

Then Calot Leather-cap strongly pleads,
And fain would derive his pedigree of fashion.

- 7 She, she's my mistress her suitors are many, '53, '59, '62, '65.
13-14 He tells her, that after the death of her grannam
She shall have God knows what per annum. '77, '87, '99.
17 Thin Calot Leather-cap strongly pleads, '59, '62, '65.
18 And fain would derive the pedigree of fashion; '53, '59,
'62, '65.

The antipodes wear their shoes on their heads,
20 And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how the foot-ball noddle would please,
If it were but well tossed on Sir Thomas his leas!
But still she replied, "Good sir, la-bee;
If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me!"

Next comes the Puritan in a wrought-cap,
With a long wasted conscience towards a sister.
And, making a chapel of ease of her lap,
First he said grace and then he kissed her.
"Beloved," quoth he, "thou art my text."
30 Then falls he to use and application next;
But then she replied, "Your text, sir, I'll be;
For then I'm sure you'll ne'er handle me."

But see where Satin-cap scouts about,
And fain would this wench in his fellowship
marry.
He told her how such a man was not put out
Because his wedding he closely did carry.
He'll purchase induction by simony,
And offers her money her incumbent to be;
But still she replied, "Good sir, la-bee,
40 If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me!"

The lawyer's a sophister by his round-cap,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided,
The one milks the pocket, the other the tap;
And yet this wench he fain would have bridled.

22 If it were but well tossed on S. Thomas his lees. '53, '59,
'62, '65.

“Come, leave these thread-bare scholars,” quoth
“And give me livery and seisin of thee.” [he,
“But peace, John-a-Nokes, and leave your ora-
For I never will be your impropriation; [tion,
I pray you therefore, good sir, la-bee;
For if ever I have a man, Square-cap for me!”

UPON PRINCESS ELIZABETH, BORN THE
NIGHT BEFORE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Astrologers say Venus, the self same star,
Is both our Hesperus and Lucifer;
This antitype, this Venus, makes it true;
She shuts the old year and begins the new.
Her brother with a star at noon was born;
She, like a star both of the eve and morn.
Count o'er the stars, fair Queen, in babes and vie
With every year a new Epiphany.

P A R T T W O

P O L I T I C A L P O E M S

PART II

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

The authorities for my statements are:

The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England by Edward Earl of Clarendon; Oxford, 1827:

History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Outbreak of the Civil War (1603-1642), by S. R. Gardiner; London, 1884:

History of the Great Civil War (1642-1649), by S. R. Gardiner, London, 1897:

History of His Own Time, by Bishop Burnet, London, 1724:

The Wars in England, Scotland, & Ireland, containing an Account of all the Battles, Sieges, State Intrigues, Revolutions, Accidents, and other Remarkable Transactions, during the Reign of King Charles the First, Being an Impartial View of his Life and Actions. With his Tryal at large before the pretended High Court of Justice. And his last Speech at his death, Jan. 30, 1648; by R. B. The seventh edition; London, 1706:

The Life of John Milton: narrated in connection with the political, ecclesiastical, and literary history of his time; by David Masson; London, 1877.

The History of the English People, by J. R. Green; New York, n. d.

The Church-History of Britain; From the Birth of

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

Jesus Christ, Until the Year M.DC.XLVIII. Endeavoured by Thomas Fuller. London, Anno. 1655.

The Harleian Miscellany: a Collection of Scarce, Curious, and Entertaining Pamphlets and Tracts, as well in Manuscript as in Print. Selected from the Library of Edward Harley, Second Earl of Oxford. Interspersed with Historical, Political, and Critical Annotations, by the late William Oldys, Esq., and some additional notes by Thomas Park, F.S.A., London, 1809.

To understand and appreciate the wit in the following poems the reader must be familiar with the historical setting. Satire buys contemporary success at the price of future oblivion. For a while each hit is applauded, but soon both the incidents and the poems are forgotten, and the volumes which were once so loved and hated are marked in the book-seller's catalogue as "in a good state of preservation." This has certainly been the fate of Cleveland. So long as the public knew the facts in the case, he was read and enjoyed: but even by 1687 there were only a few of his contemporaries left, and the next generation was interested, not in Charles and his troubles, but in James and its own. So here the aim is to restore so far as possible the poems to their surroundings by means of concise historical introductions, that the modern reader may approach them with the knowledge, if not the feeling, of the age for which they were written.

Of "A DIALOGUE."

By 1640 the crisis in the case of the King versus the People was fast approaching. The question at issue was whether England should be an absolute monarchy like France, or a constitutional monarchy, as it is at present. The two advisors of King Charles the First, William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, aimed to make the King independent of the will of the People. Laud, by thus insisting upon uniformity in worship and upon implicit obedience to the King as head of the Church, made religion a political principle, and the detail as to wearing the surplice, etc., was joined to the vastly greater one of the rights of parliaments. In England the voice of protest was raised by Hampden against the illegality of ship-money. In Scotland the cry was against the ecclesiastical innovations of Laud. The people rose *en masse* and by a *Solemn League and Covenant* bound themselves to resist. An army was hastily collected, and in 1639 they advanced to the Border. The King, caught unprepared, negotiated a truce, and called a parliament to vote the necessary supplies. At the same time a convention of the Established Church was summoned to definitely enunciate the dogmas of their party. Profiting by the example of the Scotch Kirk, they framed an oath to be taken by every minister in the Kingdom, which read: "I, A. B., do swear that I do approve the doctrine and discipline, or government, established in the Church of England, as containing all things necessary to salvation, and that I will not endeavour by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, to bring in Popish doctrine, contrary to that which is so established, nor will I ever give my consent to alter the government of the Church by archbishops, bishops, deans, and archdeacons, &c., as it stands now established, and as by right it ought to stand, nor yet ever to subject it to the usurpations and superstitions of the See of Rome." But, in the words of Fuller, "Many took exception at the hollownesse of the Oath in the middle thereof, having its bowells puffed up with a windie &c. a cheverel word, which might be stretched as me"

would measure it." The ecclesiastical courts were corrupted and the officers of them, such as the commissary and apparitor, were cordially hated. The puritan party naturally asked how much was included under this "&c." But to the Royalists and Laudians this attitude was incomprehensible; the most learned members of the Church had framed the oath, and was it not impudence in the unlearned, vulgar, conventicle-haunting rabble to argue with them?

As the Oath was formulated during the last days of May, to take effect upon the second of the following November, this poem was probably written during the autumn of 1640.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO ZEALOTS UPON THE &c. IN THE OATH

- Sir Roger, from a zealous piece of frieze
 Raised to a vicarage of the children's threes;
 Whose yearly audit may by strict account
 To twenty nobles and his vails amount;
 Fed on the common of the female charity
 Until the Scots can bring about their parity;
 So shotten that his soul, like to himself,
 Walks but in cuerpo; this same clergy-elf,
 Encountering with a brother of the cloth,
 10 Fell presently to cudgels with the Oath.
 The quarrel was a strange misshapen monster,
 Et Cætera, (God bless us) which may conster
 The brand upon the buttock of the Beast,
 The Dragon's tail tied on a knot, the nest
 Of young Apocryphas, the fashion
 Of a new mental Reservation.
 Whilst Roger thus divides the text, the other
 Winks and expounds, saying, "My pious brother,
 Hearken with reverence, for the point is nice.
 20 I never read on 't, but I fasted twice,
 And so by revelation know it better

2 Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes; '53, '59, '62,
 65, R.

12 &c. God blesse us!) which they conster, '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

17 While Roger thus divides the Text, the other '53, '62, R.

Than all the learned idolaters of the letter.²⁷
 With that he swelled and fell upon the theme
 Like great Goliath with his weaver's beam.
 "I say to thee, Et Cætera, thou liest!
 Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist;
 Rubbish of Babel; for who will not say
 Tongues are confounded in Et Cætera?
 Who swears Et Cætera, swears more oaths at once
 30 Than Cerberus out of his triple scone.
 Who views it well, with the same eye beholds
 The old false Serpent in his numerous folds.
 Accurst Et Cætera! Now, now I scent
 What the prodigious bloody oysters meant!
 Oh Booker! Booker! How camest thou to lack
 This sign in thy prophetic almanac?
 It's the dark vault wherein the infernal plot
 Of powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
 Peruse the Oath and you shall soon descry it
 40 By all the Father Garnets that stand by it;
 'Gainst whom the Church, (whereof I am a
 member,)
 Shall keep another Fifth Day of November.
 Yet here's not all; I cannot half untruss
 Et Cætera—it's so abominous!

22 Than all the Idolaters o' the Letter. R.

28 Tongues were confounded in &c? '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

32 The old half Serpent in his numerous folds. '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

33 Accurst &c thou, for now I scent, '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

34 What lately the prodigious Oysters meant. '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

36 This Fiend in thy Prophetick Almanack? '77, '87, '99.

39 Peruse the Oath and ye shall soon descry it, '65.

44 Et Cætera, it's so abominous. '77, '87, '99.

- The Trojan nag was not so fully lined;
 Unrip Et Cætera, and you shall find
 Og the great commissary, and, (which is worse,)
 The apparitor upon his skew-bald horse.
 Then finally, my babe of grace, forbear,
 50 Et Cætera will be too far to swear,
 For 'tis, (to speak in a familiar style,)
 A Yorkshire wee bit longer than a mile."
 Here Roger was inspired, and by God's diggers
 He'll swear in words in length but not in figures.
 No! by this drink, which he takes off, as loth
 To leave Et Cætera in his liquid oath.
 His brother pledged him, and that bloody wine
 He swears shall seal the Synod's Cataline.
 So they drank on, not offering to part
 60 'Till they had quite sworn out the eleventh quart,
 While all that saw and heard them jointly pray
 They and their tribe were all Et Cætera.

- 49 Then finally, my Babes of Grace, forbear, '77, '87, '99.
 54 Hee'l swear in words at large, and not in figures. '53, '59,
 '62, '65, R.
 55 Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loth '53, '59, '62,
 '65, R.
 60 'Till they had sworn out the eleventh Quart, '77, '87, '99.

Of "SMECTYMNUUS," *Etc.*

But the Parliament of April, 1640, the "Short Parliament," refused to grant subsidies without a guarantee for the redress of their "grievances," and consequently it was prorogued after the phenomenally short sitting of three weeks. The Scots broke off negotiations, crossed the Border in August, defeated the Royal Army, and demanded the abolition of the episcopacy. Again was the King forced to summon a parliament to obtain the necessary funds. This is the famous "Long Parliament," which lasted from November 3, 1640, until "Pride's Purge" in 1649. One of its first acts was the impeachment of Strafford; Pym, the great Parliamentarian, here announced the constitutional principle of the responsibility of royal ministers. So on May 12, Strafford paid with his head the penalty of using his great abilities on the wrong side.

Jointly with the discussion of the reforms in the State, the Church became the subject of debate in the House, and a number of pamphlets were written to show the Presbyterian side. Of these, the best known was published March 20, under the portentous title: "Answer to a Book entitled 'An Humble Remonstrance,' in which the originall of Liturgy (and) Episcopacy is discussed and quaeries propounded concerning both, the parity of Bishops and Presbyters in Scripture demonstrated, the occasion of their unparity in Antiquity discovered, the disparity of the ancient and our modern Bishops manifested, the antiquity of Ruling Elders in the Church vindicated, the Prelaticall Church bounded: Written by Smectymnuus."

This name, which caused so much wonderment, was composed of the initials of five Puritan divines, Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow, the last two u's representing the "w." The poem which follows must naturally be dated at least a month later, as the pole-tax bill to which he refers was not passed until June 29.

SMECTYMNUUS, OR THE CLUB-DIVINES

Smectymnuus! The goblin makes me start!
In the name of Rabbi Abraham what art?
Syriac? or Arabic? or Welsh? what skilt?
Ap all the bricklayers that Babel built?
Some conjurer translate and let me know it;
Till then 'tis fit for a West Saxon poet.
But do the brotherhood then play their prizes
Like mummers in religion with disguises,
Out-brave us with a name in rank and file?

- 10 A name, which, if 'twere trained, would spread a
The saints' monopoly, the zealous cluster [mile!
Which like a porcupine presents a muster
And shoots his quills at bishops and their sees,—
A devout litter of young Maccabees!
Thus Jack-of-all-trades hath distinctly shown
The Twelve Apostles on a cherry-stone;
Thus faction's à la mode in treason's fashion,
Now we have heresy by complication.
Like to Don Quixote's rosary of slaves
- 20 Strung on a chain; a murnival of knaves
Packed in a trick; like gipsies when they ride,
Or like colleagues which sit all of a side.

4 Ape all the Bricklayers that Babel built. '77, '87, '99.

15 Thus Jack of all trades hath devoutly shown, '53, '59, '62,
'65, R.

16 The twelve Apostles in a Cherry-stone. '77, '87, '99.

22 Or like the College which sit all of a side: '77, '87, '99.

- So the vain satyrists stand all a row
 As hollow teeth upon a lute-string show.
 The Italian monster pregnant with his brother,
 Nature's diæresis half one another,
 He, with his little sides-man Lazarus,
 Must both give way unto Smeetymnus.
 Next Sturbridge Fair is Smee's; for, lo! his side
 30 Into a five-fold lazar's multiplied.
 Under each arm there's tucked a double gizzard;
 Five faces lurk under one single vizard.
 The Whore of Babylon left these brats behind,
 Heirs of confusion by gavelkind.
 I think Pythagoras' soul is rambled hither
 With all her change of raiment on together.
 Smee is her general wardrobe; she'd not dare
 To think of him as of a thoroughfare.
 He stops the gossiping dame; alone he is
 40 The purlieu of a metempsychosis;
 Like to an ignis fatuus whose flame,
 Though sometimes tripartite, joins in the same;
 Like to nine tailors, who, if rightly spelled,
 Into one man are monosyllabled.
 Shorthanded zeal in one hath cramped many
 Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.
 See, see how close the curs hunt under a sheet
 As if they spent in quire and scanned their feet.
 One cure and five incumbents leap a truss;
 50 The title sure must be litigious.

30 Into a fivefold Lazar multiplied. '77, '87, '99.

36 With all the change of Raiment on together: '53, '59, '62,
 '65, R.

47 See, see, how close the curs hunt under sheet, '53, '59, '62,
 '65, R.

The Sadducees would raise a question
 Who shall be Smec at the Resurrection.
 Who cooped them up together were to blame.
 Had they but wire-drawn and spun out the name,
 'Twould make another Prentices' Petition
 Against the bishops and their superstition.
 Robson and French, (that count from five to five,
 As far as nature fingers did contrive—
 She saw they would be sessors, that's the cause
 60 She cleft their hoof into so many claws,)
 May tire their carrot-bunch, yet ne'er agree
 To rate Smeetymnus for pole-money.
 Caligula—whose pride was mankind's bail,
 As who disdained to murder by retail,
 Wishing the world had but one general neck,—
 His glutton blade might have found game in
 No echo can improve the author more [Smec.
 Whose lungs pay use on use to half a score.
 No felon is more lettered, though the brand
 70 Both subscribes his shoulder and his hand.
 Some Welshman was his godfather, for he
 Wears in his name his genealogy.
 The bans are asked, would but the times give way,
 Betwixt Smeetymnus and Et Cætera.

52 Who must be Smec at the Resurrection. '53, '59, '62, '65 R.

54 Had they but wire-drawn and spun out their name, '53,
 '59, '62, '65, R.

58 As far as nature fingers can contrive, R.

60 She cleft her hoof into so many claws,) '59, '62, '65, R.

68 Whose lungs pay use and use to half a score. '77, '87, '99.

71 Some Welchman were his godfather, for he '65.

73 The Banns are ask'd, would but the time give way, '53,
 '59, '62, R.

The Banes were ask'd, would but the time give way, '65.

- The guests, invited by a friendly summons,
 Should be the Convocation and the Commons.
 The priest to tie the foxes' tails together
 Mosely, or Santa Clara, choose you whether.
 See what an offspring every one expects,
- 80 What strange plurality of men and sects!
 One says he'll get a vestry, but another
 Is for a synod: bets upon the mother.
 Faith, cry St. George! Let them go it and stickle
 Whether a conelave or conventicle.
 Thus might religions caterwaul, and spite
 Which uses to divorce, might once unite.
 But there cross fortunes interdict their trade;
 The groom is rampant but the bride is spade.
 My task is done, all my he goats are milked.
- 90 So many cards in the stock, and yet be bilked?
 I could by letters now untwist the rabble,
 Whip Smee from constable to constable;
 But there I leave you to another's dressing;
 Only kneel down and take your father's blessing.
 May the Queen Mother justify your fears
 And stretch her patent to your leather ears!

80 What strange pluralities of men and sects? '53, '59, '62,
 '65, R.

81 One sayes hee'l get a Vestery, another '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

82 Is for a Synod: Bet upon the mother: '53, '59, '62, '65.

Is for a Synod: But upon the Mother: R.

88 The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displaid. '53, '59,
 '62, '65, R.

93 But there I leave you to another dressing, '53, '59, '62,
 '65, R.

Of "UPON THE KING'S RETURN," *Etc.*

On August 10th of the same year, 1641, the King started on a journey to Scotland for the purpose of quieting the Scotch opponents at any cost, so that they might be used in the struggle which he felt was impending in England. On the whole his experiment was not a success, and he was very glad in November to return. In England his return was welcomed joyfully by both parties; the Royalists, although not yet defined as a party, dutifully hurrahed, and the Parliament was sincerely glad to have him again under its own eye.

UPON THE KING'S RETURN FROM
SCOTLAND.

Returned, I'll ne'er believe 't; first prove him
hence;
Kings travel by their beams and influence.
Who says the soul gives out her guests, or goes
A fitting progress 'twixt the head and toes?
She rules by omnipresence, and shall we
Deny a prince the same ubiquity?
Or grant he went and 'cause the knot was slack
Girt both the nations with his zodiac,
Yet as the tree at once both upward shoots,
10 And just as much grows downward to the roots,
So at the same time that he posted thither
By counter-stages he rebounded hither.
Hither and hence at once; thus every sphere
Doth by a double motion interfere;
And when his native form inclines him east,
7 Or grant he want, and cause the knot was slack '68.

- By the first mover he is ravished west.
 Have you not seen how the divided dam
 Runs to the summons of her hungry lamb;
 But when the twin cries halves, she quits the first?
- 20 Nature's commendam must be likewise nursed.
 So were his journeys like the spider spun
 Out of his bowels of compassion.
 Two realms, like Cacus, so his steps transpose,
 His feet still contradict him as he goes.
 England's returned that was a banished soil.
 The bullet flying makes the gun recoil.
 Death's but a separation, though endorsed
 With spade and javelin; we were thus divorced.
 Our soul hath taken wing while we express
- 30 The corpse returning to their principles.
 But the Crab-tropic must not now prevail.
 Islands go back but when you're under sail.
 So his retreat hath rectified that wrong.
 Backward is forward in the Hebrew tongue.
 Now the Church Militant in plenty rests,
 Nor fears, like the Amazon, to lose her breasts.
 Her means are safe; not squeezed until the blood
 Mix with the milk and choke the tender brood.
 She, that hath been the floating ark, is that
- 40 She that's now seated on Mount Ararat.
 Quits Charles; our souls did guard him northward
 Now he the counterpart comes south to us. [thus

20 Natures Commendum must be likewise nurst? '68, '77.

25 England's return'd, that was a barren soil; '68.

30 The Corps returning to our principles. '68.

33 So his retreat hath rectify'd the wrong; '68.

Of "RUPERTISMUS."

While the King was still in Scotland, the Irish rose and massacred a number of the settlers in Ireland. The situation was complicated by their showing forged commissions from Charles, in which the Parliament was disposed to believe. On his return, therefore, they presented a Great or Solemn Remonstrance, citing all the failures of his reign. In retort, Charles was injudicious enough to denounce Lord Kimbolton, Pym, Sir Arthur Haselrig, and others as traitors, and come in person to demand them. The separation was now complete; the King left the City, and the Royal Standard was raised in Nottingham, August 22, 1642. The war had begun. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex and son of Elizabeth's favorite, was chief in command of the Army of the Parliament. Prince Rupert, son of the Elector Palatine, and therefore nephew of the King, was the typical cavalier officer. The first battle was at Edgehill, which, while doubtful, left all the moral advantage to the Royalists. On November 29, 1642, Oxford was chosen for the royal headquarters, as the City had declared itself on the side of the Parliament. The first half of 1643 was distinctly favorable to the King, and the cloistered colleges echoed to jubilant cavalier strains.

Henry Elsyng was the Clerk of the Commons; I am unable to assign the reason for the epithet "splay-mouthed."

Philip, fourth Lord Wharton, a member of the Long Parliament for the Puritans, and "very fast for them."

Sir Thomas Lunsford, "unbeloved Lunsford," had been appointed Lieutenant of the Tower, from which he was removed by popular dislike; he was then given a commission, and served zealously. The Puritans so hated him that rumors were spread that he ate children.

Glyn and Maynard, two eminent lawyers for the Parliament; the first conducted the trial of Strafford, and the other summed up the accusation.

Edward Montagu, Lord Kimbolton, who in 1642 had succeeded his father as Earl of Manchester, was one of the prominent Roundhead Peers.

RUPERTISMUS

- O that I could but vote myself a poet,
Or had the legislative knack to do it!
Or, like the doctors militant, could get
Lubbed at adventure Verser Banneret!
Or had I Cacus' trick to make my rhymes
Their own antipodes, and track the times!
"Faces about," says the remonstrant spirit,
"Allegiance is malignant, treason merit."
Huntington colt, that posed the sage recorder.
10 Might be a sturgeon now and pass by order.
Had I but Elsing's gift, (that splay-mouthed
brother
That declares one way and yet means another,)
Could I thus write asquint, then, Sir, long since
You had been sung a great and glorious prince!
I had observed the language of these days,
Blasphemed you, and then periwigged the
phrase
With humble service and such other fustian,
Bells which ring backward in this great combus-
I had reviled you, and without offense; [tion.
- 4 Dub'd at adventurers Verser Banneret! '53.
Dub'd at adventures Verser Banneret! '59, '62, '65,
'87, '99.
- 13 Could I but right a-squint; then (Sir) long since, '53, '59,
'62, '65.
- 15 I had observ'd the language of the dayes, '53, '59, '62, '65,
'87, '99.
- 18 Bells which rung backward in this great combustion.
'62, '65.

- 20 The literal and the equitable sense
 Would make it good. When all fails, this will
 do it;
 Sure that distinction cleft the Devil's foot!
 This were my dialect, would your Highness please
 To read me but with Hebrew spectacles,
 Interpret counter what is cross rehearsed.
 Libels are commendations when reversed,
 Just as an optic glass contracts the sight
 At one end, but when turned doth multiply it.
 But you're enchanted, Sir, you're doubly free
- 30 From the great guns and squibbling poetry,
 Whom neither bilbo nor invention pierces,
 Proof even against the artillery of verses.
 Strange that the Muses cannot wound your mail!
 If not their art, yet let their sex prevail.
 At that known leaguer, where the bonny besses
 Supplied the bow-strings with their twisted
 tresses,
 Your spells could ne'er have fenced you, every
 arrow
 Had lanced your noble breast and drunk the
 marrow.
 For beauty, like white powder, makes no noise
- 40 And yet the silent hypocrite destroys.
 Then use the Nuns of Helicon with pity
 Lest Wharton tell his gossips of the City
 That you kill women too, nay maids, and such
 Their general wants militia to touch.
 Impotent Essex! Is it not a shame

26 Libels are commendation when reversed. '59, '62, '65.

31 Who neither Bilbo, nor invention pierces, '53.

Our Commonwealth, like to a Turkish dame,
 Should have a cunuch guardian? May she be
 Ravished by Charles, rather than saved by thee!
 But why, my Muse, like a green-sickness girl,
 50 Feedest thou on coals and dirt? A gelding earl
 Gives no more relish to thy female palate
 Than to that ass did once the thistle sallet.
 Then quit the barren theme and all at once,
 Thou and thy sisters like bright Amazons,
 Give Rupert an alarum. Rupert, one
 Whose name is wit's superfetation,
 Makes fancy, like eternity's round womb,
 Unite all valour, present, past, to come!
 He who the old philosophy controls
 60 That voted down plurality of souls!
 He breathes a grand committee; all that were
 The wonders of their age constellate here.
 And as the elder sisters, Growth and Sense,
 Souls paramount in themselves, in man commence
 But faculties of Reason Queen; no more
 Are they to him, (who was complete before)
 Ingredients of his virtues. Thread the beads
 Of Caesar's acts, great Pompey's and the Swede's,
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for Rupert's hand,
 70 By which that vast triumvirate is spanned.
 Here, here is palmetry: here you may read
 How long the world shall live and when it shall
 bleed.

52 Then to the Ass did once the Thistle-Salat. '77, '87, '99,
 '87, '99.

53 Then quit his barren Theme, and all at once '77, '87, '99.

58 Unite all Valour past, present, to come. '77, '87, '99.

63 And as the elder sister, growth and sence, '59, '62, '65.

- What every man winds up, that Rupert hath,
 For Nature raised him on the Public Faith;
 Pandora's brother, to make up whose store
 The gods were fain to run upon the score.
 Such was the painter's brief for Venus' face;
 Item, an eye from Jane; a lip from Grace.
 Let Isaac and his citz flay off the plate
- 80 That tips their antlers for the calf of state;
 Let the zeal-twanging nose, that wants a ridge,
 Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge;
 Yes, and the gossip's spoon augment the sum
 Although poor Caleb lose his christendom;
 Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self
 Which their self-want pays in committee pelf.
 Pardon, great Sir, for that ignoble crew
 Gains when made bankrupt in the scales with you.
 As he, who in his character of light
- 90 Styled it God's shadow, made it far more bright
 By an eclipse so glorious, (light is dim
 And a black nothing when compared to Him,)
 So 'tis illustrious to be Rupert's foil
 And a just trophy to be made his spoil.
- 73 What ever man winds up, that Rupert hath; '53, '59, '62,
 '65, '87, '99.
- 74 For nature raiz'd him of the Publike Faith, '53, '59, '62,
 '65, '87, '99.
- 79 Let Isaac and his Cit'z flea of the place '53.
 Let Isaac and his Cit'z flea off the plate '87, '99.
- 80 That tips their Antlets for their Calf of Stace. '53.
 That tips their Antlets for their Calf of State. '77, '87, '99.
 That tips their antlets for the Calf of State. '87, '99.
- 83 Yes and the gossip spoon augment the sum, '53, '59, '62, '65.
- 86 Which their self-want pales in commuting pelf. '53, '59,
 '62, '65, '87, '99.
- 92 And a black Nothing when compar'd with him) '77, '87, '99.

I'll pin my faith on the diurnal's sleeve
 Hereafter, and the Guildhall creed believe;
 The conquests which the Common Council hears
 With their wide listening mouth from the great
 That run away in triumph. Such a foe [Peers
 100 Can make them victors in their overthrow;
 Where providence and valour meet in one,
 Courage so poised with circumspection
 That he revives the quarrel once again
 Of the soul's throne; whether in heart, or brain,
 And leaves it a drawn match; whose fervor can
 Hatch him whom Nature poached but half a
 man;
 His trumpet, like the angel's at the last,
 Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.
 Were the Mount Athos carved in shape of man
 110 As was designed by the Macedonian,
 (Whose right hand should a populous land
 contain,
 The left should be a channel to the main,)
 His spirit would inform the amphibious figure
 And, straight laced, sweat for a dominion bigger.

99 That ran away in triumph: such a foe '53, '59, '62, '65,
 '87, '99.

100 Can make Men Victors in their Overthrow, '77, '87, '99,
 '87, '99.

109 'Twas the Mount Athos carv'd in shape of man '53, '59,
 '62, '65, '87, '99.

Was that Mount Athos carv'd in shape of Man, '77, '87, '99.

110 (As 'twas desin'd by th' Macedonian) '53, '59, '62, '65,
 '87, '99.

114 Yet straight-lac'd sweats for a Dominion bigger: '53,
 '87, '99.

And straight-lac'd swears for a Dominion bigger: '59, '65.

Yet strait-lac'd swears for a Dominion bigger: '62.

- The terror of whose name can out of seven,
 Like Falstaff's buckram men, make fly eleven.
 Thus some grow rich by breaking. Vipers thus,
 By being slain, are made more numerous.
 No wonder they'll confess no loss of men,
 120 For Rupert knocks them till they gig again.
 They fear the giblets of his train, they fear
 Even his dog, that four-legged cavalier;
 He that devours the scraps that Lunsford makes;
 Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes;
 Who, name but Charles, he comes aloft for him,
 But holds up his malignant leg at Pym.
 'Gainst whom they have these articles in souse:
 First, that he barks against the sense of the
 House;
 Resolved delinquent, to the Tower straight,
 130 Either to the Lions' or to the Bishops' Grate:
 Next, for his ceremonious wag of the tail:
 (But here the sisterhood will be his bail,
 At least the Countess will, Lust's Amsterdam,
 That lets in all religions of the game.)
 Thirdly, he smells intelligence; that's better
 And cheaper too than Pym's from his own letter,
 Who is doubly paid, (Fortune or we the
 blinder!)
 For making plots and then for fox the finder:
 Lastly, he is a devil without doubt,
 140 For, when he would lie down, he wheels about,
 123 He that devours the scraps, which Lunsford makes, '53,
 '59, '62, '65, '87, '99.
 127 'Gainst whom they have several Articles in souse: '53, '59,
 '62, '65, '87, '99.
 133 At least the Countess with Lust's Amsterdam, '77, '87, '99.

Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring;
 And therefore score up one for conjuring.
 "What canst thou say, thou wretch!" "O
 quarter, quarter!

I'm but an instrument, a mere Sir Arthur.
 If I must hang, O let not our fates vary,
 Whose office 'tis alike to fetch and carry!"
 No hopes of a reprieve; the mutinous stir
 That strung the Jesuit will despatch the cur.
 "Were I a devil as the rabble fears,

150 I see the House would try me by my peers!"
 There, Jowler, there! Ah, Jowler! 'st 'tis
 nought!

Whate'er the accusers cry, they're at default
 And Glyn and Maynard have no more to say
 Than when the glorious Strafford stood at bay.
 Thus libels but annexed to him, we see,
 Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
 Saint Peter's shadow healed; Rupert's is such
 'Twould find Saint Peter work and wound as
 much.

148 That strung the Jesuit, will despatch a cur, '53, '62,
 '87, '99.

That strung a Jesuit, will despatch a cur. '59, '65.

149 Were I a devil as the Rebel fears, '53, '62, '87, '99.

152 What ere the accusers cry, they're at a fault; '53, '59, '62,
 '65, ('87, '99)?

154 Then when the glorious Strafford stood at bay. '59, '65,
 '77, '87, '99, ('87, '99)?

155 Thus Labels . . . , but amount to him we see '53,
 '59, '62, '65.

156 T' enjoy a Copyhold of Victory. '77, '87, '99.

157 S. Peters shadow heal'd; Rupert is such; '59, '62, '65.

158 'Twould find St. Peters Work, yet wound as much: '53,
 '62, '87, '99.

- He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent;
 160 The cannons do but lisp and compliment.
 Sure, Jove descended in a leaden shower
 To get this Perseus; hence the fatal power
 Of shot is strangled. Bullets thus allied
 Fear to commit an act of parricide.
 Go on, brave Prince, and make the world confess
 Thou art the greater world and that the less.
 Scatter the accumulative king; untruss
 That five-fold fiend, the State's Smeectymnuus,
 Who place religion in their vellam ears
 170 As in their phylacteries the Jews did theirs.
 England's a paradise, and a modest word
 Since guarded by a cherub's flaming sword.
 Your name can scare an atheist to his prayers,
 And cure the chincough better than the bears.
 Old sibyls charm toothache with you; the nurse
 Makes you still children; and the ponderous curse
 The clown salutes with is derived from you,
 "Now Rupert, take thee, rogue, how dost thou
 In fine the name of Rupert thunders so, [do?"
 180 Kimbolton's but a rumbling wheelbarrow.

162 To get his Perseus; hence the fatal power '59, '62, '65.

175 Old Slybill charms the Tooth-ach with you: Nurse '53, '59,
 '62, '65, '87, '99.

177 The clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you, '53, '59, '62,
 '65, '87, '99.

Of "UPON SIR THOMAS MARTIN."

On the first of April, 1643, an "Ordinance of the Lords and Commons Assembled in Parliament" was passed to provide the munitions of war. The method was to "sequester" the estates of the "malignants." "Be it therefore ordained by the said lords and commons that the estates, as well real as personal, of the several bishops hereafter mentioned . . . and of all such bishops, deans, deans and chapters, prebends, archdeacons, and of all other person and persons, ecclesiastical or temporal, as have raised or shall raise arms against the parliament, or have been, are or shall be in actual war against the same; or have voluntarily contributed, or shall voluntarily contribute . . . shall be forthwith seized and sequestered into the hands of the sequestrators and committees hereafter in this ordinance named. . . .

"For the County of Cambridge,
"Sir Dudley North, Sir John Cuts, Sir Thomas Martin,
knights; Captain Symonds, Dudley Pope esqrs.; . . . etc."
London, 1648.

This sweeping act practically beggared the royalists, and it was naturally bitterly resented by them. By the law, "any two or more" of the sequestrators constituted a tribunal with power to deprive a man of his property without recourse.

The following poem is probably the last written at Cambridge:

UPON SIR THOMAS MARTIN

WHO SUBSCRIBED A WARRANT THUS: "WE THE
KNIGHTS AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE,"
WHEN THERE WAS NO KNIGHT BUT HIMSELF

Hang out a flag and gather pence apiece!
Which Afric never bred nor swelling Greece.
With stories' tympany, a beast so rare
No lecturer's wrought cap, nor Bartholomew Fair
Can match him; nature's whimsey that outvies
Tredescant and his ark of novelties;
The Gog and Magog of prodigious sights,
With reverence to your eyes, Sir Thomas Knights.
But is this bigamy of titles due?

- 10 Are you Sir Thomas and Sir Martin too?
Issachar couchant 'twixt a brace of sirs,
Thou knighthood in a pair of panniers;
Thou, that look'st, wrapped up in thy warlike
leather,
Like Valentine and Orson bound together;
Spurs' representative, thou, that art able
To be a voider to King Arthur's table;
Who, in this sacrilegious mass of all,
It seems has swallowed Windsor's Hospital;
Pair royal headed; Cerberus's cousin.

4 No Lectures wrought cap, nor Bartholmew fair '59, '62, '65.

5 Can match him; natures whimsey, one that out-vies '53,
'59, '62, '65.

6 Tredeskin and his ark of Novelties. '53, '59, '62, '65.

- 20 Hercules' labours were a baker's dozen;
Had he but trumped on thee whose forked neck
Might have well answered at the font for Smec.
But can a knighthood on a knighthood lie?
Metal on metal is false heraldry;
And yet the known Godfrey of Bouillon's coat
Shines in exception to the herald's vote.
Great spirits move not by pedantic laws;
Their actions though eccentric state the cause,
And Priscian bleeds with honour. Cæsar thus
30 Subscribed two consuls with one Julius.
Tom, never loaded squire, scarce yeoman high,
Is Tom twice dipped, knight of a double dye!
Fond man, whose fate is in his name betrayed!
It is the setting sun doubles his shade.
But it is no matter, for amphibious he
May have a knight hanged, yet Sir Tom go free!

24 Metall on metall is ill Armory. '53.

31 Tom never oaded-Squire, scarce Yeoman high, '62, '65, '77,
'87, '99.

Of "THE MIXED ASSEMBLY."

During this period, the Parliament had not forgotten the religious difficulty. An ordinance was issued calling the famous "Westminster Assembly," which held its first sitting July 1, 1643. The adjective "mixed" is due to the fact that it was not composed of divines alone, but contained ten lords, twenty commoners, and one hundred and nineteen ministers. William Twisse was appointed by the Parliament to be the speaker, and Dr. John Burges to act for him if absent.

The Peers to be remembered for this poem are:

Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, a stout Presbyterian.

Basil Fielding, 2nd, Earl of Denbigh, who in April had just succeeded to the title of his royalist father, but not to his politics; William Fiennes, Lord Say and Sele, "Old Subtlety," a roundhead.

Lords Kimbolton and Wharton.

The Commoners are Pym, the great leader, and Selden, the equally great scholar and author of "Table Talk," etc.

The divines are:

Stephan Marshall, renowned for his powerful preaching.

Herbert Palmer, "a man of small stature, puny appearance, and delicate health." He is the author of "Christian Paradoxes," so long attributed to Lord Bacon.

Oliver Bowles, who as early as 1631 had been removed for a puritanical sermon.

"Brooke's preacher" I identify as Thomas Hill, who was the great friend of Lord Brooke, and "mumping Lidie" has eluded my search.

THE MIXED ASSEMBLY

- Flea-bitten synod, an assembly brewed
Of clerks and elders ana, like the rude
Chaos of Presbytery, where laymen guide
With the tame woolpack clergy by their side.
Who asked the banns 'twixt these discolored mates?
A strange grotesco this; the Church and states,
Most divine tick-tack in a pye-bald crew,
To serve as table-men of divers hue!
She, that conceived an Ethiopian heir
10 By picture when the parents both were fair,
At sight of you had born a dappled son,
You checkering her imagination.
Had Jacob's flock but seen you sit, the dams
Had brought forth speckled and ring-streaked
Like an impropiator's motley kind [lambs.
Whose scarlet coat is with a cassock lined;
Like the lay-thief in a canonic weed,
Sure of his clergy ere he did the deed;
Like Royston crows, who are (as I may say)
20 Friars of both the Orders, Black and Gray;
So mixed they are, one knows not whether's
A layer of burgess, or a layer of vicar. [thicker,
Have they usurped what Royal Judah had,
And now must Levi too part stakes with Gad?
The scepter and the crosier are the crutches,
Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,

- Will fail the cripple State. And were it not a pity
 That both should serve the yardwand of the City?
 That Isaac might go stroke his beard and sit
- 30 Judge of εἶς 'Αἰδω and *elegerit*?
 O that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn!
 The miscellany-satyr and the fawn
 And all the adulteries of twisted nature
 But faintly represent this riddling feature;
 Whose members being not tallies, they'll not own
 Their fellows at the resurrection.
 Strange scarlet doctors these! They'll pass in
 For sinners half refined in Purgatory, [story
 Or parboiled lobsters, where there jointly rules
- 40 The fading sables and the coming gules.
 The flea that Falstaff damned thus lewdly shows
 Tormented in the flames of Bardolph's nose.
 Like him that wore the dialogue of cloaks
 This shoulder John-a-stiles, that John-a-nokes;
 Like Jew and Christians in a ship together
 With an old neck-verse to distinguish either;
 Like their intended discipline to boot,
 Or whatsoe'er hath neither head nor foot;
 Such may these stripped stuff-hangings seem to
- 50 Sacrilege matched with codpiece simony. [be,
 Be sick and dream a little, you may then
 Fancy these linsey-woolsey vestry-men.

- 28 But both should serve the yardwand of the City? '53, '59,
 '62, '65.
 29 That Isaac might stroak his beard, and sit '53, '59, '62, '65.
 36 Their fellows at their Resurrection, '53, '59, '62, '65.
 44 This shoulder John-a-stile, that John-a-Nokes. '59, '62, '65.
 49 Such may their stript-stuff hangings seem to be '53, '59,
 '62, '65.

- Forbear, good Pembroke, be not over daring.
 Such company may chance to spoil thy swearing,
 And thy drum-major oaths, of bulk unruly,
 May dwindle to a feeble "By my truly"!
- He that the noble Percy's blood inherits,
 Will he strike up a hotspur of the spirits?
 He'll fright the Obadiah's out of tune
- 60 With his uncircumcised Algernon;
 A name so stubborn, 'tis not to be scanned
 By him in Gath with the six fingered hand.
 See, they obey the magic of my words!
 Presto! they're gone, and now the House of Lords
 Looks like the withered face of an old hag,
 But with three teeth like to a triple gag.
 A jig! a jig! and in this antic dance
 Fielding and Doxie Marshall first advance.
 Twisse blows the Scotch-pipes, and the loving
 brace
- 70 Puts on the traces and treads cinque-a-pace
 Then Say and Sele must his old hamstrings sup-
 And he and rumbled Palmer make a couple. [ple,
 Palmer's a fruitful girl if he'll unfold her;
 The midwife may find work about her shoulder.
 Kimbolton, that rebellious Boanerges,
 Must be content to saddle Dr. Burges.
 If Burges get a clap, 'tis ne'er the worse,
 But the fifth time of his compurgators.
- 55 And these Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly, '53, '59,
 '62, '65.
- 59 Hee'l fright the Obadiah out of tune, '53, '59, '62, '65.
 He'l fright the Obadiah's out of tune '77, '87, '99.
- 72 Then he and rumbled Palmer makes a couple. '53, '59,
 '62, '65.

- Nol Bowls is coy ; good sadness cannot dance
80 But in obedience to the ordinance.
Here Wharton wheels about till mumping Liddy,
Like the full moon, hath made his lordship giddy.
Pym and the members must their giblets levy
To encounter Madam Smec, that single bevy.
If they two truck together, 'twill not be
A child-birth, but a gaol-delivery.
Thus every Ghibelline hath got his Guelph
But Selden,—he's a galliard by himself ;
And well may be ; there's more divines in him
90 Than in all this, their Jewish Sanhedrin :
Whose canons in the forge shall then bear date
When mules their cousins german generate.
Thus Moses' law is violated now ;
The ox and ass go yoked in the same plough.
Resign thy coach-box, Twisse ; Brooke's preacher
Would sort the beasts with more conformity. [he
Water and earth make but one globe ; a Round-
Is clergy-lay, party-per-pale compounded. [head

Of "THE REBEL SCOT."

The siege of Gloucester, August 10, 1643, is always given as the turning point of the war. It was not that the King was defeated so much as that he failed to score a victory, when a victory would have been decisive. Pym rose to the occasion, forced the Covenant upon England, and called in the Scots. His death, December 6th, followed this last triumph. The Scotch army of invasion entered England January 19, 1644, to fight against their King. To the Royalists there seemed no greater wickedness than this action of the Scots, who were thus at one and the same time both foreign invaders and rebellious subjects. The satire which follows is Cleveland's most celebrated work.

THE REBEL SCOT

- How, Providence? and yet a Scottish crew?
Then Madame Nature wears black patches too!
What shall our nation be in bondage thus
Unto a land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward! I am all on fire.
Not all the buckets in a country quire
Shall quench my rage. A poet should be feared,
When angry, like a comet's flaming beard.
And where's the stoic can his wrath appease,
10 To see his country sick of Pym's disease?
By Scotch invasion to be made a prey
To such pigwidgeon myrmidons as they?
But that there's charm in verse, I would not
The name of Scot without an antidote: [quote
Unless my head were red, that I might brew
13 But, there's charm in verse that I would not quote R.

- Invention there that might be poison too.
 Were I a drowsy judge whose dismal note
 Disgorgeth halts as a juggler's throat
 Doth ribbons; could I in Sir Empiric's tone
 20 Speak pills in phrase and quack destruction;
 Or roar like Marshall, that Geneva bull,
 Hell and damnation a pulpit full;
 Yet to express a Scot, to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth-grenadoes can suffice.
 Before a Scot can properly be curst,
 I must like Hocus swallow daggers first.
 Come, keen iambics, with your badger's feet
 And badger-like bite until your teeth do meet.
 Help, ye tart satirists, to imp my rage
 30 With all the scorpions that should whip this age.
 Scots are like witches; do but whet your pen,
 Scratch till the blood comes, they'll not hurt you
 Now, as the martyrs were enforced to take [then.
 The shape of beasts, like hypocrites at stake
 I'll bait my Scot so, yet not cheat your eyes;
 A Scot within a beast is no disguise.
 No more let Ireland brag; her harmless nation
 Fosters no venom since the Scot's plantation:
 Nor can our feigned antiquity obtain;
 40 Since they came in, England hath wolves again.
 The Scot that kept the Tower might have shown,
 Within the grate of his own breast alone,
 The leopard and the panther, and engrossed
 What all those wild collegiates had cost
 The honest high-shoes in their termly fees;

28 And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet; '68.

38 Fosters no Venom since that Scot's Plantation: '77, '87, '99.

39 Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain; '53, '62, '65, '68, R.

First to the savage lawyer, next to these.
 Nature herself doth Scotchmen beasts confess,
 Making their country such a wilderness:
 A land that brings in question and suspense
 50 God's omnipresence, but that Charles came
 thence,
 But that Montrose and Crawford's loyal band
 Atoned their sin and christened half the land.
 Nor is it all the nation hath these spots;
 There is a Church as well as Kirk of Scots.
 As in a picture where the squinting paint
 Shows fiend on this side, and on that side saint.
 He, that saw Hell in his melancholy dream
 And in the twilight of his fancy's theme,
 Scared from his sins, repented in a fright,
 60 Had he viewed Scotland, had turned proselyte.
 A land where one may pray with cursed intent,
 O, may they never suffer banishment!
 Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed
 his doom;
 Not forced him wander but confined him home!
 Like Jews they spread and as infection fly,
 As if the Devil had ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live at rovers and defy
 This or that place, rags of geography.
 They're citizens of the world; they're all in all;
 70 Scotland's a nation epidemical.
 And yet they ramble not to learn the mode,
 How to be dressed, or how to lisp abroad;
 To return knowing in the Spanish shrug,
 51 But that Montrose and Crawford's Royal Band '87, '99.
 52 Atton'd their Sin, and Christned half their Land. '77,
 '87, '99.

Or which of the Dutch states a double jug
 Resembles most in belly or in beard,
 (The card by which the marincers are steered.)
 No, the Scots-errant fight and fight to eat,
 Their ostrich stomachs make their swords their
 meat.

- Nature with Scots as tooth-drawers hath dealt
 80 Who use to string their teeth upon their belt.
 Yet wonder not at this their happy choice,
 The serpent's fatal still to Paradise.
 Sure, England hath the hemorrhoids, and these
 On the north postern of the patient seize
 Like leeches; thus they physically thirst
 After our blood, but in the cure shall burst!
 Let them not think to make us run of the score
 To purchase villanage, as once before
 When an act passed to stroke them on the head,
 90 Call them good subjects, buy them gingerbread.
 Not gold, nor acts of grace, 'tis steel must tame
 The stubborn Scot; a Prince that would reclaim
 Rebels by yielding, doth like him, or worse,
 Who saddled his own back to shame his horse.
 Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
 Thus to lard Israel with Egypt's spoil?
 They are the Gospel's life-guard; but for them,
 The garrison of New Jerusalem,
 What would the brethren do? The Cause! The
 100 Sack-possets and the fundamental laws! [Cause!
 80 Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt. '53, '59, '62,
 '65, R.
 84 On the North posture of the patient seize, '53, '59, '62, '65,
 '68, R.
 91 Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis steel must tame, '53,
 '62, '68, R.

- Lord! What a godly thing is want of shirts!
How a Scotch stomach and no meat converts!
They wanted food and raiment, so they took
Religion for their seamstress and their cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and estate,
As well as conscience, are sophisticate.
Shrive but their titles and their moneys poize,
A laird and twenty pence pronounced with noise,
When construed, but for a plain yeoman go,
110 And a good sober two-pence and well so.
Hence then, you proud impostors; get you gone,
You Piets in gentry and devotion;
You scandal to the stock of verse, a race
Able to bring the gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
The ostracism and shamed it out of use.
The Indian, that Heaven did forswear
Because he heard some Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what Scots in Hell had been,
120 He would Erasmus-like have hung between.
My Muse hath done. A voider for the nonce.
I wrong the Devil should I pick their bones;
That dish is his; for, when the Scots decease,
Hell, like their nation, feeds on barnacles.
A Scot, when from the gallow-tree got loose,
Drops into Styx and turns a Soland goose.
- 107 Shrive but their titles, and their money poize, '53, '59, '62,
'65, '68, R.
Shrive but their Title, and their Moneys poize, '77, '87, '99.
- 108 A Laird and twenty pounds pronoun'd with noise, '53, '59,
'62, '65, '68, R.
- 113 You scandal to a stock of Verse, a race '65.
- 118 Because he heard the Spaniards were there, '53, '59, '62,
'65, '68, R.

Of "AN ELEGY UPON THE ARCHBISHOP," Etc.

The end of 1644 passed in minor actions, in the main favorable to Parliament. All this time, William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, had been closely imprisoned in the Tower. Now, January 10, 1645, four years after the death of his colleague Strafford, the old man was beheaded on Tower Hill. As in the case of his friend, he had committed crimes which were not legally punishable, and to Royalists it seemed a travesty of justice.

AN ELEGY UPON THE ARCHBISHOP OF
CANTERBURY

- I need no Muse to give my passion vent.
He brews his tears that studies to lament.
Verse chemically weeps; that pious rain
Distilled by art is but the sweat of the brain.
Whoever sobbed in numbers? Can a groan
Be quavered out in soft division?
'Tis true for common elegies
Not Bushel's Wells can match a poet's eyes
In wanton water-works; he'll tune his tears
10 From a Geneva jig up to the spheres.
But then he mourns at distance, weeps aloof.
Now that the conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is public, we may call
4 Distilled with art, is but the sweat o' th' brain. '53, '59,
'62, '65.
6 Be quavered out by soft division? '53, '59, '62, '65.
11 But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof, '53, '59,
'62, '65.

It Britain's vespers, England's funeral.
 Who hath a pencil to express the Saint
 But he hath eyes too washing off the paint?
 There is no learning but what tears surround,
 Like to Seth's pillars in the Deluge drowned.
 There is no Church; Religion is grown
 20 So much of late that she's increased to none,
 Like a hydropic body, full of rheums,
 First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
 The Law is dead or cast into a trance,—
 And by a law dough-baked, an Ordinance!
 The Liturgy, whose doom was voted next,
 Died as a comment upon him the text.
 There's nothing lives; life is, since he is gone,
 But a nocturnal lucubration.
 Thus you have seen death's inventory read
 30 In the sum total, Canterbury's dead;
 A sight would make a Pagan to baptize
 Himself a convert in his bleeding eyes;
 Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beast of ours,
 (That which hyena-like weeps and devours,)
 Tears that flow brackish from their souls within,
 Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.
 Mean time no squalid grief his looks defiles.
 He gilds his sadder fate with nobler smiles.
 Thus the world's eye, with reconciled streams,
 40 Shines in his showers as if he wept his beams.
 How could success such villanies applaud?

20 From much of late that she's increased to none; '53, '59, '62, '65.

29 Thus have you seen death's inventory read; '59, '62, '65.

38 He gilds his sadder fate with noble smiles. '53, '59, '62, '65.

The State in Strafford fell, the Church in Laud :
The twins of public rage, adjudged to die
For treasons they should act by prophecy ;
The fact were done before the laws were made ;
The trump turned up after the game was played.
Be dull, great spirits, and forbear to climb,
For worth is sin and eminence a crime.
No churchman can be innocent and high.
50 'Tis height makes Grantham steeple stand awry.

Of "THE HUE AND CRY," *Etc.*

The effect of the Scotch intervention was soon apparent. In the Battle of Marston Moor, July 2, 1644, the resistance of the Scotch foot reversed the condition, and turned a Royalist victory into an overwhelming Royalist defeat. Rupert's famous cavalry was scattered "like the dust" before Cromwell's Ironsides. In the meantime, the "Mixed Assembly" had been sitting and by November 21, 1644, was able to report that it had accomplished its object. On that date it sent to the Parliament "The New Directory of Worship," and on January 4th of the next year it was adopted by the House. Adoniram Byfield, one of the clerks of the Assembly, was ordered to put it on sale, and from report he made a very good thing out of it.

THE HUE AND CRY AFTER
SIR JOHN PRESBYTER

With hair in characters and lugs in text;
With a splay mouth and a nose circumflexed;
With a set ruff of musket-bore that wears
Like cartrages or linen bandoleers
Exhausted of their sulphurous contents
In pulpit fire-works, which that bomball vents;
The Negative and Covenanting Oath,
Like two mustachoes issuing from his mouth;
The bush upon his chin like a carved story,
10 In a box-knot cut by the Directory:

1 With Hair in Character, and Lugs in Text, '77, '87, '99.

3 With a set ruffe or Musket-bore, that wears, '62, '65.

6 In Pulpit Fire-works, which the Bomball vents; '77, '87, '99.

- Madam's confession hanging at his ear,
 Wire-drawn through all the questions, how and
 Each circumstance so in the hearing felt [where;
 That when his ears are cropped he'll count them
 The weeping cassock scared into a jump, [gelt;
 A sign the presbyter's worn to a stump,—
 The presbyter, though charmed against mischance
 With the divine right of an Ordinance!
 If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,
- 20 Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
 What zealous phrenzy did the Senate seize,
 To tear the Rochet to such rags as these?
 Episcopacy minced, reforming Tweed
 Hath sent us runts even of her Church's breed,
 Lay interlining clergy, a device
 That's nickname to the stuff called lops and lice.
 The beast at wrong end branded,
 The Devil's footsteps in his cloven face;
 A face of several parishes and sorts,
- 30 Like to a sergeant shaved at Inns of Courts.
 What mean these elders else, those Kirk dragoons,
 Made up of ears and ruffs like ducatoons;
 That hierarchy of handicrafts begun;
 Those New Exchange men of religion?
 Sure, they're the antick heads, which placed
 without

11 Madams Confession hanging at his ears, '62.

15 The Weeping Cassock scor'd into a Jump, '87, '99.

22 That tare the Rotchet to such rags as these? '77, '87, '99.

30 Like to Serjeant shav'd at Inns of Court. '77, '87, '99.

31 What mean the Elders else, those Kirk Dragoons, '77,
 '87, '99.

- The church, do gape and disembugue a spout.
 Like them above the Commons' House, they've
 So long without; now both are gotten in. [been
 Then what imperious in the bishop sounds,
- 40 The same the Scotch executor rebounds;
 This stating prelacy the classic rout
 That spake it often, e'er it spake it out.
 (So by an abbey's skeleton of late
 I heard an echo supererogate
 Through imperfection and the voice restore,
 (As if she had the hiccough o'er and o'er.)
 Since they our mixed diocesans combine
 Thus to ride double in their discipline,
 That Paul's shall to the Consistory call
- 50 A Dean and Chapter out of Weavers' Hall,
 Each at the ordinance for to assist
 With the five thumbs of his groat-changing fist.
 Down, Dagon-synod, with thy motley ware,
 Whilst we are champions for the Common Prayer,
 (That love-like embassy that wings our sense
 To Heaven's gate in shape of innocence.)
 Pray for the mitred authors, and defy
- 37 Like them above the Commons House have been '53, '59,
 '62, '65, R.
 Like them above the Commons House t' have been '77,
 '87, '99.
- 40 The same the Scots Executor rebounds: '62.
 42 That spake it often, e're it speak it out; '62.
 That speak it often, e'r it spake it out. '77, '87, '99.
 52 With five thumbs of this great-changing fist. '53.
 53 Down Dragon-Synod with thy motley ware, '62.
 54 Whilst we do swagger for the Common-Prayer, '53, '59,
 '62, '65, R.

Those demicasters of divinity!
For, when Sir John with Jack-of-all-trades joins,
60 His finger's thicker than the prelates' loins.

58 These Demicasters of Divinity. '53, '59, '62, '65, R.
59 For where Sir John with Jack-of-all trades joyns, '59,
'62, '65, R.

Of "THE GENERAL ECLIPSE."

From the long continuance of the war, both armies had become demoralized; it was the Parliament which first took the remedy, and in April, 1645, the "New Model" army was called into existence. The efficiency of this was soon shown in the Battle of Naseby, June 14th. Rupert charged, carrying all before him; but in his eagerness he pursued too far, and the battle was lost. It was decisive; the Royalists fled in all directions. The Queen fortunately was abroad; the Prince hastened to the Scilly Islands; and Charles himself wandered vaguely to re-collect an army. John Lilburne, who had been a prominent Puritan, by his refusal to accept the Self-Denying Ordinance, was consequently excluded from the New Model Army and in opposition to the House.

THE GENERAL ECLIPSE

Ladies that gild the glittering noon
And by reflection mend his ray,
Whose beauty makes the sprightly sun
To dance as upon Easter-day,
What are you now the Queen's away?

Courageous Eagles, who have whet
Your eyes upon majestic light,
And thence derived such martial heat
That still your looks maintain the fight,
10 What are you since the King's goodnight?

Cavalier-buds, whom Nature teems
As a reserve for England's throne,
Spirits whose double edge redeems
The last Age and adorns your own,
What are you now the Prince is gone?

As an obstructed fountain's head
Cuts the entail off from the streams
And brooks are disinherited,
Honour and Beauty are but dreams
20 Since Charles and Mary lost their beams!

Criminal Valours, who commit
Your gallantry, whose pæan brings
A psalm of mercy after it,
In this sad solstice of the King's
Your victory hath mewed her wings!

See, how your soldier wears his cage
Of iron like the captive Turk
And as the guerdon of his rage!
See, how your glimmering Peers do lurk,
30 Or at the best, work journey-work!

Thus 'tis a general eclipse
And the whole world is à la mort;
Only the House of Commons trips
The stage in a triumphant sort.
Now e'en John Lilburn take them for it!

Of "THE KING'S DISGUISE."

For ten months longer the King maintained the struggle. His sole hope was to cause dissension between the Parliament and its allies the Scots, and for that purpose he carried on negotiations with both sides. The Scotch Army, under the command of Lesley, was besieging Newark in April of 1646. As the Parliamentary forces were about to beleaguer Oxford, on the 27th, he left it in disguise to surrender himself to the Scots, and after wandering for eight days, voluntarily entered the imprisonment which was to end only with his life.

Manchester we have found before as Lord Kimbolton; he had succeeded to the title, and was one of the Parliament's generals. If the statement in the preface to the 1677 edition is to be taken literally, this poem is definitely dated as May 2nd.

THE KING'S DISGUISE.

And why so coffined in this vile disguise
That who but sees, blasphemes thee with his eyes?
My twins-of-light within their penthouse shrink
And hold it their allegiance to wink.
O, for a state distinction to arraign
Charles of high treason 'gainst my Sovereign!
What an usurper to his prince is wont,
Cloister and shave him, he himself hath don' 't.
His muffled feature speaks him a recluse—

1 And why a Tenant to this vile disguise, '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

2 Wch who but sees, blasphems thee with his eyes? '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

4 And hold it their Allegiance now to wink. '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

- 10 His ruins prove him a religious house!
 The sun hath mewed his beams from off his lamp
 And majesty defaced the royal stamp.
 Is it not enough thy dignity's in thrall,
 But thou'lt transcribe it in thy shape and all,
 As if thy blacks were of too faint a dye
 Without the tincture of tautology?
 Flay an Egyptian for his cassock skin
 Spun of his country's darkness, line it within
 With Presbyterian budge, that drowsy trance,
- 20 The Synod's sable foggy ignorance;
 Nor bodily nor ghostly negro could
 Roughcast thy figure in a sadder mould.
 This privy-chamber of thy garb would be
 But the close mourner to thy Royalty.
 Then, break the circle of thy tailor's spell,
 A pearl within a rugged oyster shell.
 Heaven, which the minster of thy person owns,
 Will fine thee for dilapidations.
 Like to a martyred abbey's coarser doom,
- 30 Devoutly altered to a pidgeon-room:
 Or like a college by the changeling rabble,
 Manchester's Elves, transformed into a stable;
- 13 It's not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall, '59, '62, '65, R.
 14 But thou'lt transmute it in thy shape and all? '53, '59,
 '62, '65, R.
 19 With Presbyterian badge, that drawzy Trance '77, '87, '99.
 23 This Privy-Chamber of thy shape would be '53, '59, '62,
 '65, R.
 24 But the Close-mourner of thy Royalty: '53, '62.
 25 'Twill break the Circle of thy Jaylors spell, '53, '59, '62,
 '65, R.
 26 Heaven, which the Minister of thy Person owns, '87, '99.
 29 Like to the martyr'd Abbeys courser doom, '59, '62, '65, R.
 31 Or like the College by the changeling rabble, '59, '62, '65, R.

Or if there be a prophanation higher ;
 Such is the sacrilege of thine attire
 By which thou art half deposed. Thou lookest
 Whose looks are under sequestration: [like one
 Whose renegado form at the first glance
 Shows like the Self-denying Ordinance ;
 Angel of light, and darkness too, (I doubt)
 40 Inspired within and yet possessed without ;
 Majestic twilight in the state of grace,
 Yet with an excommunicated face.
 Charles and his mask are of a different mint ;
 A psalm of mercy in a miscreant print.
 The sun wears midnight, day is beetle-browed,
 And lightning is in kelder of a cloud.
 O the accursed stenography of state !
 The princely eagle shrunk into a bat !
 What charm, what magic vapor can it be
 50 That checks his rays to this apostasy ?
 It is no subtile film of tiffany air,
 No cobweb vizard such as ladies wear
 When they are veiled on purpose to be seen,
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquished screen.
 No, the false scabbard of a prince is tough
 And three-piled darkness, like the smoky slough
 Of an imprisoned flame ; 'tis Fawkes in grain ;
 Dark lantern to our bright meridian.

47 Oh the accurst stenography of fate ! '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

55 Nor the false scabbard of a Princes tough '53, '59, '62,
 '65, R.

56 Mettal, and three pil'd darknesse, like the slough '53, '59,
 '62, '65, R.

57 Of an imprison'd flame ; 'tis Faux in grain, '53, '59, '62,
 '65, '77, '87, '99, R.

58 Dark lanthorn to our high Meridian, '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

- Hell belched the damp; the Warwick Castle vote
 60 Rang Britain's curfew, so our light went out.
 A black offender, should he wear his sin
 For penance, could not have a darker skin.
 His visage is not legible; the letters
 Like a lord's name writ in fantastic fetters;
 Clothes where a Switzer might be buried quick;
 Sure they would fit the body politic;
 False beard enough to thatch a poet's plot,
 (For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot;)
 Nay, all his properties so strange appear,
 70 You are not in the presence though the King be
 there.
 A libel is his dress, a garb uncouth,
 Such as the hue and cry once purged at mouth.
 Scribbling assassinate! Thy lines attest
 An earmark due, Cub of the Blatant Beast;
 Whose breath, before 'tis syllabled for worse,
 Is blasphemy unfledged, a callow curse.
 The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind
 Wafting to hell, bag up thy phrase and bind
 It to the bark, which at the voyage end
 80 Shifts poop and breeds the colic in the Fiend.
 But I'll not dub thee with a glorious scar
 Nor sink thy sculler with a man-of-war.
 The black-mouthed Siquis and this slandering
 Both do alike in picture execute. [suit

61-62 Omitted in '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

63 Thy visage is not legible, the letters, '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

67 False beard enough to fit a stages plot, '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

69 Nay all his Properties so plain appear, '87, '99.

75 Whose wrath before 'tis syllabled for worse, '53, '59, '62,
 '65, R.

But since we are all called Papists, why not date
Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?

As temples use to have their porches wrought
With sphinxes, creatures on an antique draught,
And puzzling portraitures to show that there

90 Riddles inhabited; the like is here.

But pardon, Sir, since I presume to be
Clerk of this closet to your Majesty.

Methinks in this your dark mysterious dress

I see the Gospel couched in parables.

At my next view my purblind fancy ripens

And shows Religion in its dusky types;

Such a text royal, so obscure a shade

Was Solomon in Proverbs all arrayed.

Come, all the brats of this expounding age

100 To whom the spirit is in pupilage,

You that damn more than ever Samson slew,—

And with his engine the same jaw-bone too!—

How is it he escapes your inquisition free

Since bound up in the Bible's livery?

Hence, Cabinet-intruders! Pick-locks, hence!

You, that dim jewels with your Bristol sense

And characters, like witches, so torment

Till they confess a guilt though innocent!

Keys for this coffer you can never get;

110 None but St. Peter's opes this cabinet,

This cabinet, whose aspect would benight

Critic spectators with redundant light.

89 And purling Portraitures, to shew that there '77, '87, '99.

95 The second view my purblind phancy wipes, '77, '87, '99.

109 Keys for this Cipher you can never get, '77, '87, '99.

110 None but St. Peter opes this Cabinet, '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

A Prince most seen is least. What Scriptures
 The Revelation, is most mystical. [call
 Mount then, thou Shadow Royal, and with haste
 Advance thy morning-star, Charles, overcast.
 May thy strange journey contradictions twist
 And force fair weather from a Scottish mist.
 Heaven's confessors are posed, those star-eyed
 sages,
 120 To interrupt an eclipse thus riding stages.
 Thus Israel-like he travels with a cloud,
 Both as a conduct to him and a shroud.
 But O, he goes to Gibeon and renews
 A league with mouldy bread and clouted shoes!

116 Advance thy Morning-Star, Charles's overcast. '53.

120 To interpret Eclipse, thus riding stages. '53, '59, '62, '65, R.

PART THREE

POEMS ATTRIBUTED
TO CLEVELAND BY
MODERN SCHOLARS, NOT
IN THE EDITION OF 1677



ADDITIONAL POEMS

The poems in Part III are taken from those which have been credited to Cleveland but which were not included in the authoritative edition of 1677. This edition was produced as a memorial by his two former pupils, and it claims to be free from the "false and spurious" poems which have "profaned" his reputation. (For this preface, cf. App. D.) We may then assume that all poems included in this edition are genuine. But apparently all his genuine poems were not included in this edition. In 1638 a memorial of Ben Jonson, entitled "*Jonsonus Virbius*," was published, in which were pieces signed by the prominent writers of the time. One bears the name of Cleveland. At that time he was unknown to the reading public, and there was no reason for a forgery to appear over his name; moreover, to be admitted to such a publication was in itself a great compliment; there can be no question as to the authenticity of this poem. It is, however, not in the 1677 edition, and the question arises, How many more genuine poems are also excluded? The subject is complicated by the facts (a) no edition was authorized by him, and (b) that, as he was the most popular writer of the day, many poems were fathered upon him by tricky publishers, sometimes under the heading "*Uncertain Authors*," and sometimes merely as "*Additions*." The bulk of

ADDITIONAL POEMS

this apocryphal matter is treble that of his undoubted work. In 1659 E. Williamson, who claimed to have been intimate with Cleveland in Newark, brought out an almost entirely new compilation, "the remainder of Mr. Cleveland's last never-before-printed pieces," under the title of "Cleveland Revived." His preface (cf. App. D.) tells us "indeed most of his former printed poems were truly his own, except such as have been lately added to make up the volume; at the first some few of his verses were printed with the 'Character of a London Diurnal,' a stitched pamphlet in quarto: afterwards, as I have heard Mr. Cleveland say, the copies of verses that he communicated to his friends, the book-seller by chance meeting with them, being added to his book, they sold him another impression; in like manner such small additions (though but a paper or two of his incomparable verses or prose) posted off other editions . . ." There was, then, in 1659, some doubt as to which were Cleveland's genuine poems. But Williamson, to make matters worse, added "some other poems . . . such as the reader shall find to be of such persons as were for the most part Mr. Cleveland's contemporaries. . . . I hope the world cannot be so far mistaken in his Genuine Muse, as not to discern his pieces from any of the other poems." The condition as given in this preface is, then, (1) that certain poems only doubtfully identified were mingled with others definitely known to be of other authorship and the whole published under his name; and (2) that the "King's Return" and the

ADDITIONAL POEMS

“Rebel Scot” are the only ones of this edition included in that of 1667.

But this was not due to the ignorance of the later editors who thus scornfully attack the “*Cleaveland Revived*” in their preface: “We know that you have not without passionate resentments beheld the prostitution of his name in some late editions vended under it, wherein his orations are murdered over and over in barbarous latin, and a more barbarous translation, and wherein is scarce one or other poem of his own to commute for all the rest . . . *Cleveland* thus ‘revived,’ dieth another death.” Then, in 1687, a volume was issued including not only the 1677, but also all poems, with but four exceptions, that had ever appeared under his name; Williamson’s significant preface, however, and the equivalent insertion on the title-page were, however, omitted. This edition, Lowndes’ “best” edition, has been fruitful of error, as thus there is no intimation that these poems are not genuine, and many inferences have been based upon pieces which he certainly did not write. Fifty-six have been traced to their proper authors; forty remain unidentified. Of these forty, as they were not included in the 1677 edition, the presumption is against their authenticity. Every piece must be proved. In the case of those of the “*Cleaveland Revived*” the proof must be sufficiently strong to over-ride the expressed dissent of the 1677 editors who, much more than we, were in a position to know. The poems in Part III are those either given to *Cleveland* by critics, or they have been

ADDITIONAL POEMS

selected on the grounds of external or internal evidence. The three poems, "On Christ-Church Windows," "The Schismatick," and "Zealous Discourse between the Parson of the Parish and Tebitha," which are assigned to Cleveland by "Mr. B." in the notes to Grey's edition of "Hudibras," 1744, are here omitted. It is noticeable that Grey himself always refers to the 1677 edition; Mr. B., on the contrary, apparently used the 1687 edition without any questioning. Two of the poems are very coarse, and the third was apparently written by an Oxford man.

Internal criticism is always uncertain; the chief factor in the case, that undefined thing we call personality, cannot be put down in black and white. The following are the most pronounced characteristics of his verse:

1. Very careless in rhymes: face—glass, dressed—east, wrong—tongue, together—either, vote—out, choice—paradise, bones—nonce, etc.; throws accent on final syllable for the sake of rhyme: say—algebrà, bear—ministèr, are—character, she—heraldry, cry—mortality; the use of double rhymes: honour—on her, praise 't—taste, short—for 't, wooer—to her, figures—diggers, know it—poet, phrase—Indias; the rare use of the feminine ending.

2. Normal form the tightened heroic couplet; overflow rare; the conceit is usually complete in the couplet, the first line broken into two phrases, the second rounding out the thought:

ADDITIONAL POEMS

"Scots are like witches, do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the blood come, they'll not hurt you then."

3. No introduction; the first line repeats a phrase from the title, and then follows a series of descriptive phrases without a verb—

"Flea-bitten synod, an assembly brewed
Of clerks and elders ana, like the rude
Chaos of Presbytery, where laymen guide
With the tame woolpack clergy by their side."
—*Mixed Assembly.*

4. Rare use of inversions.

5. Rhetorical questions.

6. Always elides the "e" in the past weak participle in "ed"—

"So soft, 'tis air but once remov'd;
Tender as 'twere a jelly glov'd."

"The trump turn'd up after the game was play'd."

7. The series of unrelated conceits.

MR. CLEVELAND'S REPLY FROM BELVOIR TO THE THREE NEWARK POETS.

(Never before published; Egerton MS. 2725, British Museum; probably genuine, as it is in his manner.)

All hail to the poetic gleek,
Bob, and Bob, and Stephen eke;
The puny-demi-rhyming terse,
The dwarfes, the elves, Tom Thumbs in verse,
The very Jeffries of the limes,
Both for reason and for rhymes,
Who write but butter-milk and whey
And yet for sack and claret pray.
You that are poets of the dale
Must take the finger first in ale,
And leave the sack and claret beers
To us, the Belvoir mountaineers.
We are high comers, birds of fame,
You are but tonies of the game.
I will no more invention brew,
But cut the rope and bid adieu.
For we lose time to play at wasters
With three such grievous poetasters.

AN ELEGY ON BEN JONSON

(This has appeared in the "Jonsonus Virbius," where it is signed; consequently there can be no doubt as to its authenticity.)

Who first reformed our stage with justest laws,
And was the first best judge in his own cause;
Who, when his actors trembled for applause,

Could (with a noble confidence) prefer
His own, by right, to a whole theatre;
From principles which he knew could not err:

Who to his fable did his persons fit,
With all the properties of art and wit,
And above all that could be acted, writ:

10 Who public follies did to covert drive,
Which he again could cunningly retrace,
Leaving them no ground to rest on and thrive:

Here JONSON lies, whom, had I named before,
In that one word alone I had paid more
Than can be now, when plenty makes me poor.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

2 And was the first best judge in your own cause: "Jonsonus Virbius."

5 His own, by Right, to a noble Theater; '60, '68, '87, '99.

7 Who to his Fable did his Person fit, '60, '68, '87, '99.

TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON

("Jonsonus Virbius," unsigned, and the only anonymous piece in the collection. Gifford, in his reprint, misled by its appearance in the "Cleaveland Revived," supplied the initials "J. C." However, as no other author contributed more than one piece, and as Cleveland signed his own in full, it is probably by some other author. Moreover, although Cleveland is occasionally careless in the matter of pure rhymes, there is never such a large proportion of mere assonance in his genuine work. This piece is surely not by Cleveland.)

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportioned wit,
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echoed by consenting men:
The soul which answered best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made;
Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
10 Returning all her music with his own,
In whom with nature study claimed a part,
And yet who to himself owed all his art:
Here lies Ben Jonson! Every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his book.

12 Yet who unto himself ow'd all this Art: '60, '68, '87, '99.

ODE TO BEN JONSON, UPON HIS ODE TO HIMSELF

("Q. Horatius Flaccus, His Art of Poetry, Englished by Ben Jonson; London, 1640." This poem has never appeared in any of Cleveland's editions. With the exception of the folio of 1692, I have examined all the editions of the collected works of Jonson, and it does not appear in them until Gifford's edition of 1816. There it is signed in full, John Cleveland. In the back of the copy of the "Art of Poetry" in the Yale Library, there is a manuscript note saying that the book had formerly belonged to Gifford; so probably it was from that particular copy that Gifford took the poem. However, there the signature is simply the initials "I. C." Apparently he had no other authority for attributing the poem to Cleveland. Mr. Ebsworth, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," assumes this authorship and gives Cleveland the adjective "honest" in consequence. However, there is no external authority; internally it shows a greater knowledge of Greek than his other poems, and it is not characteristic of his versification. The footnotes appended are the author's own,—another feature unlike Cleveland.)

Proceed in thy brave rage
Which hath raised up our stage
Unto that height as Rome, in all her state,
Or Greece might emulate;
Whose greatest senators did silent sit,
Hear and applaud the wit,
Which those temperate times
Used when it taxed their crimes;
Socrates stood and heard with true delight
10 All that the sharp Athenian Muse could write

Against his supposed fault;
 And did digest the salt
 That from that full vein did so freely flow:
 And, though that we do know
 The Graces jointly strove to make that breast
 A temple for their rest,
 We must not make thee less
 Than Aristophanes.

He got the start of thee in time and place,
 20 But thou hast gained the goal in art and grace.

But if thou make thy feasts
 For the high-relished guests
 And that a cloud of shadows shall break in,
 It were almost a sin
 To think that thou shouldst equally delight
 Each several appetite;
 Though Art and Nature strive
 Thy banquets to contrive.

Thou art our* whole Menander, and dost† look
 30 Like the old Greek; think then but on his‡ cook.

* Cæsar called Terence, Menander *halfed*, because he wanted so much of his grace and sharpness. Ben Jonson may well be called our Menander *whole*, as more exceeding him as much in sharpness and grace, as Terence wanted of him.

† Ben Jonson is said to be very like the picture we have of Menander, taken from an ancient medal.

‡ Menander, in a fragment of one of his comedies, makes his Cook speak after this manner of the diversities of tastes, viz.:

What is his usual fare:
 What country man is he?
 These things 'tis meet the Cook should scan:
 For such nice guests as in the Isles are bred,
 With various sorts of fresh fish nourished,
 In salt meat take little or no delight,
 But taste them with fastidious appetite.

If thou thy full cups bring
Out of the Muses' spring
And there are some foul mouths had rather drink
Out of the common sink,
There let them seek to quench th' hydropic thirst
Till the swoln humour burst.
Let him, who daily steals
From thy most precious meals,
Since thy strange plenty finds no loss by it,
40 Feed himself with the fragments of the wit.

And let those silken men,
That know not how or when
To spend their money or their time, maintain
With their consumed no-brain
Their barbarous feeding on such gross base stuff
As only serves to puff
Up the weak, empty mind,
Like bubbles full of wind,
And strive t' engage the scene with their damned
oaths,
50 As they do with the privilege of their clothes.

Whilst thou takest that high spirit,
Well purchased by thy merit:
Great Prince of Poets, though thy head be gray,
Crown it with Delphic bay,
And from the chief (pin) in Apollo's choir
Take down thy best tuned lyre,
Whose sound shall pierce so far
It shall strike out the star

55 (pin) Gifford's emendation.

Which fabulous Greece durst fix in heaven, whilst
thine
60 With all due glory here on earth shall shine.

Sing, English Horace, sing
The wonder of thy King;
Whilst his triumphant chariot runs his whole
Bright course about each pole.
Sing down the Roman harper; he shall rain
His bounties on thy vein,
And with his golden rays
So gild thy glorious bays,
That Fame shall bear on her unwearied wing
70 What the best Poet sung of the best King.
I. C.

THE SCOTS' APOSTASY

(This appears in two of the editions of 1647 under the heading, "Uncertain Authors"; it is in all subsequent editions except those of the "Cleaveland Revived" and the edition of 1677; it is credited to Cleveland by Lloyd in 1668 with other of his genuine pieces. Internally it shows his manner, or a very clever imitation of his manner.)

Is it come to this? What shall the checks of Fame,
Stretched with the breath of learned Loudoun's
name,

Be flagged again? And that great piece of sense,
As rich in loyalty as eloquence,

Brought to the test, be found a trick of state?

Like chemists' tinctures, proved adulterate?

The Devil sure such language did achieve

To cheat our unforewarned Grandam Eve,

As this impostor found out to besot

10 The experienced English to believe a Scot!

Who reconciled the Covenant's doubtful sense,

The Commons' argument, or the City's pence?

Or did you doubt persistence in one good

Would spoil the fabric of your brotherhood,

Projected first in such a forge of sin,

Was fit for the grand Devil's hammering?

Or was it ambition that this damned fact

2 Stretched with the breath of learned Londons name, Rump
Songs.

4 As rich in Loyalty and Eloquence, '53, '59, '62, '87, '99.

- Should tell the world you know the sins you act?
 The infamy this super-treason brings
- 20 Blasts more than murders of your sixty kings;
 A crime so black, as being advisedly done,
 Those hold with this no competition.
 Kings only suffered then; in this doth lie
 The assassination of the Monarchy.
 Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,
 If not to attempt deposing of your God.
 Oh, were you so engaged that we might see
 Heaven's angry lightning about your ears to flee
 Till you were shrivelled to dust, and your cold
 Land
- 30 Parched to a drought beyond the Lybian sand!
 But 'tis reserved! Till Heaven plague you worse,
 Be objects of an epidemic curse.
 First, may your brethren, to whose viler ends
 Your power hath bawded, cease to be your friends
 And, prompted by the dictates of their reason,
 Reproach the traitor though they hug the treason:
 And may their jealousies increase and breed
 Till they confine your steps beyond the Tweed:
 In foreign nations may your loathed name be
- 40 A stigmatizing brand of infamy,
 Till forced by general hate you cease to roam
 The world, and for a plague to live at home;
 Till you resume your poverty and be
 Reduced to beg where none can be so free
 To grant: and may your scabby Land be all
 Translated to a general hospital:
 Let not the sun afford one gentle ray

22 Those hold with these no competition. '59, '62, '65, '87, '99.

To give you comfort of a summer's day;
 But, as a guerdon for your traitorous war,
 50 Live cherished only by the Northern Star:
 No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,
 And be to banished men as lost:
 And such, in heightening of the infliction due,
 Let provoked princes send them all to you:
 Your State a chaos be where not the Law,
 But power, your lives and liberties may awe:
 No subject 'mongst you keep a quiet breast,
 But each man strive through blood to be the best;
 Till, for those miseries on us you've brought,
 60 By your own sword our just revenge be wrought.
 To sum up all—let your religion be,
 As your allegiance, masked hypocrisy,
 Until, when Charles shall be composed in dust,
 Perfumed with epithets of good and just,
 HE saved, incensed Heaven may have forgot
 To afford one act of mercy to a Scot,
 Unless that Scot deny himself and do,
 (What's easier far) renounce his Nation too.

AN EPITAPH ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD

(In all five of the 1647 editions, in two of which under the heading "Uncertain Authors"; in all subsequent editions except the "Cleaveland Revived"; attributed by Nichols. Internally unlike his manner.)

Here lies wise and valiant dust
Huddled up 'twixt good and just;
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treason and convenience.
He spent his time here in a mist;
A Papist, yet a Calvinist;
His Prince's nearest joy and grief,
He had, yet wanted, all relief;
The prop and ruin of the State;
10 The People's violent love and hate;
One in extremes loved and abhorred.
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies blood; and let it lie
Speechless still and never cry.

THE DEFINITION OF A PROTECTOR

(Appears only in the "Cleaveland Revived": internally; Cleveland always elides the "ed" when possible,—“stampéd” and “quarteréd” are not in his use,—probably not genuine.)

- What's a Protector? He's a stately thing
 That apes it in the nonage of a King;
 A tragic actor; Cæsar in a clown;
 He's a brass farthing stamped with a crown;
 A bladder blown, with others' breaths puffed full;
 Not the Perillus but Perillus' bull;
 Æsop's proud ass veiled in the lion's skin;
 An outward saint lined with a devil within;
 An echo whence the royal sound doth come.
- 10 But just as a barrel-head sounds like a drum;
 Fantastic image of the royal head;
 The brewers with the King's arms quartered.
 He is a counterfeited piece that shows
 Charles his effigies with a copper nose.
 In fine, he's one we must Protector call,
 From whom the King of Kings protect us all!
- PROTECTOR } Oportet C. R.
 anagram }

ON BLACK EYES

(Appears only in the "Cleaveland Revived"; attributed by Nichols; very unlike his manner; Cleveland never rhymes "un" with "om.")

In faith, 'tis true I am in love.

'Tis your black eyes have made me so.

My resolutions they remove

And former niceness overthrow.

Those glowing charcoals set on fire

A heart that former flames did shun,

Who, as heretic unto desire,

Now's judged to suffer martyrdom.

But Beauty, since it is thy fate

10 At distance thus to wound so sure,

Thy virtues I will imitate

And see if distance prove a cure.

Then farewell, Mistress! Farewell, Love!

Those lately entertained desires,

Wise men can from that plague remove.

Farewell, Black Eyes! and farewell, Fires.

If ever I my heart acquit

Of those dull flames, I'll bid a pox

On all black eyes and swear they're fit

20 For nothing but a tinder-box!

NEWS FROM NEWCASTLE

OR NEWCASTLE COAL-PITS

(Appears only in the "Cleaveland Revived"; attributed by Nichols; it is certainly characteristic of his manner in every particular. It is quoted by Johnson in his "Life of Cowley.")

- England's a perfect world, hath Indies too;
Correct your maps, Newcastle is Peru!
Let the haughty Spaniard triumph till 'tis told
Our sooty minerals refine his gold.
This will sublime and hatch the abortive oar
When the sun tires and stars can do no more.
No mines are current, unrefined and gross;
Coals make the sterling, Nature but the dross.
For metals Bacchus-like two births approve.
- 10 Heaven heats the Semele and ours the Jove.
Thus Art doth polish Nature; 'tis the trade.
So every madame hath her chambermaid.
Who'd dote on gold? A thing so strange and odd
'Tis most contemptible when made a god!
All sin and mischief hence have rise and swell;
One India more would make another Hell.
Our mines are innocent, nor will the North
Tempt poor mortality with too much worth.
They're not so precious: rich enough to fire
- 20 A lover, yet make none idolater.
The moderate value of our guiltless ore
Makes no man atheist, nor no woman whore.

Yet why should hallowed Vestals' sacred shrine
 Deserve more honour than a flaming mine?
 These pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be,
 Than a few embers, for a deity.
 Had he our pits, the Persian would admire
 No sun, but warm his devotion at our fire.
 He'd leave the trotting whipster and prefer
 30 Our profound Vulcan 'bove that Waggoner.
 For wants he heat, or light, or would have store
 Of both? 'Tis here. And what can suns give
 more?
 Nay, what's the sun but, in a different name,
 A coal-pit rampant, or a mine on flame?
 Then let this truth reciprocally run,
 The sun's Heaven's coalery, and coals our sun;
 A sun that scorcheth not, locked up in the deep;
 The lions chained, the bandog is asleep.
 That tyrant fire, which uncontrolled doth rage,
 40 Here's calm and hushed, like Bajazet in the cage.
 For in each coal-pit there doth couchant dwell
 A muzzled Etna, or an innocent Hell.
 Kindle the cloud, you'll lightning then descry;
 Then will day break from the gloomy sky;
 Then you'll unbutton though December blow,
 And sweat in the midst of icicles and snow;
 The dog-days then at Christmas. Thus is all
 The year made June and equinoctial.
 If heat offends, our pits afford us shade,

32 Or both? 'Tis here: And what can Suns give more? '68,
 '87, '99.

38 The Lions chang'd, the Bandog is a sleep. '68.

45 Then you'll unbottom, though December blow, '68, '87, '99.

49 If Heat offends, our Pits affords us Shade, '60, '68, '87, '99.

- 50 Thus summer's winter, winter summer's made.
What need we baths, what need we bower or
A coal-pit's both a ventiduct and stove. [grove?
Such pits and caves were palaces of old;
Poor inns, God wot, yet in an age of gold;
And what would now be thought a strange de-
To build a house was then to undermine. [sign,
People lived under ground, and happy dwellers
Whose jovial habitations were all cellars!
These primitive times were innocent, for then
- 60 Man, who turned after fox, made but his den.
But see a fleet of vitals trim and fine,
To court the rich infanta of our mine;
Hundreds of grim Leanders do confront,
For this loved Hero, the loud Hellespont.
'Tis an armada royal doth engage
For some new Helen with this equipage;
Prepared too, should we their addresses bar,
To force this mistress with a ten years' war,
But that our mine's a common good, a joy
- 70 Made not to ruin but enrich our Troy.
But oh! These bring it with them and conspire
To pawn that idol for our smoke and fire.
Silver's but ballast; this they bring on shore
That they may treasure up our better ore.
For this they venture rocks and storms, defy
All the extremity of sea and sky.
For the glad purchase of this precious mold,
Cowards dare pirates, misers part with gold.
Hence is it when the doubtful ship sets forth
- 80 The naving needle still directs it north,
And, Nature's secret wonders to attest,

- Our Indies' worth, discards both east and west
 For Tyne. Not only fire commends this spring,
 A coal-pit is a mine for everything.
 We sink a jack-of-all-trades, shop and sound,
 An inverse bourse, an exchange under ground.
 This Proteus earth converts to what you ha't;
 Now you may wear it to silk, now come it to
 And, what's a metamorphosis more dear, [plate,
 90 Dissolve it and 'twill turn to London beer.
 For whatsoe'er that gaudy city boasts,
 Each month doth drive to attractive coasts.
 We shall exhaust their chamber and devour
 Their treasure of Guild Hall and mint of the
 Tower.
 Our staiths their mortgaged streets will soon
 deride,
 Blazon their Cornhill-stella, share Cheapside.
 Thus shall our coal-pits' charity and pity
 At distance undermine and fire the City.
 Should we exact, they'd pawn their wives and
 treat
 100 To swop those coolers for our sovereign heat.
 'Bove kisses and embraces fire contralls;
 No Venus heightens like a peck of coals.
 Medea was a drug of some old sire
 And Æson's bath a lusty sea-coal fire.
 Chimneys are old men's mistresses, their inns,
 A modern dalliance with their meazled shins.
 To all defects a coal-heap gives a cure,
 Gives youth to age and raiment to the poor.
 Pride first wore clothes; Nature disdains attire;

- 110 She made us naked 'cause she gave us fire.
 Full wharfs and wardrobes, and the tailor's charm
 Belongs to the collier; he must keep us warm.
 The quilted alderman in all his array
 Finds but cold comfort in a frosty day;
 Girt, wrapped, and muffled, yet with all this stir
 Scarce warm when smothered in his drowsy fur;
 Not proof against keen Winter's batteries
 Should he himself wear all his liveries,
 But chillblain under silver spurs bewails
- 120 And in embroidered buckskins blows his nails.
 Rich meadows and full crops are elsewhere found.
 We can reap harvest from our barren ground.
 The bald parched hills that circumscribe our
 Tyne
 Are no less pregnant in their hungry mine.
 Their unfledged tops so well content our palates,
 We envy none their nosebags and their sallets.
 A gay rank soil like a young gallant grows
 And spends itself that it may wear fine clothes,
 Whilst all its worth is to its back confined.
- 130 Our wear's plain outside, but is richly lined;
 Winter's above, 'tis summer underneath,
 A trusty morglay in a rusty sheath.
 As precious sables sometimes interlace
 A wretched serge or grogram cassock case.
 Rocks own no spring, are pregnant with no
 showers,
 Crystals and gems are there instead of flowers;
 Instead of roses, beds of rubies sweet
 And emeralds recompence the violet.
 Dame Nature, not like other madames, wears

140 Where she is bare, pearls in her breasts and ears.
What though our fields present a naked sight?
A paradise should be an adamite.
The northern lad his bonny lass throws down
And gives her a black bag for a green gown.

UPON TOM OF CHRISTCHURCH

(This appears only in the "Cleaveland Revived"; attributed by Professor Arber in his "Milton Anthology." This charming little poem is unlike any of Cleaveland's known pieces; there is again the stressed "ed" which does not occur in his genuine work. It was probably written by an Oxford man.)

Thou that by ruin dost repair
And by destruction art a founder,
Whose art doth tell us what men are,
Who by corruption shall rise sounder,
In this fierce fire's intensive heat
Remember this is Tom the Great.

And Cyclops think at every stroke,
Which with thy sledge his side shall wound,
That then some statute thou hast broke
10 Which long depended on his sound,
And that our college gates did cry
They were not shut since Tom did die.

Think what a scourge 'tis to the city
To drink and swear by Carfax bell
Which, bellowing without tune or pity,
The days and nights divides not well.
But the poor tradesman must give o'er
His ale at eight or sit till four.

We all in haste drink off our wine
20 As if we never should drink more,
So that the reckoning after nine
Is larger now than that before.
Release this tongue which erst could say
"Home, scholars; Drawer, what's to pay?"

So thou of order shall be founder,
Making a ruler for the people,
One that shall ring thy praises wonder
Than the other six bells in the steeple.
Wherefore think, when Tom is running
30 Our manners wait upon thy cunning.

Then let him raised be from ground,
The same in number, weight, and sound.
So may thy conscience rule thy gain,
Or, would thy theft might be thy bane!

AN ELEGY UPON KING CHARLES THE FIRST, MURDERED PUBLICLY BY HIS SUBJECTS

(This was first published in the "Monumentum Regale, A Tombe erected for that Incomparable and Glorious Monarch, Charles the First; 1649." Also it is in the editions of 1653 and in all subsequent editions, except the "Cleveland Revived." There are three on this same subject which appear together in the same editions; Mr. Scollard says two are by Cleveland, but he does not say which two; from internal criticism this is the only one which seems to me to bear any resemblance to his manner.)

Were not my faith buoyed up by sacred blood,
It might be drowned in this prodigious flood;
Which reason's highest ground doth so exceed,
It leaves my soul no anchorage but my creed;
Where my faith, resting on the original,
Supports itself in this, the copy's fall.
So while my faith floats on that bloody wood,
My reason's cast away in this red flood
Which ne'er o'erflows us all. Those showers past
10 Made but land-floods which did some valleys waste.
This stroke hath cut the only neck of land
Which between us and this red sea did stand,
That covers now our world which cursed lies
At once with two of Egypt's prodigies,
(O'ercast with darkness and with blood o'er-run.)

3 Which Reasons highest ground do so exceed, '59, '65, '87, '99.

- And justly since our hearts have theirs outdone.
 The enchanter led them to a less known ill
 To act his sin, than 'twas their king to kill;
 Which crime hath widowed our whole nation,
 20 Voided all forms, left but privation
 In Church and State; inverting every right;
 Brought in Hell's state of fire without light.
 No wonder then if all good eyes look red,
 Washing their loyal hearts from blood so shed;
 The which deserves each pore should turn an eye
 To weep out even a bloody agony.
 Let nought then pass for music but sad cries,
 For beauty bloodless cheeks and blood-shot eyes.
 All colors soil but black; all odors have
 30 I'll scent but myrrh, incensed on this grave.
 It notes a Jew not to believe us much
 The cleaner made by a religious touch
 Of this dead body, whom to judge to die
 Seems the judaical impiety.
 To kill the King, the Spirit Legion paints
 His rage with law, the Temple and the saints.
 But the truth is, he feared and did repine
 To be cast out and back into the swine.
 And the case holds in that the Spirit bends
 40 His malice in this act against his ends;
 For it is like the sooner he'll be sent
 Out of that body he would still torment.
 Let Christians then use otherwise this blood;
 Detest the act, yet turn it to their good;

18 All editions read "then."

33 Of their Dead Body, whom to judge to dye, '59, '62, '65,
 '87, '99.

Thinking how like a King of Death he dies
We easily may the world and death despise.
Death had no sting for him and its sharp arm,
Only of all the troop, meant him no harm.
And so he looked upon the axe as one

- 50 Weapon yet left to guard him to his throne.
In his great name then may his subjects cry,
“Death, thou art swallowed up in victory.”
If this, our loss, a comfort can admit,
'Tis that his narrowed crown is grown unfit
For his enlarged head, since his distress
Had greatedened this, as it made that the less.
His crown was fallen unto too low a thing
For him who was become so great a king.
So the same hands enthroned him in that crown
- 60 They had exalted from him, not pulled down.
And thus God's truth by them hath rendered more
Than e'er men's falsehood promised to restore;
Which, since by death alone he could attain,
Was yet exempt from weakness and from pain.
Death was enjoined by God to touch a part,
Might make his passage quick, ne'er move his
heart,

- Which even expiring was so far from death
It seemed but to command away his breath.
And thus his soul, of this her triumph proud,
- 70 Broke like a flash of lightning through the cloud
Of flesh and blood; and from the highest line
Of human virtue, passed to be divine.
Nor it is much less his virtues to relate
Than the high glories of his present state.
Since both, then, pass all acts but of belief,

Silence may praise the one, the other grief.
And since upon the diamond no less
Than diamonds will serve us to impress,
I'll only wish that for his elegy
80 This our Josias had a Jeremy.

NOTES



NOTES.

Abbreviations used in these notes are:

B. Glossographia: or a Dictionary Interpreting all such Hard Words, Whether Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Teutonic, Belgick, British or Saxon, as are now used in our refined English Tongue. Also all Terms of Divinity, Law, Physick, Mathematicks, Heraldry, Anatomy, War, Musick, Architecture; and of several other Arts and Science Explicated. With Etymologies, Definitions, and Historical Observations on the same. Very useful for all such as desire to understand what they read. By T. B. of the Inner-Temple, Barrister. London, 1656. (This I have preferred to all authorities as in a work such as this the correct meaning or etymology of a word is not so important as the sense in which the author and his contemporaries used it.)

M. Murray's New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.

C. The Century Dictionary.

J. Johnson's Dictionary.

Harl. The Harleian Miscellany; a Collection of Scarce, Curious, and Entertaining Pamphlets and Tracts. London, 1811.

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FUSCARA, OR THE BEE ERRANT, first appears in the second edition of 1651, and in every subsequent edition except the four of the "Cleaveland Revived". It is quoted as the best example of wit in the 1677 preface, and it is the first poem in that edition. Many modern writers cite it as an example of the lack of restraint of the period.

l. 2. *Suckets*, sweetmeats, J. (citing this passage.); by metonymy the art of making gold is put for the gold itself; the word *alchemy* suggests the figure of the next lines.

l. 11. *Distrain*, to make seizure for debt.

l. 13. *Tincture*, an alchemic term signifying pure gold after the dross has been removed.

l. 20. *Transpiring*, evaporating or exhaling.

l. 22. This line is often quoted as the height of ridiculous.

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l. 34. *Inoculate*, to yield a bud to another stock, J. (citing this passage.); *that is to say, the wrist is freckled*. Gosse: The word is again used p. 87, l. 6.

l. 35. She has fine yellow hairs.

l. 37. The lines in the skin on the fingers.

l. 50. The distance between the thumb and little finger when the fingers are extended; here used loosely for the whole hand.

l. 52. So we read of the Danish king in Hamlet, Act 1, sc. iv. 10-12:

“And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.”

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l. 54. The familiar is a spirit or God of the household, among the heathens. (B.)

l. 62. *Lancepesade*, the commander of over ten soldiers, the lowest officer in a foot company.

l. 70. *Ravaillac*, the assassin of Henry of Navarre.

l. 78. *Danae*, the mother of Perseus, was visited by Jove in a shower. The image here is inappropriate because it was not she who produced the golden shower; a better use of the myth is to be found p. 137, l. 161-2.

l. 82. *Parricide*, from parricidium, in the Ciceronian sense of treason, rebellion.

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TO THE STATE OF LOVE, OR THE SENSES FESTIVAL, occurs in the first edition of '51 and in all subsequent editions except those of the *Cleveland Revived*. In the edition of 1677, the title is simply *The Senses' Festival*.

l. 2. The *Seekers*, at this time formed one of the numerous sects who claimed to be searching for the true religion. In Sir John Birkenhead's *Two Centuries of Paul's Church Yard*, there is this allusion: *Species Quarta: A new division of Government into Monarchy, Aristocracy, Democracy, and Anarchy*, by Nuthaniel Bacon, of Gray's Inn, Esquire, *which Fourth was found out by the four kinds of Seekers, some whereof did never seek at all*.

l. 3. *Shaker*; these lines consist of punning conceits upon the names of the various religious sects of the time. I have found no reference to the Shakers then, and as the modern

Shakers were not established until the eighteenth century, it cannot refer to them.

l. 6. *Adamites*, a sect which imitated Adam in doing without clothes. This is a favorite conceit with Cleveland. *They agree in nothing else but that they are all Adamites in understanding, Character of a London Diurnal*. The line suggests Donne's:

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say her body thought."
Anatomy of the World, 2d Anniversary, 244-5-6.

l. 8. There is no noun for *with the same* except Adamite; here he seems to confuse that word with *adamant*, which in its double meaning of attraction and diamond, exactly gives the sense. M. gives no spelling in *ite*, however.

l. 11. Juno is the *Abbess of the Skies*, and her bird is the peacock.
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l. 62. There were three venters in the anatomy, the second of which was the breast. Her speech is, then, a kiss of the heart.

l. 64. The allusion is, of course, to Fair Rosamond and her imprisonment in the labyrinth at Woodstock; for a description of which see Scott's novel of that name.

l. 67. *Pickeering*, skirmishing; thus in Lovelace, *The Toad and the Spider*,

"So within shot she doth pickear,
Now galls the flank, and now the rear."

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l. 75. *Boutesel*; (a. F. *boute-selle*, f. *bouter*, to put; *selle*, saddle). A trumpet call warning knights or cavalry to put on the saddle. (M. citing this passage.)

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TO JULIA TO EXPEDITE HER PROMISE, occurs first in the edition of 1653, and in all subsequent editions, except those of the *Cleveland Revived*. The first verse is quoted by Dr. Johnson in his *Life of Cowley*, with the comment, "Who would imagine it possible that in a very few lines so many remote ideas could be brought together?"

l. 1. *Undershriever*, under-sheriff.

l. 3. *Adrowson*, the reversion of a spiritual promotion, and signifies in our common law a right to present a clergyman to

a Benefice. (B.) Of course here used loosely to signify future possession.

“As if Hypocrisy and Nonsense
Had got the Advowson of his conscience.”

—*Hudibras*, Part 1, C. 1, 235-6.

l. 9. *Rebated foins*, thrusts with blunted swords, not a real combat then.

l. 18. “Julian Account, so called from Juliys Cæsar, who, 44 years before the birth of Christ, observed the falseness of the account then in use, ordained the year to consist of 365 days and six hours, which six hours in four years made 24 hours or a day civil, and were added to the end of February; by reason whereof every fourth year contained 366 days and was called *Annus Bissextilis*, or leap-year, because the sixth of the Calends of March was twice written, and the thing itself was called *Intercalation*. This account for many years seemed to have no sensible error, yet in the progress of time it was discovered to be not so exactly agreeable with the natural motion of the Sun; For the Julian year exceeding the true Solar year 10 min. and 48 seconds, caused the Equinoxes and Solstices yearly to change their places and fly back so many minutes and seconds. Whereupon Pope Gregory the thirteenth, by the advice and direction of Antonius Lilius and other excellent Mathematicians, in the year of Christ, 1582, corrected the Calendar, making the year to consist of 365 days, 5 hours, 49 m. 12 s. And that the vernal Equinox, which then was on the 11 of March, might be reduced to the 21 of March, as it was at the time of the first Nicene Council; he commanded 10 days in the month of October, viz.: from the 4 to the 14, to be left out, so as the fourth day of the month was accounted for the 14 day. Hence it comes to pass, that the new, forraign Lilian or Gregorian account is always 10 days before the old, the English or Julian account.” B.

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l. 26. The famous siege of Ostend, of which Motley gives a graphic account, was formally commenced July 5th, 1601. Of the surrender of the city he gives the following account: *History of the United Netherlands*, v. iv., p. 215 ff. “And thus the arch-dukes (Spaniards), after three years and seventy-seven days of siege, obtained their prize. . . . It would be difficult to imagine a more desolate scene. . . . There were no churches, no houses, no redoubts, no bastions, no walls, nothing but a

vague and confused mass of ruin. . . . There were no human habitations, no hovels, no casements. The inhabitants had burrowed at last in the earth, like the dumb creatures of the swamps and forests. . . . At every step the unburied skulls of the brave soldiers who had died in the cause of freedom grinned their welcome to the conquerors. . . . No human creatures were left save the wife of a freebooter and her paramour, a journeyman blacksmith."

l. 34. *Crisped*, a synonym of curled.

"So are those crisped snakie golden locks." *Mer. of Ven., Act. III, sc. II.*

"Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring."

Comus, 984.

l. 42. *Pelops*, the son of Tantalus, king of Lydia, was killed by his father and served at a banquet of the gods, of whom Ceres alone ate of the dish. Zeus restored him to life, replacing with ivory one shoulder which Ceres had eaten.

l. 44. *Heriot*, the tribute to the lord from the vassal.

l. 47. *Gripe*, grasp of the hand.

l. 48. *Regealing*, re-freezing. I am at a loss to explain the image, unless her eyes, like spheres of ice, melt tears, and cease, and melt again.

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l. 52. Image from pool of Bethesda, St. John, 5, 2.

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THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESS, occurs in the first edition of 1651 and in all subsequent editions except the *Cleveland Revived*. The hecatomb was a sacrifice of a hundred cattle, and consequently there are just a hundred verses in the poem.

l. 7. *Postil* (postilum), "a short exposition upon the Gospel, wherein more is observed, than hath been by others; so called from these words, 'post illos dies,' which are very frequent in Holy Writ." B. A postiller is one who writes postils; used here to denominate writers of short pieces, while his mistress occupies a hundred lines.

l. 18. A Jacob's staff is a surveyor's instrument in use now as then. "Resolve that with your Jacob's staff." *Hudibras*, Part II, C. 3, 786.

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l. 25. *Ela*, the highest note in the gamut. B.

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l. 57. *Quick*, lively, expressive.

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l. 69-75. This passage is obscure as elliptical. I read it: you, whose heavy verse is fitter to describe the Muse's funeral than to describe Celia's looks, Celia whose bosom is paradise itself, now be inspired. *Musk-cat*, the animal signifying the heavy odor.

l. 82. *Quartans*, fevers which come every fourth day.

l. 89. *Gotham*. Fuller, *Worthies of England*, 1662, pp. 315-6, gives the proverb, "As wise as the men of Gotham"; the origin is explained as follows in Thornton's *Nottinghamshire*, v. 3, pp. 42-3, as quoted in *Notes and Queries*, 1, 2, 520. "King John intending to pass through this way towards Nottingham, was prevented by the inhabitants, they apprehending that the ground over which a king passed was forever after to become a public road. The king, incensed at their proceedings, sent from his court, soon afterwards, some of his servants to inquire of them the reason of their incivility and illtreatment, that he might punish them. The villagers hearing of the approach of the king's servants, thought of an expedient to turn away his majesty's displeasure from them. When the messengers arrived at Gotham, they found some of the inhabitants endeavoring to drown an eel in a pool of water; some were employed in dragging carts upon a large barn, to shade the wood from the sun, and others were engaged in hedging a cuckoo which had perched itself upon an old bush. In short, they were all employed upon some foolish way or other, which convinced the king's servants that it was a village of fools."

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THE ANTIPLATONIC occurs in the first edition of 1651 and in all subsequent editions except the *Cleveland Revived*.

l. 10. *Pygmalion*, a Cyprian sculptor, who fell in love with an ivory statue of his own carving.

l. 12. "Niobe, the queen of Thebes, was the mother of fourteen children, all of whom were slain by Apollo and Artemis as a punishment to her pride. Thereupon she was changed to rock and transported to Mt. Sipylus in Lydia." Ovid *Metamorphoses*, VI., Sir Thomas Browne, *Common and Vulgar Errors*, 1686, p. 17.

l. 14. *Quarry*, in the modern sense of stone-pit; a hit at the coldness of Platonic love. J. (citing this passage.)

l. 19-20. The Platonic lovers, thus forming a sect apart, calcine love, i. e., reduce it to nothing but dust.

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l. 22. *Dubs*, stabs. M. (citing this passage.)

l. 26. *Green-sickness*, a symptom of love in Burton's *Anatomy*; with it there is an unnatural appetite.

l. 38. *Cuirassier*, one armed with a cuirass, most commonly spoken of horsemen. B.

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UPON PHILLIS WALKING IN A MORNING BEFORE SUN-RISE, occurs in all editions except the *Cleaveland Revived*.

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TO MRS. K. T., WHO ASKED HIM WHY HE WAS DUMB. Written *calente calamo*, occurs in all editions except the *Cleaveland Revived*. In the early editions the phrase, written *calente calamo*, written with a glowing pen, is omitted.

l. 16. The double meaning in *silenced minister*, is that many Puritan divines were silenced by Laud for political reasons.

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l. 48. The old *Legenda Aurea*, or *Golden Legend*, was originally written in Latin in the thirteenth century, by Jacobus de Voragine, a Dominican friar, who afterwards became Archbishop of Genoa, and died in 1292. In the fifteenth century it was printed by Caxton.

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A FAIR NYMPH SCORNING A BLACK BOY COURTING HER, occurs in all editions except the *Cleaveland Revived*.

l. 2. "That Smoak doth follow the fairest, is a usual saying with us, and in many parts of Europe; whercof although there seem no natural ground, yet is the continuation of a very ancient opinion, as Petrus Victorius and Casaubon have observed from a passage in Atheneus, wherein a Parasite thus describeth himself:

"To every Table first I come,
Whence Porridge I am call'd by some:
A Capaneus at Stairs I am,
To enter any Room a Ram;
Like Whips and Thongs to all I ply,
Like Smoak unto the Fair I fly."

Sir Thomas Browne, *Common and Vulgar Errors*, 1662, p. 219.
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A YOUNG MAN TO AN OLD WOMAN COURTING HIM occurs in all editions except the *Cleaveland Revived*. Fletcher, *Ex Otio Negotium*, 1656, has a poem the antithesis of this, "An Old

Man Courting a Young Girl." The treatment is much the same.

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UPON A MISER WHO MADE A GREAT FEAST AND THE NEXT DAY DIED FOR GRIEF occurs in all editions but the *Cleveland Revised*.

1. 2. *Liquorish*, lickerish, greedy.

1. 5. *Hopkins*, John Hopkins, associated with Thomas Sternhold in the *Whole Book of Psalms, Collected into English Meetre*, 1562, of which fifty-six are by him. I select at random from the thirty-fifth Psalm as an example of *Hopkins' rhyme*:

17. "The bellie Gods and flattering traine,
that all good things deride:
At me do grin with great disdaine,
and plucke their mouthes aside.

18. Lord when wilt thou amend their geare,
why dost thou stay and pause?
O, rid my soule my only deare,
out of these Lyons claws."

Edition of 1601, p. 18.

In the *Character of a London Diurnal* he says, "As Sternhold and Hopkins murder the Psalms."

1. 16. *Tup*, the ram.

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1. 25. *Whinyard*, a contemptuous name for sword.

"He snatched his Whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed."

Hudibras, Part I., C. 22, 938-9.

1. 29. *Ajar*, son of Telemon, when the armor of Achilles was awarded to Odysseus, became insane and fell upon a flock of sheep.

"With greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax."

Hudibras, Part I., C. 2, 309.

1. 39. *Morglay*, the sword of Bevis of Southampton; here used as the name for any sword.

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1. 48. *Thyestes*, the son of Pelops and brother of Atreus, seduced his brother's wife, whereupon Atreus killed his children and served them to the unsuspecting father.

1. 50. Englishmen supposed that the Scotch, like the Jews, did not eat pork.

"The Jewish Scot that scorns to eat
The flesh of swine . . ."

Rump Songs, Pt. I, p. 337.

"The things that are abominated there,
Are clean shirts, swines' flesh, and the common prayer."
Scotland Characterized, 1701, Harl., VII., 377.

l. 54. *The oranges*, in line 54, suggested the golden apples of Atlas, which were watched by a dragon; to steal them was the eleventh labor of Hercules.

l. 60. Jupiter, to save Io, his mistress, from the jealousy of Juno turned her into a white cow. *Mull*, obs. for cow, C.
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l. 74. Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, tells how Acteon, because he had seen Diana bathing, was changed by her into a stag and was torn to death by his own hounds.
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UPON AN HERMAPHRODITE occurs in all editions except the *Cleveland Revived*. This was printed in the 1640, 1643(?), 1652, 1664, and 1668 editions of Randolph's Poems, but not in the 1638, the first. In Beaumont's Poems, 1653, it appears with the heading: "The Hermaphrodite, made after M. Beaumont's death, by Thomas Randolph, M. A., sometime Fellow of Trinity College, in Cambridge."

This edition of Beaumont is thoroughly untrustworthy, and judging also from the following poem, Cleveland is certainly the author. To my surprise it is credited to Randolph in the last edition of his works, London, 1875, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt.

l. 12. Genesis, 2, 21-22.

"And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man."

"Man was not man in Paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better Half, his Bride,
Carv'd from th' Original, his Side,
'T' amend his natural Defects,
And perfect his recruiting Sex;
Enlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen
The Pains and Labour of increasing,
By changing them for other Cares,

As by his dry'd-up Paps appears;
 His body, that stupendous Frame,
 Of all the World the Anagram,
 Is of two equal Parts compact,
 In symmetry and shape exact,
 Of which the Left and Female Side
 Is, to the manly Right, a Bride,
 Both join'd together with such Art,
 That nothing else but Death can part."

Hudibras, Part 3, C. 764, &ff.

For an elaborate discussion of this belief, see Chapt. 2, Bk. VII., of Browne's *Common and Vulgar Errors*.
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l. 31. Phrase common in Herrick; I quote from Pollard's edition:

"You blame me, too, because I can't devise
 Some sport to please those babies in your eyes."

V. 1, p. 17.

"Be ye lock'd up like to these,
 Or the rich Hesperides,
 Or those babies in your eyes,
 In their crystal nunneries."

V. 1, p. 151.

"Clear are her eyes,
 Like purest skies.
 Discovering from thence
 A baby there
 That turns each sphere,
 Like an intelligence."

V. 1, p. 243.

Mr. Pollard's note is as follows: "The phrase 'babies (i. e., dolls) in the eyes' is probably only a translation of its metaphor, involved in the use of the Latin *pupilla* (a little girl), our pupil, for the central spot in the eye.' The metaphor doubtless arose from the small reflections of the inlooker, which appear in the eyes of the person gazed at; but we meet with it both intensified, as in the phrase 'to look babies in the eyes' (equal to peer amorously), and with its origin disregarded, as in Herrick, where the 'babies' are the pupils, and have an existence independent of any inlooker."

l. 48. *Gauntlet*, the masculine glove; *muff*, a soft covering for the hands in winter. J. citing this passage. Presumably then worn principally by women.

l. 51. Achilles, to escape the siege of Troy at which he was

fated to be killed, was sent disguised as a maiden to Lycomedes, king of the Dolopians. Ulysses discovered him by offering for sale swords and needles, the future warrior choosing the first. The "sack of Troy" is proleptical, but vivid, as Achilles' choice determined the fate of that city. Phillis is the conventional name for any maiden; Lycomedes' daughter was called Deidameia.

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l. 57. *Galliard*, an active, nimble, sprightly dance, usually danced by two. For a full discussion of this see note on p. 145, 98.

l. 59. A *heteroclite*, a noun formed from two roots, whose declension consequently is of two forms; the application here is clever, but I do not see why the heart is excepted. Browne gives no clue as to a popular superstition on that score.

l. 66. *The Phillip and Mary* shilling (1554-5) has the two heads in profile close together and facing each other; on the reverse the arms of Spain quartered with those of England.

"Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Phillip and Mary on a shilling."

Hudibras, Part III, C. 1, 686-8.

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THE AUTHOR TO HIS HERMAPHRODITE (made after Mr. Randolph's death, yet inserted into his poems), occurs in all the editions except the *Cleveland Revived*. This then could not have been written before 1640, the date of the first edition of Randolph, in which it appears.

l. 4. *Aums ace* (a. O. F. *ambes as*, L. *ambas as*, both acc.) Both aces, double ace, the lowest possible throw at dice. M. (citing this passage.)

l. 11. *Plurality of livings* was one of the charges brought by the Puritans against the Established Church; the curate did the work and the holder of the living drew the salary, sometimes not coming to his cure for years.

l. 12. *Impropriation*, a parsonage or ecclesiastical living coming by inheritance. B. The ecclesiastical image in 10 is carried through.

l. 16. *Donative*, in Law a benefice merely given and collated by the patron to a man without either a presentation to the ordinary, or institution by the ordinary, or Induction by his orders. B. p, 39, 19.

l. 19. *The Theban wittal*, *Amphitryon*, was the husband of

Acmenē who by Zeus was the mother of Hercules. *Wittal*, cuckold.

l. 22. *Hans-in-keldar*, Jack-in-the-cellar, a common phrase at the time for an unborn child. And the modern Mercuries, but *Hans-in-keldars*, *Char. of London Diurnal*.

“More pregnant than their Margaret, that laid down,
Hans-in-keldar of a whole Hans-Town.”

Marvell's Character of Holland, 1.66.

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l. 34. *Compurgators*, a cleanser, cleaner or purger. B.

l. 35. *Og*; this reference has entirely escaped me; it is used again p. 121, l. 47, but there it may have been applied to some well-known commissary of large size from the great stature of the King of Bashan. Dryden gives Shadwell the name of *Og* from his corpulency.

“With all this bulk there's nothing lost in *Og*,
For every inch, that is not fool, is rogue.”

Absalom and Achitopel, p. 11, 462-3.

It is also to be noted that the poem of the *Dialogue* was probably written in the autumn of 1640, and that then this is later. But what connection *Og*, either as commissary or King of Bashan, could have with Randolph is unknown to me. Randolph, according to Aubry, was not a large man.

l. 44. *Gives his purse a sob*; I do not know the meaning. As the same phrase occurs in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV., 3, 22. “The man sir, that when gentlemen are tired, gives them a *sob* and rests them,” I infer that it is an idiom which has been lost and that the text is correct. Moreover the edition of 1677 changes the long *s*, which might be confused with *f* to the capital *S*. For the Shakespearian passage, the folio of 1632 in my possession reads *sob*, which is changed by Dyce to *sop*, by Rowe to *fob*, by White to *stop*, and by Rolfe to *bob*. The Century and Halliwell give *fob*, citing this passage as the only reading; the Cambridge Shakespeare reads *sob*.

l. 51. *Porphery Chair*. “A Chair of Porphyry Marble in the Cloister of St. John Lateran at Rome, called *Sedes Stercoraria*; because when the Pope takes possession of his Episcopal See in that Church, at the intoning of the Verse, *Suscitans de terra inopem et de stercore erigens pauperem*, Psal. 113, he was carried from a side Chappel to the high Altar, in that Chair; to signify that God had raised him from a low condition to that supreme dignity. The usual tale of this Chair is a meer fiction.” B. The usual tale gives the point to the allusion here,

namely, that the chair was arranged to test the masculinity of the Pope. For an elaborate and detailed discussion of the chair and of Pope Joan, see *Pope Joan: A Dialogue between a Protestant and a Papist; manifestly proving, that a woman, called Joan, was Pope of Rome.* . . . By Alexander Cooke, London, 1625, Harl. IV., 63.

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l. 52. *Pope Joan* (see preceding note), a curious myth of the Middle Ages. Anatasius, the Librarian, (886), first mentions her: "A. D. 854, Lotharii, 14, Joanna, a woman, succeeded Leo, and reigned two years, five months and four days. She is said to have been an English or German woman, of great learning, who followed her lover into a monastery in the disguise of a man. She went then to Greece and afterwards to Rome, where, on account of her great learning, she was elevated to the papal chair. But as she had been familiar with a cardinal, or a servant, in full pontificals her accouchement took place on the highway." This story is purely fabulous. This account is condensed from that given by S. Baring-Gould, M. A., in his *Curious Myths of the Middle Age*, 1869.

"And therein sate a Lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweet solace to herself alone;
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope Jone."

The Faerie Queene, Bk. II, C. VI., 3.

"Virigo Minx,
That was both Madam, and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan."

Hudibras, Part II., C. 2, 654-7.

l. 58. It is scarcely necessary to say that by *my poetry* he means only the preceding poem. At the date of writing, Randolph must have been dead at least five years, so the familiar *Tom* does not presuppose great intimacy.

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THE VERSES ON THE MEMORY OF MR. EDWARD KING, DROWNED IN THE IRISH SEAS, appeared first in the Cambridge collection of 1638. It occurs in two of the five editions in 1647, and in all subsequent editions except the *Cleveland Revired*.

Edward King is now known only from his acquaintance with more famous men. He was admitted to Christ's, June 6, 1626, aged fourteen. He was the son of an influential English family in Ireland, and consequently when a fellowship became vacant, King was appointed as the successor, June 10th,

1630, by the royal command. As we have already seen he contributed to a number of the State Verses issued by the University, and seems to have been considered as a youth of promise. His reputation is based entirely upon what he might have done, as he was drowned August 10th, 1637, on his way to Ireland. The vessel, starting from Chester Bay, was rounding the coast of northern Wales and struck a rock before it reached the deep water of the main channel. It foundered almost immediately, and although it was a clear day, with calm water, very few seem to have escaped. His body was never recovered. The feeling in the University was very great and his friends hastened to prepare a volume of verse, a volume which is now worth its weight in gold, as it is the first edition of Milton's *Lycidas*. Of King's own verse it is scarcely fair to speak as it is all in Latin and commemorates state occasions; but such as it is, it is very hard to see the promise in it which inspired his contemporaries.

l. 12. B. C., 480, Xerxes built a bridge across the Hellespont for his invasion of Greece. The myth runs that the first bridge was destroyed, whereat the angry monarch ordered three hundred lashes to be given to the disobedient sea.

l. 18. *Imposthumed*, swollen with corrupted matter; a metaphor taken from medicine; see B.
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l. 27. *Stagirite*, Aristotle, so called from his birth-place, Stagira.

l. 46. Larousse in his account of the Vatican in the *Dictionnaire Universelle* does not mention any burning of the Vatican; neither does Ferdinand Gregorovius index it in his eight volume history, *Geschichte der Stadt Rom*, nor in any encyclopedia have I found any mention of such a conflagration. Yet certainly such an event would surely be chronicled. Therefore I infer that, as the Vatican was famous in the seventeenth century as a repository of knowledge (see B. and Bailey) Cleveland here uses the name as a synonym for library; perhaps he confused it with the burning of the Library at Alexandria.

l. 51. *Rundlets*, literally little barrels.

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MARK ANTONY occurs in three of the five editions in 1647 and in all subsequent editions, except the *Cleveland Revived*.

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l. 36. *Ingeny*, genius, wit; not in use. J.

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THE AUTHOR'S MOCK SONG TO MARK ANTONY occurs in two of the five editions of 1647 and in all subsequent editions except the *Cleaveland Revived*.

l. 8. Of *Su Pomfret* I can find no mention whatever; probably a "worthy woman of the town" in Chaucer's phrase, but not in Chaucer's meaning.

l. 9. *Inenbus*. "A devil that sometimes in man's shape lies with women, as Succubus doth with men. Also a disease called the Nightmare, when a man in his sleep supposeth that he hath a great weight lying on him, and feels himself almost strangled; in such sort that he cannot turn himself, nor sit up, nor call for help. The vulgar think it some spirit. . . . " B.

"How shall I keep off the nightmare, or defend myself against the temptations of an incubus." Hazlitt's edition of Randolph, V. 2, p. 465.

"I will not urge thee, for I know,
Though thou art young, thou canst say no,
And no again, and so deny
Those thy lust-burning incubi."

The Parting Verse or Charge to his Supposed Wife when he Travelled, 1, 30-4

l. 15. *Dun the horse is in the mire*—a phrase denoting that things are at a standstill or deadlock. "A Dun horse, formerly a quasi proper name for any horse." M.

"But Ralph, himself, your trusty Squire,
Wh' has dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' Mire."

Hudibras, Part III., C. 3, 109-10.

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l. 25. "The third (error) affirmeth the roots of mandrakes do make a noise, or give a shriek upon eradication; which is indeed ridiculous, and false below confute; arising perhaps from a small and stridulous noise, which, being firmly rooted, it maketh upon division of parts. A slender foundation for such a vast conception: for such a noise we sometime observe in other plants, in Parsnips, Liquorish, Eryngium, Flags, and others." Sir Thomas Browne, *Common and Vulgar Errors*, Bk. 11, Chapt. VI.

l. 28. *Epicene*, common to both genders; the name of the *Silent Woman* is *Epicoene*.

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HOW THE COMMENCEMENT GROWS NEW occurs in both editions

of 1651 and in all subsequent editions with the exception of the *Cleveland Revived*.

l. 1. *Coranto*, a letter or paper containing public news. M.

l. 3. *New England voyage*: Under Laud's oppressive measures, the Puritans were in despair. "But it was in this hour of despair that the Puritans won their noblest triumph. They 'turned,' to use Canning's words, in a far truer and grander sense than that which he gave to them, 'they turned to the New World to redress the balance of the Old.' It was during the years which followed the close of the third Parliament of Charles that a great Puritan migration founded the States of New England." *Green's History of the English People*, V. III., p. 167. The third parliament of Charles was held early in 1629; Cleveland took his B. A. in 1631, and so from this passage it may, I think, legitimately be inferred that his poem was written just before his graduation, or immediately after it, at least in the interval of those two years, when he was still a student at Christ's. It is thus an early example of his satire, and, consequently, perhaps, it is very obscure.

l. 10. *Stammel*, red in color.

l. 15. *Gaffer*, a term of contempt or ridicule.

l. 16. The *Easter-book*, the account book for recording the church dues.

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l. 20. *Toll-man Barnaby* has eluded my search.

l. 26. The *Margaret Professorship* was founded by Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry the Seventh; and was held at this time by Dr. Samuel Ward, appointed Margaret Professor of Divinity 1621.

l. 29. The *inceptor*, the beginner, modern *freshman*(?).

l. 30. *Grogoram*, stuff woven with a large woof and a rough pile. J.

l. 33. "But the greatest alteration was in their Chappels, most of them being graced with the accession of Organs." Fuller's *History of the University of Cambridge*, p. 167.

l. 34. *Sellenger's round*, a contraction from St. Leger's round, a favorite old country dance. Halliwell, "Whiles thus they tipled, the fidler he fiddled, and the pots danced for joy the old hop about, commonly called Sellengar's Round." *Bacchus' Bountie*, 1593, Harl. II, 301.

l. 39. *Play-book oaths*, compare those of Captain Bobadill in *Every Man in His Humour*.

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SQUARE CAP occurs in two of the five editions in 1647 and in all subsequent editions except the *Cleveland Revired*. This same idea is in the *Ballad of the Caps, Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, V. IV., p. 157.

"For any Cap, whate'er it be,
Is still the sign of some degree."

- l. 2. *Hippocrene*, ἵππου κρήνη, a fountain on Mt. Helicon.
"O for a breaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene."

Ode to a Nightingale.

- l. 8. *Square-cap*, the collegian. The cap was square like the modern one.

- l. 9. *Monmouth-cap*, the soldier.

"The soldiers that the Monmouth wear,
On Castle tops their ensigns rear."

Ballad to the Caps.

"The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the Cappers Chapel doth still remain." Fuller's *Worthies*, IV., 50. For this reason they were probably adopted for the army.

- l. 12. *Pottle*, a measure of two quarts, Halliwell; here again not used literally.

- l. 15. *La-bee*, a contraction of let be; i. e., desist, let me alone. Nichol's note in his *Select Poems*, V. VII.

- l. 17. *Calot Leather-cap*, the sergeant at law. The calot was the small cap or coif worn over the wig by this class. This verse is scarcely successful as he satirizes, not the inherent characteristics, but the mere external one.

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- l. 22. *Sir Thomas his leas*. I have been unable to identify Sir Thomas, but presume that he was some well-known character on whose meadows the Cambridge youth played foot-ball.

- l. 26. *Long wasted*. Is our author here guilty of a pun, insinuating that the Puritan had a physical defect in addition to a moral one?

- l. 33. *Satin-cap*, the clergy.

"The satin and the velvet hive
Into a bishopric may thrive."

Ballad of the Caps.

- l. 41. *The lawyer*.

"The lawyer's cap hath heavenly might
To make a crooked action straight."

Ballad of the Caps.

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l. 46. *Livery and seisin*, delivery and possession; a legal term which here scarcely needs explanation.

"She gladly did of that some babe accept,
As if her own by livery and seisure."

Faerie Queene, Bk. VI., C. 4, 37.

l. 47. *John-a-Nokes*, see note to p. 143, l. 44.

l. 48. Impropriation, see note to p. 97, l. 12.

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UPON PRINCESS ELIZABETH, BORN THE NIGHT BEFORE NEW YEAR'S DAY, occurs only in the editions of 1677, 1687, and 1699. It was one of the two poems added by Bishop Lake, *The General Eclipse* being the other.

Princess Elizabeth was born Dec. 28, 1638.

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A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO ZEALOTS UPON THE &C. IN THE OATH, occurs in all editions except the *Cleveland Revived*, and in the *Rump Songs*.

l. 1. *Frieze*, showing his humble origin.

l. 2. *The children's threes*.

"That there may be a distinction made between clerks of the children's threes, and staggers of the long twelves, men of the tribe of Anaek in their profession, and tipplers of the stock of Benjamin, whose goose-quill fancies were never elevated beyond the Parnassus of a green nogging in their master's absence: it is therefore proposed, that such niffling fellows be distinguished by the childish wear of yellow ribbands, from the marshal seniors with their fiery faces." *The Proposals of the Committee for Regulating the Law, both in Sense, Form, and Practice Communicated to Publick View, by Especial Order and Command*. N. D., Harl. VI., 528.

l. 7. *Shotten*, literally like a fish that has discharged its spawn; he was so thin that his soul was in *cuerpo* (without a cloak, B.) just as his body actually was.

l. 12. *Conster*, old form of *construe*.

l. 20. The Puritans claimed that the Bible was sufficient authority and that ecclesiastical tradition should be disregarded.

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l. 30. *Sconce*, head.

l. 34. In the list of prodigies which happened this eventful year there is no mention of the *bloody oysters*.

l. 35. John Booker, an astrologer, born in Manchester, who attained great fame by predicting the deaths of both Gustavus

Adolphus and the Elector Palatine. I quote from Lilly's *History of His Life and Times*, Lond., 1715:

"In the years 1632 and 1633 John Booker became famous for a prediction of his upon a solar eclipse in the 19th degree of Aries, 1663, taken out of Leoviti^{us} *De Magis Conjunctionibus*, viz.: 'Oh, Reges et Principes,' etc. Both the king of Bohemia and Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, dying during the effects of that eclipse. John Booker was born in Manchester, of good parentage, in the year 1601. . . . He was an excellent proficient in astrology, whose excellent verses upon the twelve months, framed according to the configurations of each month, being blessed with success according to his predictions, procured him much reputation all over England; he was a very honest man, abhorred any deceit in the art he studied; had a curious fancy in the judging of thefts, and as successful in the judging of love questions; he was no mean proficient in astronomy; he understood much of physics; was a great admirer of the antimonial cup; not unlearned in chemistry, which he loved well but did not practice. He was inclined to diabetes, and in the last three years of his life was afflicted with a dysentery, which at last consumed him to nothing; he died of good fame in 1667." P. 33.

"With Almanacks
Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers."

Hudibras, Part II., C. 1091-3.

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l. 40. *Father Garnet* is Henry Garnet, superior of the order of Jesuits in England, who was tried for complicity in the Gunpowder Treason, on the 28th of March, 1606. "This trial, at which King James was present incognito, doubtless attracted very general notice; and the allusion to his gross equivocation and perjury thus recent, and probably the common topic of discourse, must have been instantly understood and loudly applauded." Malone's note on the "porter scene" in *Macbeth*.

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l. 47. *Og*, see note p. 98, l. 35.

l. 48. *Skew-bald*, pie-bald; still used in this sense in Cheshire, Nares, citing this passage.

l. 52. *Wee-bit*, wea-bit or way-bit, is a word used in the North of England, where if you ask how far 'tis to such a place, they answer a mile and a Way-bit, by which is under-

stood a mile and a vantage, or a mile and better. I find it written Wea-bit in Mr. Cleveland's Poems, but I should rather think it Way-bit; quasi, a bit or part of a way. B.

l. 53. *God's diggers*, finger-nails, Barriere and Leland; one of the fantastic oaths of the time.

l. 58. *Cataline*, the same use of the particular for the general term, as in the case of *Vatican*; Cataline here signifies, not the Roman traitor, but general destruction.

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SMECTYMNUS, OR THE CLUB-DIVINES occurs in all the editions except the *Cleveland Revired*, and in the *Rump-Songs*.

l. 3. *Skilt*, signifies, C. Johnson cites this passage with the remark, "A word used by Cleveland of which I know neither the etymology nor the meaning." It is used also by Herriek in his poem, *To the Passenger*,

"One word more I had to say:

But it skills not; go your way."

Pollard's edition, 823.

l. 4. *Ap*, the Welsh prefix meaning *son of*, like the Scotch *Mac*. Johnson, reading *ape*, naturally failed to grasp the sense of the passage! "It would tire a Welshman how many aps 'tis removed from an annal." *The Char. of a London Diurnal*.

l. 19. *Don Quixote* had been translated into English as early as 1612-20, so this passage does not mean a knowledge of Spanish on the part of Cleveland.

l. 20. *Murnival*, four cards of a suit. J. Here again the word is extended in use as there were five authors.

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l. 25. I have not succeeded in finding any other reference to the Italian monster.

l. 29. *Sturbridge Fair*, held near Cambridge; in Cooper we find a number of allusions to it; during the plague years it was forced to be closed, etc.

l. 34. *Gavelkind*, where the property is divided equally among the children in contradiction to the right of primogeniture. "Granting that we had none, all that is worth having in them is the common property of the soul—an estate in gavelkind for all the sons of Adam—." Lowell's *Condescension in Foreigners*.

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l. 55. *Prentices' Petition*; "in the end, a petition was pub-

lished, in the name 'of the apprentices and those whose apprenticeships were lately expired,' in and about the city of London. . . . showing that they found by experience, both their own and their masters' tradings, the beginning of great mischiefs coming upon them, to nip them in the bud, when they were first entering into the world; the cause of which they could attribute to no others but the papists, and the prelates, and that malignant party which adhered to them: that they stood solemnly engaged with the utmost of their lives and fortunes to defend his sacred majesty and royal issue together with the rights and liberties of parliaments against papists and popish innovations; such as archbishops, bishops and their dependents appear to be. . . . This and such stuff being printed and scattered amongst the people; multitudes of mean people flocked to Westminster-hall, and about the lords' house crying, as they went up and down, 'No bishops, no bishops' that so they might carry the reformation." Clarendon V. I., p. 481-2.

l. 52. *Smec*, this contemptuous abbreviation was adopted by Butler.

"Canonical Crabat of Smeck." *Hudibras*, P. 1, C. 3, 1166.

"All that to Legion *Smec* adhered." *Hudibras*, P. 11, C. 2, 524.

l. 57. I know no more of Robson and French than is here given.

l. 63. *Caligula*, see Suetonius, *Life of Caligula*.

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l. 73-78. Grey's comment on this passage is as follows: "Nav, he (Cleveland), joins it with the cant word Smeectymnus, (the Club Divines) and says, 'The banes of marriage were asked between them—that the Convocation and the Commons were to be the guests; and that the priest, Mosley, or Santa Clara, were to tie the foxes' tails together. Could anything be said more severe and satirical?' The allusion of the foxes' tails is to Judges 15, 4-7.

l. 84. *Conclave*, the Romish assembly of cardinals; *conventicle*, the assembly of Puritans.

l. 90. *Bilked*, cheated.

"Bilked stationers for yeomen stood prepared."

Dryden's *MacFlecknoe*, 104.

l. 95. The *Queen Mother*, Henrietta Maria was the daughter of the French king and consequently a Catholic. The fear of her influence over the easy mind of her husband was constantly present to the Puritans.

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UPON THE KING'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND occurs only in the 1677, '87, and '99 editions and in the *Cleveland Revived*.

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l. 20. *Commendam*, trust; it is an ecclesiastical metaphor, meaning the intrusting of a benefice, left vacant, to an assistant.

l. 23. *Cacus*, an Italian shepherd, robbed Hercules of his cattle and concealed their tracks by dragging them into the cave by their tails.

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RUPERTISMUS is included in all editions except the *Cleveland Revived*, and in the 1687 and 1699 it was published twice.

l. 5. *Cacus*, see note p. 128, l. 23.

l. 9. *Huntington colt*,—these allusions to forgotten events are hard to identify and harder to understand. The only allusion to this which I have found is: "Yesterday the colt, formerly drowned at Huntington and taken up at the great charge and pains of the mayor and recorder, was voted a sturgeon, nemine contradicente: and, it was ordered, that serjeant Bernard have the next sturgeon to his own use; any grant or prescription to others, notwithstanding." *The Acts and Monuments of our Late Parliament; or, a Collection of the Acts, Orders, Votes, and Resolves, that have passed in the House*. By Samuel Butler, Author of *Hudibras*. London: Printed according to order, 1659; and reprinted this year, 1710. Harl., V. 422.

l. 11. Henry Elsyng was born in Surrey and became a commoner at Christ's Church, Oxford, 1622. After traveling seven years he won the favor of Laud, who succeeded in making him Clerk of the Commons in the Long Parliament. In this place "his fair and temperate carriage made him commended and esteemed by all parties how furious and opposite soever they were among themselves." Wood's *Athenae*, V. I., 177. He resigned at the death of the King, and died of "many infirmities of body occasioned by sedentariness, some distresses of his family, and by a deep melancholy for the sufferings and loss of his Sovereign" in 1654. He was certainly of the moderate party, which accounts for the attitude of Cleveland, who saw more clearly the future course of events.

l. 18. It was the custom to ring the bells backward to give the alarm for fire, etc. The same metaphor is used p. 146, 5.

Here there is no alarm but merely descriptive of the inversion of natural order.

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l. 20. This is the constant charge against the Puritans, that while apparently they were above a lie, in reality truth was not in them because they could reconcile it with their conscience by a verbal quibble, or equivocation. Compare the conversation between Hudibras and Ralpho, much too long to quote, in which the Knight argues that he is not bound by the promise which he made to the widow. *Hudibras*, Part II., C. 2, 55 and ff. See also the *Cutter of Coleman Street*.

l. 22. "A conceit there is, that the Devil commonly appeareth with a cloven hoof: wherein although it seem excessively ridiculous, there may be somewhat of truth; and the ground thereof at first might be his frequent appearing in the shape of a goat, which answers that description," etc. *Common and Vulgar Errors*, Bk. V., 222.

l. 31. *Bilbo blade*, from Bilboa, a City of Biscay, in Spain, where the best blades are made. B.

l. 35. The siege of Carthage in B. C. 146.

l. 39. "Now, therefore, he that would destroy the report of Powder must work upon the Petre; he that would exchange the colour must think how to alter the Small-coal. For the one, that is, to make white Powder, it is surely many ways feasible: The best I know is by the powder of rotten Willows. . . . As for the other, that is to destroy the report, it is reasonably attempted but two ways, either by quite leaving out, or else by silencing the Salt-Petre. . . . That it may thus be made without Salt-Petre, I have met with but one example, that is, of Alphonsus Duke of Ferrara. . . . For this much is reported of that famous Powder of Alphonsus, which was not of force enough to kill a chicken." *Common and Vulgar Errors*. B. II., p. 67.

l. 42. *Wharton*, Philip, fourth Lord, was twenty-nine years old at the assembling of the Long Parliament and had had Puritan convictions ever since he had had any. He was one of the Parliament's generals.

l. 45. *Essex*, Robert Devereux, third Earl, one of the most prominent figures on the Parliamentary side. Clarendon speaks of him in 1639, as being "the most popular man of the kingdom, and the darling of the swordmen." Then he infers that Essex was persuaded to join the Parliament through his

love of flattery and from the fact that he had been slighted by the king. This was the cavalier statement. Masson, V. II., p. 153-4, epitomizes his life to the opening of the Long Parliament as follows: "Already known to us as Lieut.-General of the King's forces in the first Scottish war, this nobleman, now aetat. 48, could look back upon a life calculated to make any man grave and reserved. Restored, in his childhood, by James to the honours of his beheaded father, Elizabeth's celebrated Essex, he had been educated at Eton and Oxford, had been a companion of the popular Prince Henry 'in his books and the great-horse exercise,' and had travelled abroad. Returning in his early youth to marry, according to arrangement, the young Frances Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, he had experienced a fate which made him the pity of England. There was the loathing of his bride, the lover of the King's Scottish favorite, Viscount Rochester, afterward Earl of Somerset; there was the horrible notoriety of the proceedings for a divorce, and there was the divorce itself in 1613. 'Perceiving how little he was beholding to Venus,' he had gone abroad to 'address himself to the Court of Mars'; and he was serving in the Low Countries when England was again ringing with the name of his divorced wife, then on her trial, together with her new husband, Somerset, for Sir Thomas Overbury's murder. He remained abroad for the most part while the condemned couple were in prison; from which James released them in 1624. It was while he was serving in the Palatine war that he became imbued with those Calvinistic principles which he professed for the rest of his life. After his return he had ventured on a second marriage (1630-1) with the daughter of a Wiltshire knight. This marriage, however, was speedily followed by a separation on the same ground that had been pleaded by the first wife. . . . Despite the nature of his misfortunes, no man was more popular or more respected. He was somewhat 'stern and solemn' in appearance, but 'affable and gentle' enough; with no gift of eloquence but of superior abilities."

The plea for the divorce in both cases was on the ground of impotency, which is the explanation of the taunt in our text. In the *Character of a London Diurnal* Cleveland insinuates that Essex is but a figure head of a commander. These attacks arose from the fact that Essex was appointed commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary army.

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l. 49. *Green-sickness*, see p. 79, l. 26.

l. 56. *Superfotation*, a conception upon conception.

l. 68. The *Swede* is Gustavus Adolphus.

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l. 74. *The Public Faith*; the Parliament forcibly borrowed money "on the Public Faith," the payment of which, so the Cavaliers asserted, was as distant as doomsday. Fletcher has a whole poem devoted to satirizing it, as:

"In brief 'tis called religion's ease or loss,
For no one's suffered here to beare his cross."

Ex Otio Negotium, p. 131.

Butler attacks it:

"What was the Public Faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The Public Faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should Private Faith have such a Tye?"

Hudibras, P. II., C. 2, 191-196.

l. 75. Pandora was created by Hephaestus at the command of Zeus and was endowed with beauty, wit, etc. As Rupert has all these, he is Pandora's brother.

l. 79. *Isaac and his citz*; "Their Trusty Lord Mayor of London, Isaac Pennington, who was again chosen to serve another year, so bestirred himself . . . that there was no more importunity or interposition from the City of Peace; but, instead thereof, an Overture and Declaration from divers, under the style of well affected persons, 'That they would advance a considerable number of soldiers, for the supply and recruit of the Parliament forces; and would Arm, Maintain, and Pay them for several Months, or during the times of danger, and distractions; provided that they might have the Public Faith of the Kingdom for payment of all such Sums of Money, which they should so advance by way of Loan.'" *Clarendon*, 1731, p. 262. Pennington and others also were empowered to levy contributions throughout the city.

"Then you'll confess your selves to 've been undone
By Public Faith's man, Isaack Pennington."

Rump Songs, Pt. I., p. 100.

"Farewell little Isaack, with hey, with hey,
 Farewell little Isaack, with hoe,
 Thou hast made us all, like Asses,
 Part with our Plate, and drink in Glasses,
 Whilst thou growst rich with 2s. Passes,
 With hey, trolly, lolly, loc."

Rump Songs, Pt. I., p. 91.

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l. 95. The *diurnal* was the precursor of our daily paper, and it was used in the interest of the Parliament. Cleveland has devoted two prose satires to it and its makers, from which I have already quoted in the introduction. It had an aggravating way of claiming victories which were defeats, and sometimes of celebrating battles which were never fought.

"Diurnals writ for regulation
 Of lying to inform the Nation."

Hudibras, P. II., C. 1, 57-8.

l. 106. This line suggests Carew's most infelicitous comparison:

"Else the soul grew so fast within
 It broke the outward shell of sin,
 And so was hatch'd a Cherubin."

The inscription on the tomb of Lady Mary Wentworth, p. 53, *Carew's Poems*, ed. Ebsworth.

l. 109. *Mount Athos*, a mountain on the end of a peninsula in Macedonia. This scheme is thus mentioned in Real—Encyclopädie der Classischen Altertumswissenschaft; "Nur als Curiosum mag endlich das angebliche Project angeführt sein, den Berg in eine Statue Alexanders d. Gr. umzugestalten, eine Nachricht, deren anekdotenhafter Charakter schon aus dem Swanken über den Urheber des wunderlichen Planes erhellt."

"They try like statuaries, if they can
 Carve out each other's Athos, to a man."

Marwell's Character of Holland.

Page 135.

l. 116. *Falstaff's buckram men*, Act II., Se. IV., King Henry IV., First Part.

l. 123-4. Sir Thomas *Lunsford*, "a man, though of ancient family in Sussex, was of a very small and decayed fortune, and of no good education; having been few years before compelled to fly the kingdom, to avoid the hand of justice for some riotous misdemeanour, by reason whereof he spent some

time in the service of the King of France, where he got the reputation of a man of courage, and a good officer of foot, and in the beginning of the troubles here had some command in the king's army, but so much inferior to many others, and was so little known, except upon the disadvantage of an ill character that in the most dutiful time the promotion (to the Lieutenancy of the Tower) would have appeared very ungrateful." *Clarendon*, p. 511. It was part of the Puritan plan to raise frightful rumors against unpopular characters, and the unfortunate Lunsford was thus labeled as a cannibal. Butler says,

"Made children, with your tones to run for 't,
As bad a Bloody-Bones, or Lunsford."

Hudibras, Part III., C. 2.

I. 126. *Pym*, John; the character of Pym, the great leader, "King Pym" is so well known that no note is necessary. See *Clarendon*, *Masson*, and *Gardiner*.

I. 133. The allusion to the *Countess* has escaped me, unless it be another attack upon Essex. Amsterdam had opened her door to all religions.

"Hence Amsterdam Turk-Christian-Pagan-Jew,
Staple of sects, and mint of schism grew."

Marvell's Character of Holland, 71-2.

I. 138. It was the common accusation that Pym invented plots to discover them. *Clarendon*, pp. 369-72, says: "It being always their custom when they found the heat and distemper of the house in any degree allayed by some gracious act or gracious profession of the king, to warm and inflame them again with a discovery or a promise of a discovery of some notable plot and conspiracy against themselves, 'to dissolve the Parliament by the papists,' or some other way, in which they would be sure that somewhat always should reflect upon the court . . . which upon examination always vanished; but for the time . . . served to transport common minds with fears and apprehensions, and so induced them to comply in sense with those who were like soonest to find remedies for those diseases which none but themselves could discover." These lines may apply particularly to the Army Plot, as in speaking of it *Clarendon* remarks: "This was no sooner known than it gave credit and reputation to Mr. Pym's vigilance and activity."

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I. 144. *Sir Arthur*. Sir Arthur Hazelrig, who seems, from

Clarendon's account, to have been the tool of more powerful minds.

l. 153. *Glyn*. John Glyn, a prominent lawyer in the Long Parliament and one of Strafford's accusers on the part of the Commons; subsequently he was a member of the Westminster Assembly, a supporter of Cromwell and lived to the Restoration.

Maynard. Sir John Maynard, a member of the Long Parliament, of the Westminster Assembly, and also an accuser of Strafford.

"Did not the learned Glynne and Maynard

To prove true subjects traytors straine hard?"

An unpublished couplet of *Hudibras* quoted by Aubry, V. I., p. 137.

With regard to the whole passage, compare Butler's trial by proxy, *Hudibras*, P. II., C. 2, 413-436.

l. 157. There is a celebrated fresco on this subject by Massaccio in the chapel of the Brancacci in Santa Croce, Florence. Page 137.

l. 161. See note p. 64, 78.

l. 170. *Phylacteries* were also scrolls or frontlets of parchment, having the commandments of God written in them, which the Pharisees wore about their heads and arms. B. Matthew, 23-5.

l. 180. Edward Montagu, second Earl of Manchester, Viscount Mandeville and also Lord Kinbolton, in the Long Parliament, and the Westminster Assembly, prominent as a Puritan and as such quarrelled with Cromwell. Lived until the Restoration. Clarendon says of him: "The Lord Mandeville, eldest son to the lord privy-seal, was a person of great civility and very well bred . . . he married the daughter of the Earl of Warwick; a man in no grace at court, and looked upon as the greatest patron of the Puritans. . . . From this later marriage the Lord Mandeville totally estranged himself from the court . . . that lord, to support and the better to improve that popularity, living at a much higher rate than the narrow exhibition allowed to him by his wary father could justify, making up the rest by contracting a great debt, which long lay heavy upon him; by which generous way of living, and by his natural civility, good manners and good nature, which flowed toward all men, he was universally accepted and beloved and no man more in the confidence of the discontented and factious party than he, and to whom the whole mass

of their designs as well what remained in chaos as what was formed, was more entirely communicated and more consulted with." Bk. III., 287.

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UPON SIR THOMAS MARTIN occurs in both editions of 1651 and in all subsequent editions except the *Cleveland Revised*.

1. 1. *Peuce apiece*, a proverbial expression common in England; see the discussion in Second Series of *Notes and Queries*.

1. 3. *Tympany*, a disease wherein the body waxing leane, the belly swells up, having great store of winde and windy humours gathered together between its inner skin and the gut, which being smitten with the hand makes a noise like a Tabor. B. In this case I think it is used as an adjective, practically synonymous with the *swelling* in the line before. "A tympany of swelling factions" is Hacket's phrase in his *Life of Archbishop Williams*, Part II., p. 71.

1. 4. The *lecturer's wrought cap* shows him to have been a Puritan, as in the poem of *Square Cap*.

1. 6. *Tredescant*. "John Tredescant was a Dutchman, born toward the close of the sixteenth century. He was appointed gardener to Charles II. (a misprint for Charles I.) in 1629, and he and his son naturalized many rare plants in England. Besides botanical specimens he collected all sorts of curiosities, and opened a museum which he called "Tredescant's Ark." In 1656, four years after his death, his son published a catalogue of the collection under the title, *Museum Tradescanti-anum; or a collection of rarities preserved at South Lambeth, near London, by John Tredescant*. After the son's death the collection passed into the hands of Ashmole, and became the nucleus of the present Ashmolean Museum at Oxford." Pol-lard's note in his *Herrick*, on the line,

"Then, next, to match Tradescant's curious shells."

Epig., 670.

1. 7. *Gog and Magog*. Gog by interpretation of the Hebrew word is tectus, covered; and Magog is uncovered. In Scripture are understood certain nations, (some Expositors take them to be the Aquilone, Scythians, Iberians, and Muscovites), or Princes that with their Nations shall more fiercely than others concur with Antichrist in persecuting the Church of Christ. B. The phrase first appears in the 38th and 39th chapters of Ezekiel, where Gog is evidently the wicked ruler of the land of Magog; Rev. 20, 8, joins the two in equality: "Satan shall be loosed out of his prison and shall go out to deceive the

nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle; the number of whom is as the sand of the sea." Gog and Magog are the names of the colossal figures in the Guildhall, the originals of which were carried in the Lord Mayor's Procession; they were popularly supposed to be opposing champions, so here we find the antithesis of our line. Thus there is the double signification in Cleveland's use.

l. 11. *Issachar*. "Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens." Genesis, 49, 14.

"Is it possible that you, whose ears
Are of the Tribe of Issachar's."

Hudibras, Epistle to Sidrophel, 9-10.

l. 14. *Valentine and Orson*. A romance of the Charlemagne cycle written during the reign of Charles VIII., and first printed at Lyons, 1495. C. An interlude of this name was given, 1595, a play in 1598, and one in 1600; so it was popular. Of the two brothers, Valentine was polished from his court life, and his twin Orson was gauche from his forest training.

l. 16. *Voider*; great broad dishes to carry away the remainders from a meat table; also a term in Heraldry. B.

l. 18. *Windsor's Hospital*. I do not know the allusion.
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l. 22. *Smec.*, see poem p. 123; this dates the poem as certainly written after May, 1640.

l. 25. *Metal on metal*; the two heraldic metals were gold and silver. As I have not been able to find Godfrey of Bouillon's coat of arms, I can give no opinion as to the truth of these statements; however, in any case, the sense is perfectly clear.

l. 29. *Priscian*, a celebrated grammarian of the sixth century; thus used proverbially for bad grammar.

"And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's head."

Hudibras, Part II., C. 2, 223.

l. 29-30. *Cæsar*. By forming the first Triumvirate, Julius Cæsar was elected Consul, B. C., 60. The aristocracy succeeded in joining with him in the office M. Bibulus. Cæsar, however, was so strong that he rendered Bibulus a mere cipher, and after carrying an agrarian law for the division of the Campanian lands, Bibulus shut himself up in his own house and did not appear again in public until after the expiration of his

term. Consequently this consulship is known as the Consulship of Julius and Cæsar.

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THE MIXED ASSEMBLY occurs in all editions except the *Cleavelund Revived* and in the *Rump Songs*. It was also bitterly satirized by Birkenhead in prose.

1. 2. *Ana*, a barbarous word used by Physicians and signifies of every one a little quantity. B.

1. 4. *Woolpack*, anything bulky without weight. J. (citing this passage.)

1. 13. *Jacob's flock*, Genesis, 30, 37.

1. 15. *Impropriator*, see note to p. 97, 12.

1. 19. *Royston crows*, “. . . is fabled of two crows, hopping on the seashore, where shell fish were, which they liked but knew not how to open them till the Royston crow (which was cunning as E—), advised the plain country crow (which I shall compare to S—,) to fly up very high with the shellfish in his bill and let it fall on the rocks, and it would open, which the country crow did; but no sooner lets she the fish fall than it opened, but the Royston crow picked the fish out of the shell before the country crow got down.” Oldys' *Catalogue of Pamphlets* in the Harleian Library, p. 445.

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1. 29. *Isaac*, see note p. 133, 79.

1. 30. *Judge* of damnation and election.

1. 41. *The flea that Falstaff damned*. . . . “Boy . . . Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?” *King Henry, V.*, Act II., sc. 3.

1. 44. *John-a-stiles* and *John-a-nokes*, like Richard Roe and John Doe, imaginary characters used by young lawyers in their cases. *Spectator*, 577, contains a petition supposedly from these two gentlemen, praying that they may at last be allowed to rest.

“A law that most unjustly yokes

All Johns of Stiles, to Joans of Nokes.”

Hudibras, Part III., C. 1, 615-6.

“From Stile's Pocket, into Noakes's.”

Hudibras, Part III., C. 3, 715.

1. 46. *Neck-verse*, the benefit of the clergy. A verse in some Latin book in the Gothic black letter (usually Psalm 1 ii.) was formerly held before the criminal who claimed the benefit

of the clergy in order to test his ability to read; thus he saved his neck by the verse; also Jews could scarcely claim the benefit of the clergy and so would be distinguished from the Christians.

"And if they cannot read one verse
I th' Psalms."

Hudibras, Part III., C. 1, 55-6.

l. 52. *Linseywoolsey*, vile, mean. J.

"A lawless Linsie-Woolsie Brother,
Half of one order, half of another."

Hudibras, Part I., C. 3, 1227-8.

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l. 53. *Pembroke*, Philip Herbert, first Earl of Montgomery and, in 1630, fourth Earl of Pembroke, was one of the favorites of James from his beauty. He was a commander of a regiment in the first Bishops' War, and in the upper house of the Long Parliament. He declared for the Parliament and was a lay member of the Westminster Assembly. He died in January, 1650. "He had been bred from his cradle in the court, and had that perfection of a courtier that as he was not wary enough in offending men, so he was forwarded in acknowledging it, even to his inferiors, and to impute it to his passion and ask pardon for it, which made him be thought a very well-natured man. . . . There were very few great persons in authority who were not frequently offended by him, by sharp and scandalous discourses and invectives against them behind their backs for which they found it best to receive satisfaction by submissions and professions and protestations. . . . " *Clarendon*, Bk. VII., 1325.

As his temper was so high that the Parliament sent him to the Tower for using his white staff as a cudgel, there is little doubt but that his swearing was not affected by them.

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l. 79. *Sadness*, of course, in the older meaning of gravity, sobriety.

l. 88. *Galliard*, there are two distinct meanings to this word: (a) a lively dance of two or more:

"The Irish will a voyage take,
To join their force in one;
And whilst they frisk a galliard make
The Houses sing, 'O'Hone.'"

History of the English Rebellion, London. 1661.

(b) a gay fellow, a man of fashion. J. and C. citing this passage alone as the example, and M. citing this and others. It is with hesitation that I venture to disagree with the eminent authority of the N. E. D., but in this case it is clearly the first and not the second meaning. The point of the passage is that Selden does not dance with any one because he is so learned that he is worth a number of lesser lights. "There's more divines in him than in all this. . . ." Galliard is then used in the same sense as on p. 96, 57.

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THE REBEL SCOT is the only poem which appears in all editions.

1. 5. Bells ringing backward, see note to p. 130, 18.

1. 12. *Pigwigeon* is used by Drayton as the name of a fairy and is a kind of cant word for anything pretty or small. J. (citing this passage.)

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1. 21. *Stephen Marshall*, Vicar (?) of Finchingfield, in Essex; known as one of the best Puritans of his day, and as one of the "Smectymnuans"; and by many thought to be the best preacher in England. He lived, greatly respected till November, 1655, when he was buried in Westminster Abbey; whence, however, after the Restoration, his body was removed by royal warrant. *Masson*, V, II., 520.

Clarendon, Bk. IV., 1087-8, says: "There was more than Mr. Marshall, from the 23d verse of the 5th chapter of Judges, 'Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty'; presumed to inveigh and in plain terms to denounce God's own curse against all those who came not, with their utmost power and strength, to destroy and root out all the malignants, who in any degree opposed the Parliament." Butler coins the phrase, "Marshal-Legion's Regiment." He was popularly known as the "Geneva Bull" from his Calvinistic doctrines and his strong voice.

1. 44. *Collegiates*, the meaning is evidently collections, but I cannot find the word in this sense anywhere else. The passage refers to the fact that the country people, on coming to London, usually on business with their lawyers, went to see the collections of wild animals in the Tower. Translation and slang: An inmate of a prison, asylum or the like. M.

l. 51. *Montrose*, James Graham, Earl and Marquis, is one of the most romantic and one of the best known figures of the time. He began as an ally of the Covenanters, invading England with them in the Bishops' War. However he changed his policy in 1640, and in 1641, was the avowed advocate of the crown. For a time he was successful, harmfully so, says Burnett, but was finally defeated by Lesley at Philipshaugh, in September of 1645. He was appointed Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General of Scotland, July, 1649, by the new king, and was executed May 21st, 1650, during a rash attempt to fulfil his mission. Brilliant and daring as he was, he yet lacked that equipoise of mind which insures success.

Ludovic Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, was the associate of Montrose and was present at the fatal battle of Philipshaugh, from which he escaped to live to see the Restoration.

l. 63-64. Nichols says that this couplet is one of the most quoted in the language; it is certainly not so now!

l. 67. *At rovers*.

"I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force if I could imagine that any of them (i. e., Latins) had ever reached me but they either shot *at rovers* and therefore missed, or . . . " Dryden, *Essay on Latin*, Vol. XIII., p. 9.

Shooting at rovers, in archery, is opposed to shooting at butts; in the former exercise the bowman shoots at random merely to show how far he can send an arrow. Scott's note to the above passage.

l. 76. *Card*, chart.

"All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card."

Macbeth, Act I, Sc. III., 16-17.

For a discussion of the exact meaning, see the *Variorum Edition* on this passage.

l. 89. After the Army Plot in 1641, the two houses voted as a token of their friendship toward the Scots, "to give them a gratuity of three hundred thousand pounds, over and above the twenty-five thousand pounds the month, during the time that their stay here should be necessary! . . . And without doubt, when posterity shall recover the courage, and conscience, and the old honour of the English nation, it will not with more indignation and blushes contemplate any action of this seditious and rebellious age, than that the nobility and

gentry of England, who were not guilty of the treason, should recompense an invasion from a foreign condemned nation, with whatever establishments they proposed in their own Kingdom, and with a donative of three hundred thousand pounds, over and above all charges, out of the bowels of England." *Clarendon*, Bk. III. p. 292.

l. 99. The *good old cause* became a cry of derision after the Restoration.

"For what design, what interest
Can Beast have to encounter Beast?
They fight for no espoused Cause,
Frail Privilege, Fundamental Laws,
Now for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant, nor Protestation,
Nor Liberty of Consciences,
Nor Lords and Commons Ordinances;
Nor for the Church, nor Church-Lands,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor evil counsellors to bring
To justice, that seduce the King."

Hudibras, Part I., C. 1, 759-70.

In this passage Butler has included the majority of the cry-words of the Puritans.

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l. 112. *Picts*, probably a pun is intended on the name of the race and the Latin word *pictus*, empty, vain; in the translation by Dr. Gawen this is brought out.

l. 115. *Hyperbolus*, an Athenian demagogue, who sought to ostracise Aristides, but was himself banished; the application of this dignified punishment upon so base a man disgraced it, and it is said never to have been used again.

l. 125-126. For a discussion of this curious belief, consult Browne. Muller, in *Chips from a German Workshop*, gives the explanation. A characteristic, and often-quoted account is as follows:

(Sir Robert Moray, *Relation concerning Barnacles*, Philosophical Translations, Vol. II., No. 137, p. 925, 926.)

"These shells hang at the tree by a neck longer than the shell; of a kind of filmy substance, round and hollow, and creased, not unlike the wind-pipe of a chicken; spreading out broadest where it is fastened to the tree, from which it seems to draw and convey the matter which serves for the growth and vegetation of the shell, and the little bird within it. This

bird in every shell that I open'd, as well the least as the biggest, I found so curiously and completely formed, that there appeared nothing as to the external parts for making up a perfect sea-toww; every little part appearing so distinctly, that the whole looked like a large bird seen through a concave, or diminishing glass, the colour and feature being everywhere so clear and neat. The little bill like that of a goose, the eyes marked, the head, neck, breast and wings, tail and feet formed, the feathers everywhere perfectly shaped and blackish coloured, and the feet like those of other water-fowl to the best of my remembrance; all being dead and dry, I did not look after the inward parts of them; but having nipt off and broken a great many of them, I carried about twenty or twenty-four away with me."

"As Barnacles turn Soland Geese
In th' Islands of the Orcades."

Hudibras, Part III., C. 2, 655-6.

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AN ELEGY UPON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY occurs in all editions except the *Cleveland Reviv'd*; but in the last two editions of 1647 it is under the heading *Uncertaine Authors*. As it is included in the 1677, I assume that it is by Cleveland.

l. 8. Aubrey mentions a *Thomas Bushnell* to whom this is an allusion. "His genius lay most towards naturall philosophy and particularly towards the discovery, drayning, and improvement of the silver mines in Cardiganshire, etc. He had the strangest bewitching way to drawe-in people (yea, discreet and wary men) into his projects that ever I heard of. His tongue was a chaine and drewe in so many to be bound for him and to be engaged in his designs that he ruined a number. . . . He was a master of the art of running in debt. . . ." *Aubrey*, V. I., 133. Bushel also experimented water works. As his skill in running in debt is mentioned four distinct times with the highest encomiums, it is not surprising that he should have become proverbial.

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l. 18. *Seth's pillars*. "Seth the son of Adam, left children who imitated his virtues. "They were the discoverers of the wisdom which relates to the heavenly bodies and their order, and that their inventions might not be lost they made two pillars, the one of brick, the other of stone, and inscribed their discoveries on them both, that in case the pillar of brick should be de-

stroyed by the flood, the pillar of stone might remain and exhibit those discoveries to mankind. . . . Now this remains in the land of Siriad to this day.' Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews*. Whiston's translation, Bk. I., Ch. 2, s. 3." Professor Norton's annotation in the Grolier edition of *Donne* to the line p. 191.

"A work to outwear Seth's pillars, brick and stone."

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l. 50. This line is quoted by Fuller as one of the proverbs of Leicestershire; his comment reads: "This steeple seems crooked unto the beholders (and I believe will ever do so, until our age erect the like by it for height and workmanship), though some conceive the slenderness at such a distance is all the obliquity thereof." Fuller's *Worthies*, Leicestershire.

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THE HUE AND CRY AFTER SIR JOHN PRESBYTER occurs in the two editions of 1651 and in all subsequent editions except the *Cleveland Revived*; also it is in the *Rump Songs*.

l. 4. *Bandoleers*, small wooden cases covered with leather, each of them containing powder that is a sufficient charge for a musket. J. One has but to remember the ruff in pictures to realize the great appropriateness of this comparison.

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l. 11. I do not understand the allusion in this line.

l. 19-20. *The tribe of Adoniram*. I can do no better in annotating this than to transcribe Grey's note on the couplet.

"Their Dispensations had been stifled,

But for our Adoniram Byfield."

Hudibras, P. III., C. 2, 639-40.

"He was a broken Apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the Scribes to the Assembly of Divines; and no Doubt, for his great Zeal and Pains-taking in his Office, he had the profit in printing the Directory, the copy whereof was sold for 400£ though, when printed, the Price was but Three-pence. . . . Mr. Cleveland, in his 'Hue and Cry After Sir John Presbyter,' had the following Lines upon him." Here he quotes the couplet in the text.

l. 32. *Ducatoons*, a foreign coin, equal to five or six shillings.

"For as an Austrian Archduke once

Had one Ear (which in Ducatoons

Is half the Coin) in battle par'd

Close to his head. . . ."

Hudibras, Part I., C. 3, 147-50.

Grey, quoting the passage from Cleveland, says: "The Story alluded to, is of Albert, Archduke of Austria, brother to the Emperor Rudolph the Second, who was defeated by Prince Maurice of Nassau, in the year 1508. He endeavouring to encourage his Soldiers in Battle, pull'd off his Murrion, or Head-piece, upon which he receiv'd a wound by the point of a Spear. Dux Albertus, dum spes superfruit, totam per aciem obequitans, ferebatur cum Diestanis, et in Hostem processerat intecto vultu, quo notius exemplum foret; atque ita factum, ut Hastae cus-pide a Germano milite auris perstringeretur. (Hugonis Grotiis Historiar, de Reb, Belgic, lib. 9, p. 568, edit. Amstelaedami, 12mo. 1658. Thuani Hist. lib. 127, tom. 5, edit. 1630, p. 906). To this Cleveland probably alludes." However it seems as if the idea were taken simply from the appearance of the coin. Page 156.

l. 39. This passage is very obscure; I paraphrase as follows: whatever was imperious in the bishop in the old regime is just as much so now under this Scotch dispensation, which has made the common herd prelates, the common herd which attacked prelaey often before it could disestablish it; so the effect is as the multiplication of the voice by the echo in a ruin. And now, because they are holding pluralities of livings, although they cried against it, let the ecclesiastical order be composed of mechanics with the bargain and sale methods.

l. 41. *Classic* is derived from the Latin *classis*, class, as Milton uses it in the sonnet, "On the New Forces of Conscience Under the Long Parliament":

"And ride us with a *Classic* Hierarchy."

Line 49 I parse on the analogy with the French subjunctive with "que."

Page 157.

l. 1. *Demicastors*, half-mitred, false bishops.

Page 158.

THE GENERAL ECLIPSE occurs only in the 1677, '87, and '99 editions.

l. 3. "We shall not, I hope, disparage the Resurrection of our Redeemer, if we say the sun doth not dance on Easter-day. And though we would willingly assent unto any sympathetical exultation, yet cannot conceive therein any more than a Tropical expression." *Common and Vulgar Errors*, Bk. V., p. 221.

Page 160.

THE KING'S DISGUISE occurs in all editions but the *Cleveland Reviv'd*. It is in the *Rump Songs*.

Page 161.

l. 19. *Budge*, the dressed skin or fur of lambs. J.

l. 32. *Manchester*, see note to p. 137, 180. The case unfortunately was too common to admit of precise identification.

Page 162.

l. 38. *The Self Denying Ordinance*, was passed April 3d, 1645. It was Cromwell's victory in the quarrel with Manchester. He saw that victory was impossible with such men at the head because they were afraid to conquer. "If the king be beaten," said Manchester before the battle of Newbury, "he will still be king; if he beat us he will hang us all for traitors." Therefore Cromwell brought forward a bill declaring that no one could hold a command in the army and a seat in either house at the same time. As is his custom, Cleveland uses the words in a punning sense.

l. 57. As is shown by the variants, Fawkes is a reading not authorized by any edition; I adopted it as the only reading approximating sense; treason in grain.

Page 163.

l. 74. *Blatant Beast*, Sixth Book of the *Faerie Queene*.

l. 76. *Callow curse*, perhaps "callow" may be lewd or wicked which Mr. Cleveland uses in his poems, where he speaks of a callow curse. B. His etymology is peculiar, but it shows in what sense Cleveland's contemporaries understood the phrase.

l. 77. "And sell their Blasts of Winds as dear,
As Lapland Witches bottled Air?"

Hudibras, Part II., C. 2, 313-4.

As an annotation on this Grey says: "The pretences of the Laplanders in this respect are thus described by Dr. Heywood. *Heirarchie of Angels*, Bk. 8, p. 506.

"The Finns and Laplands are acquainted well
With such like spir'ts, and winds to merchants sell;
Making their cov'nant, when and how they please
They may with prosp'rous weather cross the seas;
As thus, they in a handkerchief fast tie
Three knots, and loose the first, and by and by
You find a gentle gale blow from the shore:
Open the second, it encreaseth more,
To fill the sails; when you the third untie,
The intemperate gusts grow vehement and high."

Scheffer's *Hist. of Lapland*, fol. 1704, p. 151 and chapter 11, from p. 119 to p. 158 inc. Mr. G. Sandy's *Notes* upon the

Third Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, p. 63, and upon the 7th Bk., p. 133. Sir Thomas Browne also mentions it.

Page 165.

l. 123. *Gibeon*, Joshua, 9, 3-15.

"And when the inhabitants of Gibeon heard what Joshua had done unto Jericho and to Ai.

"They did work wilily, and went and made as if they had been ambassadors, and took old sacks upon their asses and wine bottles old and rent, and bound up;

"And old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and old garments upon them; and all the bread of their provisions was dry and mouldy."

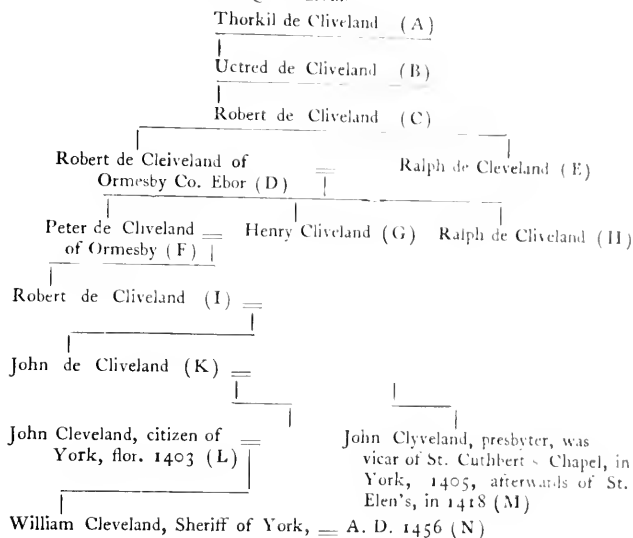
Unfortunately for Charles Cleveland was but too correct in his estimation of the tricky character of the Scots!

APPENDIXES

From "The History and Antiquities of Hinckley," by John Nichols, London, 1782

THE MORE ANCIENT GENEALOGY OF CLEVELAND OR CLEVELAND

AT OR SOON AFTER THE CONQUEST LIVED



FROM HIM WAS APPARENTLY DESCENDED

William Cleveland, father of the Rev. Thomas Cleveland, Eboracensis,
WHOSE DESCENDANTS SEE IN THE ANNEXED GENEALOGICAL TABLE.

(A) (B) Uctred, son of Thorkil de Cleveland, gave to Whitby Abbey two curacies of land, free from Danegeld, and the mill in Brineston (now Burnston in Richmondshire), Co. Ebor. Vid. Mon. Aug. 1. 74. (27. b.) Charlton's Hist. of Whitby, 410. 1779. p. 71.

(C) Robert de Cleiveland (so the name is spelt) gave to Whitby Abbey a piece of land in Ormesby. Mon. Aug. 1. p. 75 (28. b.) See also Charlton's Hist. of Whitby, p. 73. (This last writer has obscured his versions of the old charters, by rendering the proper names too literally: thus, Robert de Cleiveland he translates Robert of Cleiveland, etc.; but we follow the original in the Monasticon.)

(D) (E) Ralph, son of Robert, granted and confirmed his brother's gift of lands to Whitby-Abbey, lying between the land which his father gave, and that belonging to the Prior of Giseburne. Charlton, p. 185, 186.

(F) Peter de Cleiveland gave to the church of Giseburne two boates and four roods of land in Ormesby, and all his land in the Valley of Marton, and all his land called Tunge, with other parcels of land enumerated in Mon. Aug. 11. p. 151 (20. a.) He also confirmed the grant of his uncle Ralph (supra E), and his deed is witnessed by Peter de Cleiveland. Charlton's Hist., p. 185.

(F) (G) (H) These three brothers were benefactors to the priory of Giseburne or Gisburgh, in Co. Ebor. See Burton's Monasticon Eboracense, p. 351. See also same writer for the two generations (I) and (K).

(L) John Cleveland (*civis Ebor.*) is witness to a deed by which Richard Tykvell, and Margaret his wife, grant and convey to William Smythson, senior, and to his son William and his heirs, a tenement with a croft in Dalton Norrays. Dat. 14 March, ann. 4 R. Hen. IV. The name herein is written by the scrivener corruptly Cleiland.

(M) See Drake's History of York, fol. p. 313, 344.

(N) Ibid, p. 363.

00Y

leivela; removily, &c.
; to nckleyes.
died - and ma

Ma
Do

THE GENEALOGY OF CLEVELAND OF HINCKLEY

William Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

William Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

The Dates of the Births of the
Persons of the Name of Cleveland

The dates of the births of the
persons of the name of Cleveland
are as follows:—
William Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

John Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

John Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

John Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

John Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

John Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

John Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

John Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

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Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

John Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

John Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

John Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

John Cleveland, son of John
Cleveland, of Hinckley, who was
about 1540, and who was
about 1540.

Contents of the various editions of the poems.

[illegible]

APPENDIX D.

Editions of Cleveland's Works.

Separate Works:

"The Character of a London Diurnal," 1644 (two editions), 1654, in the form of a broadside.

"Monumentum Regale, or a Tombe Erected for that Incomparable and Glorious Monarch, Charles the First, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, &c. C. R. In Select Elegies, Epitaphs, and Poems. Printed in the Yeare 1649". "Chiefly by J. C." is the note in the catalogue of the British Museum. This contains the three elegies on King Charles which were published together in 1653 and subsequently, one of which is included on p. 145 of this edition.

"The King's Disguise" London 1646 o. s.

"Midsummer-Moone, or Lunaey Rampant" London 1648. Very doubtfully attributed to Cleveland, altho included in the "Cleaveland Revived"; said by the catalogue of the British Museum to be by F. Cheynell.

"The Idol of the Clowns, or Insurrection of Wat the Tyler" London, 1654 and 1658. Very doubtful; said to be by Francis White of Gray's Inn. (*Notes and Queries*.) It was included in the 1687 edition.

"Cleaveland's Petition to His Highness the Lord Protector" London, October, 1657.

"Majestas Intemerata, or the Immortality of the King" London 1649. Very doubtful; never included in any edition.

Poems:

(For the contents of these editions, see Appendix C. At a glance it is obvious that there are three great additions of apocryphat matter; (1) scattered poems added in the first eight editions; (2) the poems of R. Fletcher and the unknown "Wife-hater"; and (3) the entirely new collection known as the "Cleaveland Revived" of which only the "King's Return from Scotland" was authorized by the edition of 1677. The only poem which here appears is the "Rebel Scot".)

"The Character of a London Diurnal, with Several Select Poems" London 1647. Dymock-Fletcher says that there were thirteen editions published between 1647-8; I have only found five. The first two are identical; the additions consist of the poem on Strafford which is not characteristic, and one on Williams which is by Thomas Weaver in "Songs and Poems of Love and Drolley", London, 1654. The third adds the genuine poem of "Mark Anthony". The fourth and fifth are alike in having the heading "Uncertaine Authours"; under this grouping appear the two poems mentioned above, the "Scot's Apostasy" which was early accepted as genuine, the "Elegy on the Archbishop of Canterbury" which is included in the 1677; the fifth also adds a poem which was withdrawn.

1651.

The 1st edition adds to the doubtful list a second poem on King which is assuredly not genuine.

The Second gives us "Mary's Spikenard" and the "Elegy on Dr. Chaderton" neither of which is in his manner. The prose "Character of a Country-Committee-Man, with the Earmark of a Sequestrator" is added.

1653—two editions—

To the doubtful poems are added "To the Hectors, upon the Unfortunate Death of H. Compton" and four poems on the death of King Charles. "To the Hectors" is like his manner, but not sufficiently so to be included in this edition. One of the four on Charles is signed by Montrose; Mr. Scollard gives two of the remaining three to Cleveland, but I feel warranted only in reproducing the one in the text. In prose there are added "A Letter to a Friend Dissuading Him from his Attempt to Marry a Nun" and the Newark correspondence. With it is bound the "Character of a Diurnal Maker" London,

1654. This edition was reprinted twice in 1654 and in 1656. In 1657 the "Petition to the Lord Protector" was added.

1659—reprinted in 1661, 1662, 1665, 1666, 1669. Quaritch mentions an edition of 1663 which may be in this same series.

The additions consist of a certainly spurious poem, the "Wife-hater", and of thirty-two poems by R. Fletcher taken from his "Ex Otio Negotium, or Martiall his Epigrams" London, 1656. The poems are printed in the same order with the exception of the "Sigh" which was dropped from the 1687 edition. These are the titles of the poems.

The Publick Faith, A Lenten Litany, The Second Part, A Hue and Cry After the Reformation, A Committee, On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle that hang'd himself, Platonick Love, Christmas Day, Piae Memoriae, Obsequies, On the Death of his Royal Majesty, An Epitaph, A Survey of the World, An Old Man courting a Young Girl, An Epitaph on his deceased Friend, Mount Ida, Upon a Fly, Obsequies, The London Lady, The Times, The Model of new Religion, On Britannicus, Content, May Day, An Epig. to Doulus, An Epig. on the People of England, Another, A Sing-song, on Clarinda's Wedding, The Myrtle-Grove, To my honoured Friend Mr. T. C., The Engagement stated, The Sigh.

1659—reprinted in 1660, 1662, and 1668.

"J. Cleaveland Revived: Poems, Orations, Epistles, And other of his Genuine Incomparable Pieces. With some other Exquisite Remains of most eminent Wits of both the Universities that were his Contemporaries. This Fourth Edition, (1668) besides many other never before publisht Additions, is enriched with the Authors Midsummer-Moon, or Lunacy-Ram-pant. Being an University Character, a short survey of some of the late fellows of the Colledges. Now at last publisht from his Original Copies by some of his intrusted Friends. Non norunt haec monumenta mori. London, Printed for Nathaniel Brooks, at the Angell in Gresham Colledge, 1668"

As the poems in this edition have so long gone under Cleaveland's name, the preface is important.

"To the Discerning Reader.

Worthy Friend, there is a saying, Once well done, and ever done; the wisest men have so considerately acted in their times, as by their learned Works to build their own monuments, such as might eternize them to future Ages: our Johnson named his, Works, when others were called Playes, though they cost him much of the Lamp, and oyl; yet he so writ, as to oblige posterity to admire them: Our deceased Heroe, Mr. Cleaveland, knew how to difference legitimate births from abortives, his mighty Genius anvil'd out what he sent abroad, as his informed mind knew how to distinguish betwixt writing much and well; a few of our deceased Poets pages being worth cartloads of the Scribblers of these times. It was my fortune to be in Newark, where it was besieged. where I saw some Manuscripts of Mr. Cleavelands, amongst others I have heard that he writ of the Treaty at Uxbridge, as I have been informed

since by a person I intrusted to speak with one of Mr. Cleaveland's noble friends, who received him courteously, and satisfied his enquiries; as concerning the Papers that were left in his custody, more particularly of the Treaty at Uxbridge, That it was not finisht, nor any of his other Papers fit for the Press. They were offered to the judicious consideration of one of the most accomplit persons of our Age, he refusing to have them in any further examination, as he did not conceive that they could be publisht without some injury to Mr. Cleaveland; from which time they have remained sealed and lockt up: neither can I wonder at this obstruction, when I consider the disturbances our Author met with in the time of the Siege, how scarce and bad the Paper was, the Ink hardly to be discerned on it; the intimacy I had with Mr. Cleaveland before and since these civil Wars, gained most of these Papers from him, it being not the least of his misfortunes, out of the love he had to pleasure his friends, to be unfurnisht with his own Manuscripts, as I have heard him say often, He was not so happy as to have any considerable Collection of his own Papers, they being disperst among his friends; some whereof when he writ for them, he had no other answer, But that they were lost, or through the often reading, transcribing, or folding of them, worn to pieces so that though he knew where he formerly bestowed some of them, yet they were not to be regained; for which reason the Poems he had left in his hands, being so few, and of so small a Volume, he could not, (though he was often solicited with honor to himself) give his consent to the publishing of them, though indeed most of his former printed Poems were truly his own, except such as have been lately added, to make up the Volume; at the first some few of his Verses were printed with a Character of the London Diurnal, a sticht Pamphlet in Quarto: Afterwards, as I have heard Mr. Cleaveland say, the Copies of Verses that he communicated to his friends, the Book-seller by chance meeting with them, being added to his book, they sold him another impression; in like manner such small additions (though but a paper or two of his incomparable Verses or Prose) posted off other Editions, whereas this Edition hath the happiness to flourish with the Remainder of Mr. Cleaveland's last never before printed Pieces. I acknowledge I receiv'd many of these last new printed Papers from one of Mr. Cleaveland's near acquaintance, which when I sent to his, ever to be honoured, friend of Grays-Inn, he had not at that time the leisure to peruse them; but for

what he had read of them, he told the person I intrusted, That he did believe them to be Mr. Cleavelands, he having formerly spoken of such Papers of his, that were abroad in the hands of his friends, whom he could not remember: My intention was to reserve the Collection of these Manuscripts for my own private use; but finding many of those, I had in my hands, already publisht in the former Poems, not knowing what further proceedings might attend the forwardnesse of the Press, I thought myself concerned, not out of any unworthy ends of profit, but out of a true affection to my deceased friend, to publish these his other Pieces in Latine and English, and to make this to be like a volume for the study. Some other Poems are intermixed, such as the Reader shall find to be of such persons as were for the most part Mr Cleavelands Contemporaries; some of them no less eminently known to the three Nations. I hope the world cannot be so far mistaken in his Genuine Muse, as not to discern his Pieces from any of the other Poems; neither can I believe there are any persons so unkind, as not candidly to entertain the heroick fancies of the other Gentlemen that are worthily placed to live in this volume; some of their Poems, contrary to my expectation—I being at such a distance, were before in print, but in this third Edition I have crossed them out onely reserving those that were excellently good, and never before extant, the Reader (I hope) will the more freely accept them Thus having ingenuously satisfied thee in these particulars, I shall not need to insert more; but that I have to present surreptitious Editions, publisht this Collection; that by erecting this Pyramid of Honour, I might oblige posterity to perpetuate their Memories, which is the highest ambition of him, who is,

Yours in all virtuous endeavours,

E. Williamson."

Newark, Nov. 21, 1658.

"The Stationer to the Reader.

Courteous Reader, thy free Acceptance of the former Editions, encouraged me so far as to use my best diligence to gain what still remained in the hands of the Authors friends. I acknowledge myself to be obliged to Mr. Williamson, whose worthy example Mr. Cleavelands other honourers have since persued. I shall not trouble thee, Reader, with any further Apologies, but only subscribe Mr. W. his last Verses in his following Elegy on Mr. Cleaveland.

That Plagiary that can filch but one
Conceit from Him, and keep the Theft unknown,
At Noon from Phoebus, may by the same sleight,
Steals Beams, and makes 'em pass for his own light."

This remarkable preface was then written twelve years after the author's intimacy with Cleveland. It may be summed up in the statements: (1) Cleveland did not write many poems; (2) that he gave a few poems to Williamson; (3) that the majority of the early publications were genuine; (4) that the collection was only hastily identified by one who knew; (5) that many of the collection had already been published; (6) that Williamson deliberately filled out the volume with poems not genuine; (7) that the stationer also added doubtful poems. As the collection stands, the only poem printed before is the "Rebel Scot"; the only new poem incorporated in the 1677 edition is the "King's Disguise". Of these "contemporaries", the "Entertainment at Cotswold" was by William Durham and was withdrawn after the first edition. The others have been located as follows:

John Hall, *Poems*, Cambridge, 1646.

"On a little Gentleman Profoundly Learned", Hall's "Upon T. R., a very little man but excellently learned";

"On an Ugly Woman", "To the Deformed X. R.";

"On Parson the Great Porter", "Upon the King's Great Porter";

"To Cloris, a Rapture", "Rapture";

"Upon Wood of Kent", "Upon M. W. the Great Eater";

"To His Mistress", "Platonic Love";

"Upon a Talkative Woman", "To an Old Wife Talking to Him";

"On one that was Deprived of His Testicles", "An Eunuch";

"The Flight", "The Call";

"On a Burning-glass", "A Burning Glass";

"Not to Travel", "Home Travel";

Thomas Sharp.

"And they were his verses upon sleep which are printed in Cleveland's name". *Calamy's Account*, 2nd. ed. p. 814.

Jasper Mayne in the "Jonsonus Virbius" 1638.

"An Elegy on Jonson";

Richard West in the "Jonsonus Virbius" 1638.

"An Elegy on Jonson";

John Denham, 1667, 1679, 1719:

"A Relation of a Quaker" is Denham's "News from Colchester". The two poems, "On O. P. Sick" and "An Answer to the Storm", are evidently not by Cleveland as the events happened after his death.

1677—reprinted twice in the same year, slightly varying the title-page, and one misprints the signature initials. If Wood is correct, there is yet a fourth mis-dated 1617.

Clevelandi Vindiciæ; or, Cleveland's Genuine poems, Orations, Epistles, &c. Purged from the many False and Spurious Ones which had usurped his name, and from innumerable errors and corruptions in the true copies. To which are added many Additions never Printed before:

With an account of the Author's Life. Published according to the Author's own Copies. London, Printed for Obadiah Blagrove, at the Sign of the Bear in St. Paul's Church Yard, near the Little North Door, 1677.

The preface by Bishop Lake and Samuel Drake explains itself.

"To the Right Worshipful and Reverend Francis Turner, D.D., Master of St. John's Colledge in Cambridge, and to the Worthy Fellows of the same Colledge.

Gentlemen,

That we interrupt your more serious Studies with the offer of this Piece, the injury that hath been and is done to the deceased Author's ashes not only pleadeth our excuse, but engageth you (whose once he was, and within whose walls this standard of wit was first set up) in the same quarrel with us.

Whilst Randolph and Cowley lie embalmed in their own native wax, how is the name and memory of Cleveland equally prophaned by those that usurp, and those that blaspheme it? By those that are ambitious to lay their Cuckows eggs in his nest, and those that think to raise up Phenixes of wit by firing his spicy bed about him?

We know you have not without passionate resentments beheld the prostitution of his name in some late Editions vended under it, wherein his Orations are murdered over and over in barbarous Latine, and a more barbarous Translation: and wherein is scarce one or other Poem of his own to commute for all the rest. At least every Curiasier of his hath a fulsome Dragoonier behind him, and Venus is again unequally yoked with a sooty Anville-beater. Cleveland thus revived dieth another death.

You cannot but have beheld with like zealous indignation how curiously our late Mushroom-wits look up at him because he overdroppeth them, and snarl at his brightness as Dogs at the Moon.

Some of these grand Sophys will not allow him the reputation of wit at all: yet how many such Authors must be creamed and spirited to make up his Fuscara? And how many of their slight production may be giggered out of one of his pregnant Words? There perhaps you may find some leaf-gold, here massie wedges; there some scattered rayes, here a Galaxy; there some loose fancy frisking in the Ayr, here's Wit's Zodiack.

The quarrel in all this is upbraiding merit, and eminence his crime. His touring Fancy soareth so high a pitch that they fly like shades below him. The Torrent thereof (which riseth far above their high water mark) drowneth their Levels. Usurping upon the State Poetick of the time he hath brought in such insolent measures of Wit and Language that despairing to imitate, they must study to understand. That alone is Wit with them to which they are commensurate, and what exceedeth their scantling is monstrous.

Thus they deifie his Wit and Fancy as the Clown the plump Oyster when he could not crack it. And now instead of that strenuous masculine stile which breatheth in this Author, we have only an enervous effeminate froth offered, as if they had taken the salivating Pill before they set pen to paper. You must hold your breath in the perusal lest the Jest vanish by blowing on.

Another blemish in this monster of perfection is the exuberance of his Fancy. His Manna lieth so thiek upon the ground that they loath it. When he should only fan, he with Hurricanos of wit stormeth the sense and doth not so much delight his Reader, as oppress and overwhelm him.

To cure this excess, their frugal wit hath reduced the World to a Lessian Diet. If perhaps they entertain their Reader with one good Thought (as these new Dictators affect to speak) he may sit down and say Grace over it: the rest is words and nothing else.

We will leave them therefore to the most proper vengeance, to humour themselves with the perusal of their own Poems: and leave the Barber to rub their thick skulls with bran until they are fit for Musk. Only we will leave this friendly advice with them; that they have one eye upon John Tredeksant's Executor, lest among his other Minims of Art and Nature he

expose their slight Conceits: and another upon the Royal Society, lest they make their Poems the counter-balance when they intend to weigh Air.

From these unequal censures we appeal to such competent Judges as yourselves, in whose just value of him Cleaveland shall live the wonder of his own, and the pattern of succeeding Ages. And although we might (upon several accompts) bespeak your affections, yet (abstracting from these) we submit him to your severer Judgments, and doubt not but he will find that Patronage from you which is desired and expected by

Your humble Servants,

J. L. S. D."

1687—reprinted in 1699.

This is a combination of all previous editions; the first part is a reproduction of the 1677; the second part, with a separate title-page headed "John Cleaveland's Revived Poems" etc., contains all previous poems not in the 1677, excepting the second elegy on Edward King and "A New Litany"; "The Idol of the Clowns" is added to the prose and the "Midsummer-Moone" is dropped. The second title-page contains no mention of the "exquisite remains of his contemporaries", a fact which has caused endless miscomprehension of his work. Moreover it is very carelessly put together as the "Rupertismus" is twice printed.

PORTRAITS.

1653. A bust framed in laurel with the motto: "Vera et viva Effigies Johannis Cleaveland". The same plate was redone in 1658 and prefixed to the "Poems" of 1659 etc.

1659. "Cleaveland Revived". A head on a pedestal on the base of which is written: "Vera Effigies J: Cleaulandi". The motto is:

"For weighty Numbers, sense, misterious wayes

Of happie Wit, Great Cleauland claimes his Bayes."

Sepultus Colleg:Whitintonis

1 May Ano. 1658.

1677. A bust in an oval, with the motto: "Vera Effigies Johannis Cleaveland". Printed for Nath. Brooke at the Angel in Cornhill. Cleveland is dressed in a doctor's gown, which is supposed by some to be clerical.

The painting by Isaac Fuller. This was engraved for John Nichols and is in his "History of Hineckley" and the "Select Collections". It is a copy of this which has been used for this edition.

APPENDIX E.

Marvell's Reply to the "Rebel Scot".

THE LOYAL SCOT.

By Cleveland's Ghost, upon the Death of Captain Douglas,
Burned upon his Ship at Chatham.

Of the old heroes when the warlike shades
Saw Douglas marching on the Elysian glades,
They all, consulting, gathered in a ring,
Which of their poets should his welcome sing;
And, as a favorable penance, chose
Cleveland, on whom they would that task impose.
He understood, but willingly addressed
His ready muse, to court that noble guest.
Much had he cured the tumour of his vein,
He judged more clearly now and saw more plain;
For those soft airs had tempered every thought,
Since of wise Lethe he had drunk a draught.
Abruptly he began, disguising art,
As of his satire this had been a part.

As so, brave Douglas, on whose lovely chin
The early down but newly did begin,
And modest beauty yet his sex did veil,
While envious virgins hope he is a male.
His yellow locks curl back themselves to seek,
Nor other courtship knew but to his cheek.
Oft as he in chill Esk or Tyne, by night,
Hardened and cooled his limbs so soft, so white,
Among the reeds, to be espied by him,
The nymphs would rustle, he would forward swim.
They sighed, and said, Fond boy, why so untame,
That fly'st love's fires, reserved for other flame?
First on his ship he faced that horrid day,
And wondered much at those that ran away.

No other fear himself could comprehend,
 Than lest Heaven fall ere thither he ascend;
 But entertains the while his time, too short,
 With birding at the Dutch, as if in sport;
 Or waves his sword, and, could he them conjure
 Within his circle, knows himself secure.
 The fatal bark him boards with grappling fire,
 And safely through its port the Dutch retire.
 That precious life he yet disdains to save,
 Or with known art to try the gentle wave.
 Much him the honour of his ancient race
 Inspired, nor would he his own deeds deface;
 And secret joy in his calm soul does rise,
 That Monck looks on to see how Douglas dies.
 Like a glad lover the fierce flames he meets,
 And tries his first embraces in their sheets;
 His shape exact, which the bright flames enfold,
 Like the sun's statue stands of burnished gold;
 Round the transparent fire about him glows.
 As the clear amber on the bee does close;
 And, as on angels' heads their glories shine,
 His burning locks adorn his face divine.
 But when in his immortal mind he felt
 His altering form and soldered limbs to melt,
 Down on the deck he laid himself, and died,
 With his dear sword reposing by his side,
 And on the flaming plank so rests his head,
 As one that warmed himself, and went to bed.
 His ship burns down, and with his relics sinks,
 And the sad stream beneath his ashes drinks.
 Fortunate boy! if either pencil's fame,
 Or if my verse can propagate thy name,
 When Oeta and Alcides are forgot,
 Our English youth shall sing the valiant Scot.

Skip saddles, Pegasus, thou needst not brag,
 Sometimes the Galloway proves the better nag.
 Shall not a death so generous, when told,
 Unite our distance, fill our breaches old?
 So in the Roman forum, Curtius brave,
 Galloping down, closed up the gaping cave.
 No more discourse of Scotch and English race,
 Nor chant the fabulous hunt of Chevy-Chase;

Mixed in Corinthian metal at thy flame,
 Our nations melting, thy colossus frame.
 Prick down the point, whoever has the art,
 Where nature Scotland does from England part;
 Anatomists may sooner fix the cells
 Where life resides and understanding dwells,
 But this we know, though that exceeds our skill,
 That whosoever separates them does ill.
 Will you the Tweed that sullen bounder call,
 Of soil, of wit, of manners, and of all?
 Why draw you not, as well, the thrifty line
 From Thames, Trent, Humber, or at least the Tyne?
 So may we the state—corpulence redress,
 And little England, when we please, make less.
 What ethic river is this wondrous Tweed
 Whose one bank virtue, t'other vice, does breed?
 Or what new perpendicular does rise
 Up from her streams, continued to the skies,
 That between us the common air should bar,
 And split the influence of every star?
 But who considers right, will find indeed,
 'Tis Holy Island parts us, not the Tweed.
 Nothing but clergy could us two seclude,
 No Scotch was ever like a bishop's feud.
 All Litanies in this have wanted faith,
 There's no *deliver us from a bishop's wrath*.
 Never shall Calvin pardoned be for sales,
 Never, for Burnet's sake, the Lauderdale's;
 For Becket's sake, Kent always shall have tails.
 Who sermons e're can pacify and prayers?
 Or to the joint stools reconcile the chairs?
 Though kingdoms join, yet church will kick oppose;
 The mitre still divides, the crown does close;
 As in Rogation week they whip us round,
 To keep in mind the Scotch and English bound.
 What the ocean binds is by the bishops rent,
 Then seas make islands in our continent.
 Nature in vain us in one land compiles,
 If the cathedral still shall have its isles.
 Nothing, not bogs, nor sands, nor seas, nor Alps,
 Separates the world so as the bishops' scalps;
 Stretch for the line their surcingle alone,
 'Twill make a more uninhabitable zone.

The friendly loadstone has not more combined,
 Than bishops' cramped the commerce of mankind.
 Had it not been for such a bias strong,
 Two nations ne'er had missed the mark so long.
 The world in awe doth but two nations bear,
 The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere;
 Under each pole place either of these two,
 The bad will basely, good will bravely do;
 And few, indeed, can parallel our climes,
 For worth heroic, or heroic crimes.
 The trial would, however, be too nice,
 Which stronger were, a Scotch or English vice;
 Or whether the same virtue would reflect,
 From Scotch or English heart, the same effect.
 Nation is all, but name, a Shibboleth,
 Where a mistaken accent causes death.
 In Paradise names only nature showed,
 At Babel names from pride and discord flowed;
 And ever since then, with a female spite,
 First call each other names, and then they fight.
 Scotland and England cause of just uproar;
 Do man and wife signify rogue and whore?
 Say but a Scot and straight we fall to sides;
 That syllable like a Piets' wall divides.
 Rational men's words pledges are of peace;
 Perverted, serve dissension to increase.
 For shame! extirpate for each loyal breast
 That senseless rancour, against interest;
 One king, one faith, one language, and one isle,
 English and Scotch, 'tis all but cross and pile.
 Charles, our great soul, this only understands;
 He our affections both, and wills, commands;
 And where twin-sympathies cannot atone,
 Knows the last secret, how to make us one.

Just the prudent husbandman that sees
 The idle tumult of his factious bees,
 The morning dews, and flowers, neglect grown,
 The hive a comb-case, every bee a drone,
 Powders them o'er, till none discerns his foes,
 And all themselves in meal and friendship lose;
 The insect kingdom straight begins to thrive,
 And all work honey for the common hive.

Pardon, young hero, this so long transport,
Thy death more noble did the same extort.
My former satire for this verse forget,
My fault against my recantation set.
I single did against a nation write,
Against a nation thou didst singly fight.
My differing crimes do more thy virtue raise,
And, such my rashness, best thy valour praise.

Here Douglas smiling said he did intend,
After such frankness shown, to be his friend;
Forewarned him therefore, lest in time he were
Metempsychosed to some Scotch Presbyterian.

Poems of Andrew Marvell, G. A. Aitken, London, 1892.

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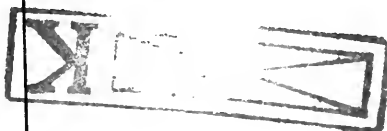
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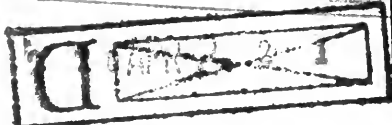
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